Seven Spanish Cities

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SEVEN SPANISH CITIES,

AND THE WAY TO THEM.

BY

EDWARD E. HALE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY," "TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN," "IN HIS NAME," "THE INGHAM PAPERS," "HIS LEVEL BEST," "HOW TO DO IT," "WHAT CAREER," ETC.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1886.

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Cambridge:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
UNIVERSITY PRESS.

PREFACE.

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WHY should this man write a book about Spain, when he was there so short a time?

That is a very fair question. The answer is chiefly personal. In my very earliest days, an uncle, aunt, and cousin of mine, all very dear to me in my babyhood, went to Spain and remained there many years. Their letters from Spain and their Spanish curiosities were among the home excitements of my childhood; and the great red-letter day was the day of their return. Well do I recollect the box of *bon-bons* they brought me. There were some varieties in it, which I have never seen again to this day.

This experience made Spain stand out from the map of Europe to my boyish eyes, and I felt a certain surprise that the geographies and the newspapers had so little to tell of it.

In after days, there came to me a time when I hoped, for a little while, to be Mr. Prescott's

reader in his great historical work. That hope was soon disappointed; but it led me to the study of the Spanish language, and it brought me his kind friendship while he lived.

Later yet, the duty next my hand proved to be that of the "South American Editor" of the Boston "Advertiser," and with it came the necessity of tracing the histories of Spanish fortune in America.

Beside this, I may say that the great pleasure of my life has been the study of American history, which has, of course, constantly thrown me back upon the long narratives of Spanish discovery. All these personal experiences have specially interested me in Spain.

Still, Spain is so much "out of the way," that in two visits to Europe I had never thought it possible even to hurry over it.

But, last summer, good luck aided me to make the rapid tour which is described in these pages, under circumstances very favorable. And in the hope that other people, who may be as curious as I was, may be disposed to try the same adventure, I print this little book of travel.

Still, it would never have been written, I fear, but for the suggestion of my friend Mr. Guild, himself so entertaining a narrator of travel and

adventure. He said to me, what was very true, after my return, that if I promised to write for his "Bulletin" a sketch of Spain once a week, I should do it; but that if I promised myself to write a book, I should always mean to and never do it. So I wrote the sketches for his paper, which, with some additions, are here before the reader. I hope they may start some other parties on an expedition which shall prove as charming as ours.

EDWARD E. HALE.

St. Germain en Laye, France,
June 7, 1883.

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SEVEN SPANISH CITIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

I HAVE wanted to go to Spain ever since I can remember.

In this last spring and summer I was able to carry out this wish. My visit was very short, but the circumstances were singularly favorable. From a mass of mixed memoranda, and other material, I am now tempted to select and print these notes, in the hope that they may be of some use to persons intending to travel, and possibly of some amusement to friends of mine who stay at home.

The party of which I was one was a party of four, — my sister, my daughter, and a younger friend, beside myself. The ladies are all enthusiastic in drawing and painting, and the treasures of Spanish fine art were for them a great attraction. For me — I have been for forty years hoping to write "The History of the Pacific

Ocean and its Shores." At one and another favorable opportunity I have made collections of material for that history. Last winter I promised to furnish for the new "History of the United States" the chapter on the Discovery of California; in 1880 I had written the chapter on that subject for Gay's "Pictorial History." Before I sent this chapter to the press I was desirous to make some examinations in detail of the documents in Spanish archives relating to Cortez's discovery of California and to the subsequent explorations of different adventurers. I had thus an archæological object; the ladies had an artistic object; and all of us were glad to be "off soundings," and to have what the English of Dryden's day would have called "a good time." It is said that phrase is lost to the English of to-day. So much the worse for them. New Englanders will understand it.

It may as well be said in the outset that we found all we sought in Spain, and very much more.

Dear Michael Faraday said once, when he was asked to examine something with a microscope, "What am I expected to see?" It seems but fair to the reader of these notes — doubtful whether he will go on or whether he will not explore another page — it seems but fair to make such an explanation as I have now

made as to what he is expected to find if he perseveres.

All sorts of advice were lavished on me when the little public of my friends fairly found out that I was going. There was a party who were eager that I should go in winter. Another, headed by those who had read "A Summer in Spain," were equally eager that I should go in summer. Another set advised autumn; and yet a fourth, spring. Privately, in my own mind, I determined that I would go when I could. This plan brought upon me, however, a volley of remonstrances from those who were sure that May and June were deadly months in Spain. I had information laid before me tending to the belief that annually, in those months, the whole population of Spain died of typhoid fever, and was buried by the survivors. To which information I replied steadily, that when I came to London I would take advice. "Mr. Lowell would certainly know." It is always well to shield one's self under the shelter of a great name. The constituents were pacified; they soon forgot their own opinions, and I was left to form my own. When I came to London I found that my advisers thought I had better do much as I chose, — as sound advisers are apt to think when they talk to a man of sense. All ended, therefore, in my leaving Paris for Spain on the

10th of May. And the reader who doubts at this point may be reassured when he learns that I crossed the Pyrenees northward on my return — and left Spain for France — on the 27th of June. These notes, therefore, cover a period of only seven weeks.

As this is a chapter of introductions, I will here give a few suggestions as to language. I had had to read Spanish more or less since I was sixteen years old. I thought for a week, at that time, that I was to be Mr. Prescott's reader and amanuensis in the preparation of his "History of the Conquest of Mexico." That hope was dispelled at once; but it did happen that for six years I was the "South American editor" of the Boston "Daily Advertiser." Many a time at midnight have I manufactured intelligible news out of piles of unintelligible journals which had just been captured by our enterprising news-collectors. Of that life a little sketch was once published by me — not very badly exaggerated — in the Boston "Miscellany."[1] In reading American history, of course, I have been obliged to read much Spanish. But I had never talked in that language at all. By way of preparation, then, I took on board the "Germanic" when I sailed for Europe, Prendergast's "Mastery"

[1] See page 79 in "The Man without a Country, and other Tales," by E. E. Hale.

hand-book of the Spanish language, and, with the aid of a friend, I began on the voyage. Before I left Spain I could make myself understood, and could follow conversation, and public address more easily than conversation. I spoke wretchedly, of course. But my experience gives me great confidence in the "Mastery system." I had, long before, arrived at great distrust of all the ordinary systems.

Of the "Mastery system," the principle is that you learn the hardest idioms first.

It is thought that if you throw a boy into twenty feet of water and he paddles ashore, he will never after be afraid to go into the water.

It is also thought that a man will not hesitate to say, "Bring me a cup of tea," if he have learned to say fluently, "However early a riser you may be, I am sure you are not so much so as this poor man, for whatever the season may be, and whatever weather it is, he always rises before the sun."

Mr. Prendergast goes so far as to say that but a little more than a hundred words are needed in any language for all those phrases which express the relation of things to each other. He gives a list of these words in English. The list begins with "unless, whether, although, yet;" and it ends with "afterwards, always, well, ago, than."

He says — and I think truly — that in a new language one's timidity comes from his fear about using such words as these. It is not nouns or verbs which trouble us. Now, courage, or the willingness to speak, is far more important than a large vocabulary of words. The "Mastery" theory is, that if you learn absolutely well fifteen sentences, which contain all these necessary words of relation, you will plunge almost fearlessly into conversation. Of this theory I am a living confirmation. For here am I, of nature very timid and shamefaced, who, under Mr. Prendergast's lead, boldly attacked, in three weeks' time, porters, fellow-travellers, literati, and table companions. Of course I made mistakes, as when the apothecary thought I wanted "little knives," when I was seeking "phial corks." This was because I did not roll the R enough in *corchillo*, and he thought I said *cuchillo*. But the confidence is what you need.

I doubt whether most people recollect how few words are necessary for the intelligent interchange of opinion. The Book of Joshua contains but six hundred and twelve different words, exclusive of proper names. Learn every day thirty words of any language, and keep up your study for twenty-one days, and you have learned words enough to express ideas and

narratives as varied as are those in the Book of Joshua. You have learned enough for most practical purposes. Now, a traveller in a new country who keeps his eyes open, reads the signs in the streets, and tries to read the daily newspapers, learns much more than thirty words a day.

For persons who want to learn Spanish I will say one word more. Other persons may skip this paragraph. To an Englishman or an American, Spanish is what school-boys call "hog Latin;" that is, it is made up of a Latin vocabulary in the forms of a Teutonic or northern grammar, and the idiom of this northern grammar is very like the idiom of English. I suppose the history of the thing to be this. The Goths from the North of Europe conquered Spain. They were far too proud to learn Latin grammar. But the people they conquered virtually spoke Latin. The Goths had to speak in their words, but with the pride of conquerors they kept to their own idiom. The result is the Spanish language. Thus, a Spaniard says, *Yo he hablado*, where an Englishman says, "I have spoken;" but where the Roman, if he used the same root as the Spaniard, would have said *Fabulavi*. Students of language will see that the same original roots are used both in the Roman and Spanish form. But the order is

exactly reversed. *Fabul-av-i* reveals, in the transfer, "I,—'av—fabled."

For this reason it is easier for an Englishman or an American to learn Spanish than it is for a Frenchman, because our language retains much more Teutonic or German idiom than does the French.

One more direction: if by any misfortune you know any Italian when you go to Spain, forget it. It is only a snare and a delusion. The Italian idiom is based closely on the Latin. The Spanish, as has been said, is a northern idiom. Then, for a thousand reasons, different roots have been chosen in the two peninsulas, since their governments were parted, for the expression of the same idea. Speaking in general, I should say that you could guess quite as many Spanish words from your knowledge of English as from your knowledge of Italian. It may be added that the Spaniards dislike the Italians, and that the dislike is mutual. I fancy that the use of an Italian word is as disagreeable to a Spaniard as is the use of a German word to a Hungarian.

I certainly would not advise any person to go to Spain without an interpreter, unless he were willing to take some pains to learn something of the language. But the Spaniards are very courteous and patient, willing to meet you much

more than half-way; and for these and other reasons, Spanish is by far the easiest language to which a person speaking English can address himself.

CHAPTER I.

BORDEAUX, BAYONNE, AND RONCESVALLES.

On the tenth day of April I left Paris with my daughter to join the other members of my party at Bordeaux. We broke the route by spending the night at Orleans. We made the whole journey by rail. Although flying over the country at fifty kilomètres an hour, I found a special interest in it, because Franklin and Adams, and our other revolutionary envoys, so often had to jumble across this same country in the rude vehicles of their time. Bordeaux was a great port for our privateers and merchantmen, and our commissioners generally got their first notion of Europe in the four or five days which they spent in this journey of five hundred miles. John Adams first went to the theatre at Bordeaux, for instance, when he was forty-three years old, and he says in a note to his Diary that our American theatres did not exist then even in contemplation. Not to cumber notes on Spain with full accounts of travelling in France, I will say that the beauty of the French

landscape at the end of April is curiously enhanced by the glory of their crimson clover. This is an annual clover (*Trifolium incarnatum*), which grows very thickly and rankly, with cylindrical heads of brilliant crimson flowers. I had been looking for it for forty years, and have often asked friends, who had forgotten the request, to bring me seeds of it. But I had never seen it till now.

It is difficult to describe the glory of the long fields of it blazing with crimson color. The effect of it in bloom is as fine as a rich crimson coleus bed would be, if you can imagine such a bed of ten or fifteen acres. One feels all along the meaning of the epigram that Napoleon changed the landscape of France. I believe, in fact, it was not Napoleon, but that the landscape was changed by the enactments of the Convention. All the same it is true that the subdivision of the land into small farms is perfectly discernible even to a traveller by rail.

The change from Paris to Bordeaux was that from spring in its freshness to full summer. In the first place, the distance is more than that from Boston to Washington. The trains do this at forty miles an hour.

Bordeaux itself is a wide-awake, active, and successful city. At the moment we were there they were finishing, with great energy, a tem-

porary building for a Mechanics' Fair, as we should call it, which was to be opened a few days after. The exterior paintings of architecture on canvas fronts were already up, for the joy of the Sunday crowds. There is a very pretty park, with ponds and paths for the delectation of children, within easy walking distance; and a very pleasant afternoon resort it is, much more pleasant for the purpose than anything we have close at hand at home. The guide-books call the theatre the largest in France. Before the new opera-house was built in Paris, I think this may have been true. But we were not tempted into the theatre. The days of our stay were hot, and we spent our evenings on the tops of the street-cars, which run along the river's edge, I know not how far, either way, and give fascinating glimpses of French life to those who will take seats, — much more to the point, I think, than anything we should have found on the other side of the foot-lights.

Some Roman ruins, in very good preservation, recall the time when Bordeaux was the Burdigala of the Romans, and the artists of our little party (which, as the reader will see, means all of them, in a modified sense) worked loyally on these first bits of the picturesque of eighteen centuries ago. Here was our first experience of sitting to draw in an open carriage, to the de-

light of street-boys, — with the sympathy of the *cocher*, — in utter disgust at one's own failure, but with the half hope that months afterwards the blotch might bring back some pleasant memories.

Of the cathedral — which has some interesting memorials of the English occupation in the days of the Black Prince — I had much to say in my notes of the time. But I am conscious that any one who follows these sketches will find only too much of the effort to describe the indescribable in the way of cathedrals. So I spare him here and now.

At Bordeaux one comes into fairy-land, or into the Romance-land, which is next door. Huon of Bordeaux has left traces of his exploits where he has not left traces of his name, perhaps. The worthy Archbishop Turpin must not be confounded with Dick Turpin of English ballads. The Archbishop was Charlemagne's archbishop, and in the famous retreat from Spain did his share of the fighting. He was killed in one story; but as he himself wrote another, it may be that he was not killed for certain. And now, every inch we go, we shall be coming nearer and nearer to all the legendary tales of that chivalry.

Huon of Bordeaux had killed an infamous (imaginary) son of Charlemagne, whose name

was Charlot, who had attacked Huon's brother when unarmed. Charlemagne had the matter explained to him; but he still mourned over his boy, whom Huon had cut into two pieces. "I receive thy homage," he said, "and I grant my pardon; but it is on these conditions: You shall go at once to the Sultan Gaudisso; you shall present yourself before him as he sits at meat; you shall cut off the head of his most illustrious guest; you shall kiss three times on the mouth the fair princess, his daughter; and you shall demand of the Sultan, as a token of tribute from me, a handful of the white hair of his beard and four grinders from his jaws." All of which, with the assistance of Oberon, Huon eventually did; and he brought home the Princess Clarimunda as his bride.

But, alas! of Huon we found no monument in Bordeaux. So ungrateful are cities to their princes! It was only the 15th of May when our pleasant stay here ended. The weather was warm as summer. The birds were singing in the trees, and these were in full spring beauty. We were eating strawberries at every meal, and felt that we were in the South indeed.

And here I am tempted to say, for the benefit of American travellers, that the direct line from New York to Bordeaux seems to be an admi-

rable line of steamers, well appointed and well managed. The ladies of our party who joined us here were more than satisfied with their accommodations on the "Château Lafite." Travellers from America to the South of Europe, of course, save a bad angle by taking this line, and in winter or spring are in less danger of cold weather. The passengers now are almost all French or Spanish, so that you have a chance to brush up your languages on the way. Let the reader remember that the latitude of Bordeaux is 44° 50′ N., while that of New York is 40° 42′ N. I had heard the boats from New York to Cadiz highly spoken of; but none of our party tried these. The latitude of Cadiz is 36° 31′ N. The line from New York to Cadiz is, therefore, about as much south of a direct east course as that of Bordeaux is north.

I have long held to the theory that two hundred miles a day on the outside is quite enough for railway travel. If you compass sea and land to see a country, you may as well see it. We took the route into Spain, therefore, by staying overnight at Bayonne, which is perhaps one hundred and twenty miles from Bordeaux. On the way there we saw *pitcheries*, for the manufacture of pitch and turpentine, in immense artificial forests, where the trees have been planted in straight lines. In the midst of these planta-

tions are groves of cork-trees, lest the bottles of the world should be unstopped. And finally you come out on those beautiful stone-pines, with their umbrella tops, into a lovely undergrowth of fern, heath, gorse, and broom in blossom; poppies and scarlet clover blazing; and roses in the gardens in bloom. For fully seventy-five miles the road passed between hedges of hawthorn coming into bloom, which the railroad people have planted for the protection of their line. Till Bayonne, the strawberries we ate had been brought from the south, as in Boston we eat strawberries from Norfolk. But in Bayonne, on the 15th, we had green peas and strawberries from their own garden. The grapevine over the trellis in my bedroom was in full leaf.

At Dax the road "bifurcates," and the passengers for fashionable Pau turn east, while we turn to the southwest. Dax, of course, reminds one of no name in the world but Aix; and one's philology comes to one's rescue, for Aix is what is left of *Aquis*, and Dax is what is left of *De Aquis*, both these places having been watering-places to the Romans, as they are to their descendants.

In Bayonne we were reminded again, as we had been at Bordeaux, by memories of the English occupation in those days when English

princes were indeed kings of half France, and, for that matter, called themselves kings of Spain as well. It is a strong fortress, — and one sees the great Vauban's work still of use, — with old castles. The two rivers, Nive and Adour, divide the city into Great Bayonne, Little Bayonne, and Saint-Esprit, a suburb. We mounted to a church which had memorials of the Black Prince, who, with his fair cousin, Joan of Kent, — who was his second wife, — lived and reigned in these parts, after his victories had established his father's farm here. Richard II. was born here. Indeed, it was virtually by the route which the Black Prince followed in his Spanish conquests that we passed into Spain.

In my boyhood's days there were some boys in Boston who were not afraid to buckle their stilts to their legs, below the knee, and with nothing in their hands but a short balancing-pole, to walk forth high above the rest of the human race. I see that in these more degenerate days boys are satisfied to make their stilts into a sort of crutches, on which the foot perches, and by which a round-shouldered lad stumbles along more slowly than he can walk without. The railroad, as we travel south, bears us through the Landes, famous to stilt lovers, as the region where men walk on stilts five feet high. One of these human storks revealed

himself to a bright lookout as our train dashed on. They march mile upon mile with them, much faster than a man can walk without them.[1]

From Bayonne to the frontier is not a long ride, and you have charming views of the sea. The famous watering-places of Biarritz and San Sebastian are on this coast; they come where the Bay of Biscay cuts deepest into the land. You pass the frontier at Irun, and all carriages are changed. For when the railway system was adopted in Spain, the Spaniards, very sensibly, as I should say, insisted on having a gauge of their own ; so that they need not be invaded too easily by a French army with French engines and carriages. From the station you actually see the little watering-place of Fontarabia. Biarritz and Fontarabia! Think of mixing up Napoleon and his Eugénie with Charlemagne and his Roland! Think of hearing a conductor call "Fontarabia"! Think of the shriek of the

[1] How curious a thing is human testimony! Fifty-eight years ago, Mrs. Lucretia Everett, well remembered as a most charming and accomplished lady, passed over this route in a post carriage. Writing from Bayonne, in a letter which lies before me, she says: "We expected to see the people walking on stilts, as it was said they did habitually. But we have not been fortunate enough to have our curiosity gratified in this respect, and on inquiring of the people, they said it had *never* been the custom among them."

whistle of your engine, when you are listening for

> "that dread horn
> On Fontarabian echoes borne"!

RONCESVALLES.

I remember that some Englishman growls because he does not like to be told that a branch line runs to Caradoc. I was brutal enough to take down Bradshaw, when I saw this plaint, and I found that, in fact, there is no station near Caradoc. I pursued my researches so far, indeed, as to find that there is no brook which would float a birch canoe there, far less any on which the beautiful barge could come up under the castle window. But I never was brute enough to tell that to any one before now.

The guide-book explains that you are at some distance from the famous pass at Roncesvalles. All the same, you understand all about it. The whole region suggests passes, — passes like Thermopylæ between the mountains and the sea, and passes of which Roncesvalles was one, — as you go through the mountains.

They do say, now, that the famous fight at Roncesvalles was nothing but a foraging skirmish, in which the Spaniards cut off a small rear-guard of Charlemagne's. But they did not

say so once. Here is Bishop Turpin's account of it, — a good deal abridged by this copyist, — if, indeed, the Bishop lived to write it, as above questioned.

"Charles now began his march through the pass of the mountains, giving the command of the rear to his nephew Roland and to Oliver, Count of Auvergne, ordering them to keep the pass at Ronceval with thirty thousand men, while he passed it with the rest of the army. . . . When he had safely passed the narrow strait between the mountains, with twenty thousand of his warriors, with Turpin, the archbishop, and Ganalon, and while the rear kept guard, early in the morning Marsir and Beligard, rushing down from the hills, where by Ganalon's advice they had lain two days in ambush, forming their troops into two great divisions, and with the first of twenty thousand men attacked our army, which, making a bold resistance, fought from morning to the third hour, and utterly destroyed the enemy. But a fresh corps of thirty thousand Saracens now poured furiously down upon the Christians, already faint and exhausted with fighting so long, and smote them from high to low, so that scarcely one escaped. Some were transpierced with lances, some killed with clubs; others beheaded, burned, flayed alive, or suspended upon trees. Only

Roland, Baldwin, and Theodoric were left; the last two gained the woods, and finally escaped. . . .

"As Roland was returning after the battle to view the Saracen army, ascending a lofty hill, and seeing many Christians returning by the Ronceval road, he blew his horn, and was joined by about a hundred of them, with whom he returned to a black Saracen, whom he had captured and bound, and promised to give him his life if he would show him Marsir, which having been done he set him at liberty. Roland was soon again among the thickest of the enemy, and finding one of huger stature than the rest he hewed him and his horse in twain, so that the halves fell different ways. Marsir and his companions then fled; but Roland, trusting to divine aid, rushed forward and slew Marsir upon the spot. But by this time all his Christian companions were slain, and Roland sorely wounded in five places by lances and grievously battered with stones. Beligard, seeing Marsir had fallen, retired from the field, whilst Theodoric and Baldwin and some few other Christians made their way through the pass, towards which Roland came likewise, and, alighting from his steed, stretched himself on the ground near a block of marble.

"Here he drew his sword Durenda, which he

would sooner have lost his arm than parted with, and addressed it in these words: —

"'O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory; decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a berylline apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness and every other virtue, — who now shall wield thee in battle, who shall call thee master?' and at the end of a long address he said: 'Thus do I prevent thy falling into the hands of the Saracens.' So saying he struck the block of marble twice, and cleft it to the midst and broke the sword in twain.

"He now blew a loud blast with his horn. This horn was endued with such power that all other horns were split by its sound; and at this time Roland blew with such force that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. Charlemagne heard the sound eight miles away, but the false traitor Ganalon persuaded him that Roland had used it only in hunting. Roland, meanwhile, grew very thirsty, and asked Baldwin for water. But Baldwin could find none. He mounted his horse, and galloped for aid to the army. Roland offered this confession: —

> "'O Father, true, who canst not lie;
> Who didst Lazarus raise with life again,
> And Daniel shield in the lion's den, —
> Shield my soul from its peril due,
> For the sins sinned my lifetime through;' —

and then his soul winged its flight from his body, and was borne by angels to Paradise, where he reigns with transcendent glory, united by his meritorious deeds to the blessed choir of martyrs."

Thus far Bishop Turpin.

The Spanish ballads seldom give the same names to any of the chiefs, but Roland does appear as Roldan. They make the French leader, Durandarte, whose name perhaps comes from Roland's sword, say to Montesinos, as he dies:

> "O my cousin Montesinos,
> Foully has this battle sped;
> On the field our hero Roldan,
> Doña Alda's husband, 's dead."

Yet another Spanish ballad makes Bernardo del Carpio to be the conqueror. Yes, Dick, the same you used to speak about at the high school, who

> "In the dust sat down."

In Tom Hood's charming version of the Chanson of Roland, the hero had just ceased to breathe when Charlemagne arrived on the field.

Not till he had utterly destroyed the army would he consent to dismount from his horse. He tore his gray hair and long beard, and ordered the bodies of Turpin, Oliver, Mirliton, and the rest to be placed in coffins of black marble, and bore them back to France with all honor.

CHAPTER II.

BAYONNE TO MADRID.

THE journey to Burgos from Bayonne is charming all the way. The whole detention at Irun is, perhaps, half an hour. The ridge of the Pyrenees holds westward along the northern shore, but there are some fine glimpses of the Bay of Biscay. You see the island, which was neutral ground, in the river where French kings and Spanish princes used to meet. Either it was then larger, or they took very little room. Théophile Gautier, who wrote an amusing book of travels here, says it is no bigger than a fried sole; nor is this very much out of the way.

The Basques look their character, — intelligent, handsome, serious people, — the Yankees of Spain. I was able at Bayonne to buy a book of Basque songs, with music and translations, but not somebody's archæological studies there. There are people who tell you that these fishermen knew of the Newfoundland coast before Cabot, and likely enough the right explorer in the old records could find out now.

The high land is not merely a line on the sea. All the way from Irun to Burgos is a difficult passage, by admirable engineering, through mountain passes. It is wonderfully picturesque, and wherever we could draw we were kept busy. There is one pass which we descended, thoroughly Swiss in its sudden turns and bold huggings of the stream. There are, alas! only too many tunnels for the picturesque. M. counted fourteen in four miles, between two stations. The people work bravely in their fields, and I think grow wheat quite high up. It may not be wheat, but looked like wheat in the blade. The newspaper spoke of very severe heat in Madrid. But we were glad of all our wraps as night came on.

The cathedral at Burgos is wonderful. It is 300 feet long, with the addition, beside that of the Constable's Chapel, built on east of the choir proper. I have seen nothing like it. It is not so large as Cologne. But the finish is perfect. The glass was unfortunately broken in the explosion of a magazine when Wellington was fighting here. But excepting that, there is very little sign of the havoc of time. The marvel is that even little details of the past exist as they might in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The full prospective of the nave is broken by a large chapel for service, introduced first in the

middle of it. One end of this is a screen in bronze or brass, which is very grand; not more than two hundred years old I fancy, certainly if the Renaissance, but singularly rich in the multitude and variety of the figures. O'Shea's faithful guide-book tells me that it was begun in 1577 and completed in 1593. It is a series of absolutely complete relievos of scenes in the Old and New Testament first separated by the architectural work, which is arranged as if this were a sort of façade three stories high.

Thanks to their maintaining, in a fashion, the same faith which built the cathedral, the several chapels are kept up sympathetically, and Mass is said in each of them every day. In one they show the wooden effigy of Christ on the cross, which, the story says, was picked up floating at sea wrapped in a buffalo skin. It is supposed to be the work of Nicodemus himself. Whoever made it, it is powerful, strong, and good sculpture. The head falls heavily and sadly on the right shoulder, and the color of the wood is not unfit for the purpose. Eyelashes, beard and other hair are real hair, but the effect is not bad.

In one of the chapels, above and around the altar is a curious genealogical tree of Christ. Either carved, or possibly in terra cotta, Abraham lies in the middle above the altar asleep, and this is his dream. From his head rises a

tree, of which you see the roots surrounding him. Of this tree the various fruits and leaves are important people in Christ's genealogy; indeed, I am not sure but all the fifty-one in Matthew are there. They are painted quite brilliantly, and the *tout ensemble* is very gorgeous.

But the general effect of the cathedral is not showy, but severe. Oddly enough, I saw none of the May adoration of the Virgin which we have seen everywhere in France, there being no special altar adorned with white flowers in her honor. While we were there, a procession started with the hat to go round the city, and the guide told us this was a solemn act, repeated every year at this time. This may be one of the Marian solemnities. But I saw no published statement to this effect.

Now, the contrast between this absolutely lavish expenditure of past ages in the cathedral, and the abject poverty of the present time, is amazing. The shops, of which there are legions, are the drollest rattle-traps of second and tenth hand ware.

The beggars are dressed in cloaks which, seriously, may have paraded in processions with Columbus. There is something amazing in the rags. The city is one side of a little brook, which is called a river, and by the sides of which there are pretty promenades. The railway sta-

tion is the other, and the segregation of Burgos from modern life is perfectly typified by the gulf between. There is no effort, as at Worcester or other such places, to connect the new monster with the old dignity. You would say they never heard of the railways, and, if they could help it, never meant to.

If our ballad-writing really referred to the affairs of our own day, — as the severest critics say it should, — I should thus describe the beginning of our journey to Madrid: —

"My heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valladolid,
So happy, that I tell you all the stupid actions thát I did.
I met a porter on my way, he stopped me at the station,
And the way he marked my *baules* gave me days of consternation;
Indeed, you might remark that he brought me news of pain,
So long a time it was before I saw my trunks again."

But I know that this reader would follow with more interest Mr. Lockhart's version of the Spanish ballad: —

VALLADOLID.

"My heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valladolid;
My heart that day was light and gay, it bounded like a kid.
I met a Palmer on the way, my horse he bade me rein, —
'I left Valladolid to-day, I bring thee news of pain!
The lady-love whom thou dost seek in gladness and in cheer,
Closed is her eye and cold her cheek, I saw her on her bier.'"

In the secrecy of these pages, I will confess that I think this version very poor, and that many others of Mr. Lockhart's are in the same category. I venture to say that the rhyme to "Valládolid" is poor. The lines should have been something like this: —

"My heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valládolid;
My heart was gay and light that day through Prado and through alley led."

An absolute rhyme seems to require a reference to the Fire Brigade of that time, thus: —

"My heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valládolid —
Happy as those who take the hose when by the Hook and Ladder led."

I met in Madrid with the very bright papers in "Harper's Monthly" in which Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Reinhart described their experiences with much spirit and fun. Their drawings in Burgos, in many instances, represented the very points where we had tried to bring away our remembrances on paper.

But I cannot even now understand the way in which they speak of coming, as if it were a wild adventure. As I have said, the railway is admirable, and of confessedly the very highest grade of engineering. The arrangements of adminis-

tration are perfect. The people are gentle, simple, and singularly courteous and obliging. They remind me of the quiet dignity of those nice New Englanders you may see at Block Island. I can only imagine that Englishmen, bullying round and expecting to use every man as a servant, may have received in return the rudeness they gave. But for us, who speak as we should speak in America to a man in a shop, or a person of whom we asked the way, — which, I need not say, we often have to do, — there has been nothing but a courteous civility. Perhaps I ought to except one railroad man, who thought I wanted four sleeping-cars to take me fifty miles in the evening. But that was perhaps the fault of my Spanish as much as of his temper.

Perhaps it is the business of a guide-book to grumble, as it is for an art critic to find fault. But I do not think so. I think that the art critic generally shows that he is a fool; and, in the case of Spain, I am sure that the men who made Murray's first volume and O'Shea's book do not appreciate the fine features of the country or the fine qualities of the people.

Murray's second volume, by Mr. Ford, is quite a different book, but seems to me overrated; I hope, before this book passes the press, that Madame Riano's new edition of it may be before the public.

This is sure, that a man must have travelled in America very little, if he finds much fault with the external arrangements for travellers in Spain. A friend at Madrid asked how I found the inn at Burgos. I said we were perfectly comfortable, — that the people were very obliging and the beds neat and clean.

"And the food?"

"Why," I said, "it was Spanish, and very nice; served perfectly, neatly, warm, and well."

"Oh," she said, "it is easy to see that you are easily pleased."

Perhaps I am. But I could have gone on to say to her that outside the Tremont or the Parker House, or half a dozen of such American hotels, I could have nowhere in America been as attentively or practically as well served. The service has the element of personal attention and desire to please, of which hotel service with us is fatally destitute.

When it comes to the railways, it is true that I did find that the time-tables did not look as if they were adjusted for me, or their plans did not suit me. It is, therefore, just possible that the administration had not heard that I was coming. For I like to travel in the daytime, as I have said. If I had my own way, I would travel from nine till one. I would then rest in a neat, quiet country hotel until the hour before dark.

For two hours then I would resume my journey, but for no longer time. And possibly travel may be so arranged in Arcadia, when Arcadia shall grow large enough for such railway lines.

But, unfortunately, the mercantile public do not travel to see the country. They want to pass through the country by night, as far as possible, so that they may have as much daylight as possible for their business in large towns. That is to say, the artist, loafer, student, poet, or man of leisure has one wish in travelling, and the men of business have another, which is diametrically opposite. The first class writes the guide-books, the sketches of travel, and describes the railway. The second class builds the railways and pays for them. If one who belongs to the first class, as I do, will squarely remind himself that he and his never could and never would have created the railway system, he may find it easier to accept the inevitable, and adapt himself, without grumbling, to the arrangements made by and for the people who do build them.

The newspapers had been warning us all through the early days of May that the heat of Madrid was intolerable. But I arrived there on a day which was comfortable enough, and for the next three days it rained a considerable part of the time.

If I wrote in the ordinary traveller style, I

should say it always rained in Madrid. But had I spent a week there a fortnight before, I should have said that it was always as hot as — a glass furnace. So unreliable are first impressions. The Festa of Ascencion was going on, my first day. It was interrupted by a shower of rain and hail. As we rode (in a *tram-car*) to the gallery, when we came to the Prado it was raining and hailing so like fury that the streets were running rivers, and we were glad to pay three cents each to go on in the car to the end of its route, and come back again.

But at once we were told that this is purely exceptional. There had been no rain before in Madrid for a month, and all Madrid may be supposed to bless us for bringing it. If we should stay a month more, no such thing might happen again. I am sorry to say that, as in most countries I have ever lived in, farmers are dying for rain, and that this year's harvest, whatever that may be on these barren hills three thousand feet above the sea, is supposed to be lost irremediably. Oddly enough, in the midst of this destitution we ate strawberries, asparagus, string-beans, and new potatoes, not brought from afar. I cannot quite understand this; nor have I met any one who explains it.

The English guide-books, and other authorities as superficial, can make nothing of Madrid,

and occupy themselves very much by telling you what it is not. I had the notion that it was a sort of manufactured city like Munich. So it is in a sense; but when one thinks, one sees why it is manufactured, and the place becomes interesting, because intelligible. Whoever built it wanted to do what Victoria did in founding Ottawa, and our fathers in making Washington; viz., to break up the local jealousies of the provincial cities. In that regard it is very like Washington. But it is as large as Boston. There is a very large garrison, all the life of a court and of a parliament, and the government spends money like water.

Now you will observe, in a moment, that I might say many of these things of the city of Washington. But in my first and second stay in Madrid I was noticing resemblances between the two cities. Thus there are splendid public buildings and some very wretched private ones. Some very great projects have been admirably carried through, and some have been begun upon and never finished. Just now they change their kings as often as we change our presidents, and their administrations as often as we change our cabinets. I fancy, therefore, that there is with pretty much anybody you meet that sense of uncertainty, almost of lottery, which is so amusing at Washington. It is this which makes

everybody there so eager to get what he can out of to-day. Everybody is willing to condone yesterday's faults; and though everybody is scheming, nobody expects much from to-morrow, or relies much upon it. Perhaps this is a fancy, but it seems to me that you see the same thing in Madrid. The books call it a mock Paris; but it did not seem in the least to me like Paris, and I did not think it pretended to. There is a certain gravity in the demeanor of the men, — just what we should call "Spanish gravity" at home. Of every gentleman you meet in the street you would say in Boston, "That man is certainly a Spanish teacher of languages." And you would be sorry for him, because he looked so grave. You would say, "Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him, because he is an exile."

I reserve to myself the right in the order of these sketches to describe the museums and other galleries of Madrid at some little length by and by. We shall all have comfortably returned to Madrid then, "to inhabit there," and we can then "dilate with the right emotions."

But, as I say, we will discuss all this at more length by and by.

We have merely come to Madrid, at this time, on our way to the southern cities; and we hurry to them because we are afraid of the heat.

CHAPTER III.

CORDOVA.

We all leave Madrid in an evening train bound for Cordova. The Spaniards told Mr. Reinhart that the sleeping-car was one of the compensations which America had given them in return for what America owed to Christopher Columbus. For my part, I never succeeded in entering a sleeping-car in Spain, — they call them *wagons-lits*. I do not know why my luck was so bad; but I suppose I was as modest and shy as some English friends of mine who travelled a thousand or two miles in America last autumn on first-class trains, before they discovered the existence even of the parlor-cars, which were on every one of those trains. Shrinking people like me sometimes suffer from their modesty. But because we were dressed and sitting upright at midnight, or a little later, we had an adventure at Alcazar. This adventure is described by all Spanish travellers; and no wonder. Somewhere between twelve and one the train stopped to pass the night train for the northward, all

these roads being of a single track. You have half an hour to stop when you have finished your first nap, and when you are told there is refreshment at the Fonda, you naturally tumble out.

Note that *Fonda* is the wreck of the Latin word *Fundus*, a farm, though it now always means a tavern or a restaurant. Note the history in civilization implied in this change in the meaning of the word. One can easily enough see that in Texas to-day, or in the Indian Territory, a man riding about after his cattle or sheep, if he wanted cooked food, would go to the first farm-house. So it is that, in the long run in such a country, farm-house stands for "eating-house." Into the Fonda we went. Two or three long tables were set all ready. At each seat was a bowl of hot chocolate paste. Paste it should be called, though you could pour it, if you chose, from bowl to bowl. They say a spoon will stand in Spanish chocolate. This is not quite true; but a crust of bread or a long slice of cake will stand erect in it and not fall to the side of the cup. By the side of each bowl of chocolate was a large fresh sponge-cake, still on the sheet of white paper on which it had been baked. It was just what we call a "Naples biscuit," only a great deal nicer than our confectioners generally choose to make,

and a great deal larger. You break up this sponge-cake in bits, dip the chocolate with it, and eat. So nicely are the two adjusted to each other, that when you have done the cake you have also finished the chocolate. You are now ready to go to sleep again; and for one, I wish that any other form of civilization known to me would give me such a repast in the middle of every night just after my first nap.

Just then it is, as you leave the table and pay your modest scot, that a brigand-looking man, with a sash a foot wide around his waist stuck full of knives and daggers, cries out "*Cuchillos para matar, Cuchillos para matar.*" This means "knives for murder." In fact, all his things could be used for this purpose, if, as old Charles Pinkney says, your principles did not stand in the way. Ours did; but all the same we bought a good many of the knives, and at this moment one lies in its purple sheath by this writing-desk ready to do the modest work of a paper-cutter.

Alcazar means *the Cæsar*, originally. So it came around to mean the Palace, and I fancy it is as frequent a word in Spain as Kingston might be in America. At any rate, I find three "Alcazars" as the names of towns in a somewhat limited index in Murray. They still keep up at this Alcazar some little iron-works, of which the fruits were thus sold to us. I am

told that the Spaniards can still make as good cutlery as they could in the days of the best Toledo blades. As I have or have not said already, its distinction as a metallurgic country was what first interested eastern or civilized Europe in Spain. The quality of the specular iron-ore was very good, and this ore is not yet exhausted. To the great grief of the English free-traders, they insist upon keeping up a stiff protective tariff; and so we bought our little knives cheaply enough, as it seemed to me, very likely from the man that made them. But I believe that on theory he ought to have been doing nothing eleven months in the year, while the crop of Esparto grass was growing wild; that he should then have sent this to England for sale, and should have been paid for it in some knives made at Sheffield, which he should then have offered to me at Alcazar. But, in point of fact, I should not then have bought the knife.

Sure that we could defend ourselves now if we were attacked by train wreckers, as we were not, we slept tranquilly enough until morning. I am sorry and ashamed to say that in this unromantic way we passed all through La Mancha,[1] the country of Don Quixote and dear Sancho Panza, and I am sorry to add that

[1] Which means, they say, "a spot;" that is, a blot.

I did the same thing on my return northward some weeks after. It would have been so much better every way to have jumbled along on four little jackasses, with our baggage in *alforcas* and our rations in haversacks and canteens. By the way, canteen is a Spanish word from *cantina*. A great many of our maritime and our military words have, like this, a Spanish origin.

But I am sorry to say that I did not find anywhere any popular traces or reminiscences of dear Don Quixote or Sancho. And I should think that other recent travellers have had the same experience. I found a fairly intelligent courier, who had been for twenty years taking travelling parties all over Spain, who did not know what I meant when I talked of La Mancha and of its two great heroes.

Don Quixote was for sale in every bookstore, and in good modern editions. But, in nearly two months, it did not happen to me to hear any person allude to the Don or to the squire, unless I led the conversation that way. And I do not think that in the very piquant rattle of the daily newspapers with which Spain is flooded I ever saw any reference to either of them. Nor, indeed, should I think the Spanish especially fond of proverbs. I know perfectly well that a traveller might spend six weeks in the

United States without hearing any one speak of George Washington or Benjamin Franklin. But I do not mean to compare these heroes with the Don and with Sancho.

The reader of Don Quixote, if he choose to follow us, will see that we crossed the Don's path once and again in Andalusia and in other parts of Spain. It is simply of La Mancha that I "confess ignorance."

With the morning light, it was clear enough that we had made one of those charming contrasts which are the special gifts of modern conveyance. I left New England once, when there was good sleighing, took a steamer for Charleston, and landed there to find the girls bringing in great baskets full of roses from the gardens. I left a hard-coal fire at Louisville once, to come out for my next stay at New Orleans, with the oranges of one year still on the trees side by side with the orange blossoms of the next. Such are among the minor comforts of steam.

We were now in the valley of the Guadalquivir, the Baetis. Guadalquivir is a corruption from the Arabic Wáda-l-Kebir, or "the Great River." Old Latin-school boys will sympathize with me when I say that I have always had a grudge against this river, because it chose to have its accusative in *im* and its ablative in *i*. This idiosyncrasy of the river gave me much care

and trouble in my day, not to speak of thousands of my fellow-pupils and of my masters. For itself, the poor river was perhaps unconscious of its accusative; and a very charming river it is. It waters a very charming valley, for in southern Spain, when you say "water," you mean oranges and lemons and figs and olives and oil and grapes and raisins and wine and apricots and strawberries and roses and lilies and heliotropes and wheat and barley and oats and grass and clover and *alfalfa*, and everything else which will delight the heart of man or make his face to shine. You begin to see bayonet palms, possibly bananas, Mexican agaves, prickly pears, with pecan-trees and other trees which remind you of Mexico and Louisiana.

All this is the result of irrigation. It is to irrigation, and to irrigation only, that you owe it that Spain is spoken of as a country so fertile. At the same time, as most readers will remember, you never read of Spain but people call it "arid." The truth is, that you may have almost everything in the way of water supply in one part of Spain or in another. The annual rainfall in Madrid is but twelve inches, and the rainfall for six months of summer is but five. But the annual rainfall in Seville is twenty-three inches, while the summer rainfall is hardly larger than that of Madrid. In parts of Spain,

as in La Mancha, there have been periods of five years without a drop of rain. On the other hand, in Granada, where they have the advantage of the high Sierra Nevada, the average rainfall is thirty-two inches. Their problem, then, is to spread their water "where it will do the most good." It must not rush through torrents to the sea, but must be caught at every corner, and made to distil gently over fertile lowlands, which would else be dry. This they do by their very simple irrigation works. In all Spain there are 374,000 acres irrigated in this way. It seems very little; it is only eighteen old Maine townships of six miles square. But if you put it in wheat only, at fifty bushels an acre, you would have nearly two millions of bushels, which is the annual bread supply of four hundred thousand men. In point of fact, you do not put it in wheat very largely. You put it in wine, oil, raisins, figs, and other such fancy crops, if you may call them so, which will sell for a great deal more than fifty bushels of wheat for an acre.

I had seen in Colorado their irrigation works, where they are introducing the same system. Oddly enough, they learn how to do it from Spaniards, whose ancestors learned in this very Andalusia, or in many cases from my friends the Pueblo Indians, who irrigated, I believe, before the Spaniards taught them how. I should like

to see some township in Berkshire or Hampden try the experiment along six or eight miles of that brawling Westfield River. You would dam it from point to point, so that the head should be nowhere dangerously high, and then you would lead a zigzag ditch for irrigation, falling perhaps a foot in a mile, or even less, wherever the slope of the hill might lead you. There would have to be some common law regulating the water-rights of the several meadow proprietors. You see that the original investment is not severe. And when you compare the results of steady, even moisture against the results given by the average of one of our fitful summers, the gain of the crop is enormous.

Anybody who will read Amicis's amusing account of his visit to Cordova, or Théophile Gautier's, will have reason to expect, even from people as unromantic as we are, something entirely out of the range of the nineteenth century now we come into Cordova. But I will not abuse this reader by inventing black-eyed Moorish houris, as I am afraid both these writers do. There ought to be enough in the square truth, if one could only get on paper the impression which the first Moorish city he has ever seen makes upon him.

Cordova had been an important city in Cæsar's time. There were people enough in it then for

Cæsar to kill twenty-eight thousand of them by way of punishment for their adherence to Pompey. Of this Roman occupation you see signs to this hour. But, as the city stands, it dates from the Moorish times; it declared its independence in 756, and became the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain. In the tenth century three hundred thousand people lived here. They had fifty hospitals, which is, I suppose, twenty-five more than the three hundred and fifty thousand people of Boston have, and in one library they had six hundred thousand volumes, which is twice as many as the three hundred and fifty thousand people of Boston have in their Public Library to-day.

What interests me more than these figures — which could probably be stretched backward or forward to mean much what you choose — is the suggestion one gets as to the wise Moorish administration, especially in public education and in the relief of the poor. One of these Moorish kings, I forget his name, did on a large scale what Rumford did on a small scale in Bavaria. That is to say, this Paynim hound, this unbaptized Saracen, set on foot a bureau of industry which was also an industrial school, at which he compelled the attendance of all his tramps, "wayside-lodge people," and other gentry who had no "visible means of support." He had

none of the nonsense of Monsieur Marie's national workshops. He did not dream of competing with the regular labor market. But he kept on hand a series of public works which need not be done, but which it was well to do; and, year by year, these things dragged along and eventually got themselves done by the assistance of these tramps, who were no longer kept alive by Moslem good-nature at the expense of Moslem grit and muscle, without showing anything for their work. Our system is to give soup for nothing to anybody who will ask for it, if only he be clear, sheer beggar enough to look forlorn, and have lost his manliness enough to make application. But we take care not to make him work when he comes for it. And if anybody proposes to teach the tramps how to work at the public charge, or to make them work in the public works, the city solicitor says that the first is against the law, and the park commissioners say that the other would be sentimental and not business-like.

In the tenth century, Cordova was a far finer city than Rome or Constantinople or any other city in Europe. The Saracen power was so vast, that the Caliph and other princes sent to Abdu-r-rhâman (the slave of consolation) marbles, and especially marble columns, from all parts of the world which they had conquered.

This gave him eighteen hundred marble pillars, and he seems to have founded the idea, any way he carried it out, of building a sort of palm-grove, by using them, so to speak, for the trunks of the trees. As all the pillars were not of the same height, they sometimes had more and sometimes less work and height to the capitals. Some are of one color, and some of another. Then he had at each end eighteen doors, and he had the whole a good deal open to the sky. So in every direction there were lovely vistas, which looked like the vistas in the tall palm-groves that he was used to in some other land.

This is, at least, the way which all travellers choose to describe the Great Mosque of Cordova. So I think there must be something in the story of his intending an imitation of a grove. The mosque, now a cathedral, is not very high. But it is high enough to give you the sense and sentiment of a forest, and the vastness in each direction carries out that feeling. After the Conquest, some wretched local authorities — bishop and chapter, I guess — put their heads together, as if they had had a wood-paving job on their conscience, and proposed to build one of the Spanish 'choirs' just in the middle of this marble forest. Of course it would, by so much as its space covered, break

the magnificent vistas. Somebody had the sense to protest. And the question was referred to Charles the Fifth, whose duties in ruining civilization elsewhere kept him away from Spain a good deal. He did as such gentry do, — sustained the constituted authorities. And so this great choir was built, as you might cut down sixty or eighty trees in the middle of a forest on Mattawamkeag to build a meeting-house in the approved architecture of Maine in the nineteenth century. When Charles came to Cordova, at last, and the admiring choir-builders showed to him their work, their emperor said to them: "What you have built could have been built anywhere. But you have destroyed what was more grand than anything left on earth." I am sorry to say that it did not occur to him that it was he who did the destroying.

Around the mosque of Cordova is a dead white wall. It might be a prison. You go in by a little gate, and you are in a green orchard of orange-trees. Then by another doorway you enter the mosque, and the forest of marble which I have tried to describe is before you. In the endless variety, in the change which every inch of movement makes in the perspective and the vistas, it is not hard to persuade yourself that you hear the wind, as you might do in a forest at home.

Our guide was a Moresco, who was, I think, the lineal descendant of Haroun himself, and he was much pleased with our acquaintance, derived from the Arabian Nights, with the customs and faith of his ancestry. We made him read the Arabic words over the magnificent pulpit built by the Slave of Consolation. And he read: "Allah alone is great. Blessed be the name of Allah. There is no strength or power but in Allah." It was exactly like our dear Lane.

It may assist the reader, as he follows us into the Moorish part of Spain, to know that the writer brings up his own family on a regular course of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. Their household not only contains the original in the text of Cairo, for any wandering fakir to read aloud from, but copies of every well-reputed version. And when better times come, and a competitive examination in the Arabian Nights is prescribed for candidates in the art of living well, the members of this household hope they shall not be found wanting.[1]

After we had seen the mosque, they took us to the garden of the Alcazar, the old Moorish sachem. It is just like the Arabian Nights,

[1] Not to boast, but to state a fact of literature, I believe that the version of the first story of the Arabian Nights, published by me in "Crusoe in New York," p. 595, is the fullest version in English ever printed of any of those stories.

with carp-ponds and streams of water; roses in full bloom, and pomegranates, palm-trees, and so on; figs not quite ripe, and *nespolas*, which were. Thence we all went into one of the Alcazar's towers by the river-side, and made a drawing of a bridge of which Augustus Cæsar made the piers, we sitting under the grape-blossoms of a vine.

Another garden, not on the guide-books, had another charm. At the hotel, at dinner, a gentleman who was at *table d'hôte* with his wife had been instructing me in the art of eating strawberries. I had thought this came of nature. But this was my mistake. When you are in Spain, where oranges and strawberries are ripe together, you avail yourself of what the astronomers would call the synchronous period, and eat them together. You fill a plate with what we should call a quarter-box of berries. You cover them with white sugar. You cut a perfectly ripe orange, and squeeze the juice all over berries and sugar. You then take a spoon and eat. This gentleman, in the courtesy of the country, explained to us the process, but said we should eat the fruit fresh from the vines and the trees, and, that we might do so, asked us all to his garden when our sight-seeing might be over. Thither, accordingly, we repaired, and he kindly showed to me all the dainty irrigation processes of

gardening; he and his pleasant wife loaded the ladies with flowers, and we ate strawberries as one might do in Waterville in New Hampshire, if only its hemlock forests were orange groves.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVILLE.

AFTER being a week in Spain, I wrote in Seville that "I am yet to see the first flea. I do not know the taste of garlic; and for oil, I only know it in the sweetest form on the most exquisite lettuce. I am living in a hotel here, equal to the best we saw in Europe, where I pay two dollars a day for everything. What the inconveniences are of Spanish travel we have yet to discover. On the other hand, everything is curious and entertaining.

"The people are charming. When we are ready to come here, we will hire for a trifle some old palace, built around a court, with lions and fountains and orange-trees, with a fig-tree or two growing up by accident. We will spend our days in the gardens of the Alcazar. That at Cordova was but ill maintained by a gardener who turned an honest penny by selling lettuce and cabbages. This is maintained by the State. They show you the orange-tree that Peter the Cruel planted; you are tempted to try the Sul-

tana's bath, and you vote Charles the Fifth's summer house to be the one successful summer home in the world. It is in as perfect condition as when he left it. The walls, inside and out, are carved with beautiful enamelled tiles. Griffins, lions, satyrs, unicorns, pillars of Hercules, castles of Castile, appear mixed up in quaint confusion; the tile-makers not working by a stencil pattern, but as their fancy dictated, and the tiles, for the most part, as fresh as if you bought the best Minton tiles yesterday, and far brighter in color. The ceiling is of carved mahogany, which I suppose the virgin forests of San Domingo furnished."

People talk of the old Italian style of gardening; and the reader perhaps remembers the gardening of the Borromean Islands. But this is more to my taste. In the first place, there is absolute seclusion. The palace shields it on one or two sides; on the others a wall, like the State-prison wall at Charlestown. You see at once how a lover imprisoned in such a garden could not escape if his courage cooled. Then this space is cut up more or less by high and thick walls, on both sides of which orange-trees are trained, *en espalier.* But the main object is shade, so desirable in a hot climate.

As we plant on the south side of a wall, they would often plant on the east, or even the north.

All these walks, however, are completely masked by oranges or other hedges; and so large are the arches, and so crafty the other vistas, that you have no feeling of being shut up in court-yards. Your paths, however, are not gravel, but tiles, evidently enamelled in the Moors' days, for pieces of the enamelled work still appear; indeed, some of the old walks are well preserved. The beds are perhaps a foot lower than the walks, always bordered with box, laurustinus, oranges, lemons, or some such evergreen, carefully trimmed, and perhaps eighteen inches high and thick. The object of all this arrangement is irrigation; for all the tiles are underlaid with pipes, and there are frequent holes. When, therefore, the gardener needs, water is turned on the pipes, the tiles are suffused with it, it runs off upon the beds, and your flowers have the comfort of moisture without watering pot or engine. Meanwhile, judging from to-day, you can command shade or draught much as you choose; and one understands the love of the Moors for gardens, and the part they play so often in the Arabian Nights.

I think a man who should live in Seville a month would understand better than Walter Scott did how men went and came in Europe in the times of Richard and Philip, and how they lived in Lyons in the days of Peter Waldo.

Streets narrow as Tom Kelly's alley, in which a donkey may only go in a certain fixed direction, because he could not pass another donkey, are the very streets from which you enter a court-yard blazing with exotic flowers from all the modern world, from which court-yard open the rooms of a palace, with all the splendors of a palace. Our hotel fronted on the principal street of the town. There is not left at the North End of Boston a street so narrow. Large curtains hang across it at the top, to screen the upper rooms from the sun. It is crowded with little shops not bigger than your china closet. And in one of those shops you shall find Rénan's books side by side with The Imitation of Christ; in the next shall be Singer's sewing-machine; and in the next a cobbler making a sandal like that worn by the Romans. You step into one of these shops to avoid a jackass laden with bales of hay brought in from the country to feed the horses who dragged you from the railroad.

This is what I mean when I say every step is a romance. Travel has not spoiled it, nor begun to spoil it. The people are as simple as they were in the days of Columbus.

I wanted, if I could, to buy some old books one day, and was told that there was a certain fair held every Thursday where I could perhaps

pick up what I needed. So I went to this fair, which is of second-hand articles wholly, and it was precisely like the Arabian Nights. The streets in that precinct are wholly given up to it on Thursday, and no carriages are permitted on that day. So the dealers lay out their articles on the street itself, which is well paved, without sidewalks, in granite blocks. A path some six feet wide is left for passing, and, as the street is wider or narrower, the salesmen have more or less space. Where the streets are wide, the crockery-men establish themselves; so you see plates, mugs, cups, &c., all nominally second-hand, arrayed on the street.

You see readily how, if a jackass strays in by any accident, just one of those tragedies takes place, with the crockery, that occur more than once in the Arabian Nights. As many of the people are Moors, as all are in the costume of people in operas, as the articles sold are the most ramshackled old bits that have been left since the Ark, you can imagine that the whole is sufficiently oriental.

We were taken to see a palace which has been kept in perfect order since the days of the Moors, and is now just as it might be if Haroun Alraschid lived in it. I really never conceived anything so beautiful. I have tried to describe the system of inner court-yards. We came to

this house through a narrow whitewashed street, which promised nothing. But the court-yard, or entrance to it, was white marble, and was screened at the inner end by a gate.

The attendant admitted us, however, and here was a lovely square garden of oriental and tropical plants, palms, bananas, and brilliant flowering shrubs. Around this the house is built, a corridor of exquisite white marble arches wholly surrounding the square. All these arches are adorned with that delicate carving which we associate with the Alhambra, and which looks like ivory-work. It is finely cut in stucco. Each story above has one of these corridors. We were not permitted to go upstairs; but the stairway was of elegant white marble also, rising up to a lofty dome, carved and highly ornamented. In another garden without was the invariable fish-tank, which is the water supply of the whole.

To go back to my analysis of the charm of Seville, you are in the midst of people who seem, at least, to know how to enjoy themselves. At night the principal streets and squares are filled with men and women, straying here and there, absolutely with no purpose but to enjoy starlight, moonlight, and open air. Enormous cafés, of a size which would astonish Boston and New York, even were they devoted to whiskey

or billiards, are filled with men and women sipping lemonade or sugared water, and talking with animation, like a great evening party, provided for every one at the cost of the half-cent for his sugar.

I had always held to Miss Ferrier's bright rule in travelling, that a visit should be three days long, — "the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day." I have told hundreds of young travellers that it is better to spend three days in one place, than one day each in three. And certainly, in my plans, I had no thought of spending more than three days in Seville. We wanted to see Murillo's pictures in his home, and I wanted to see some papers in the archives. I supposed three days would be enough, and, as I have said in the preface to these notes, I had been exhorted by all the prudent tribes not to linger in the south of Spain in May or June. But when you are once established in Seville, things impress you very differently.

True to the theory of taking a Spanish hotel, if I could find one, rather than one which affected to be French, I went to the Europa. The place, or a part of it, was once a convent, and at the back of the beautiful *patio* a magnificent staircase of the convent times — excellent to sit on in the shade of the afternoon — takes you up to the second floor, where the bedrooms are.

All this stairway is hung with sacred pictures, which may or may not have been there in convent days; certainly they make the place seem very different from a hotel, as we think of one. You can, if you choose, — and you are apt to choose, — have your coffee or chocolate served under the shade of a banana-tree, in the sound of the fountain, at the side of the *patio*.

Once installed in such a place, dropping into the habit of a *siesta* in the hour which would be hot out of doors; with palaces, gardens, galleries, churches, at hand, such as your best dreams never painted; with excursions possible in any direction of curious interest; with daily life a queer reminder of the Arabian Nights literally at every step, you no longer think of going away in three days. You only inquire why you should go away at all. What are you for? Why are you in Spain? Did you come to Spain to enjoy some pleasant weeks? Well! what can you find more charming than this? Have you exhausted it? With every day you feel that you are only beginning to take it in.

The local proverb says, "See Seville and die." One would not wish to die merely because he had seen it. A better proverb would be, "See Seville and live there." There is just this strong infusion of Eastern habit which makes it so attractive to us crude Westerns: there is a cli-

mate well nigh perfect; there is the activity, agreeable, after all, of a business town in full and easy relations with the rest of the world; and, last of all, Seville has an advantage, which many of us, of what I call the literary class, appreciate, living is very, very cheap. I heard of some intelligent people living there very much as I live at home, I fancy, whose full daily charge averaged forty-two cents a day for each of them. This was life in a palace, where the family kept house comfortably. They had American tastes, and seemed to enjoy them. I tell this with terror, lest I send half unoccupied America to Seville. For I am old enough to remember when we could live at the same charge in North Conway in summer. I have sometimes feared that I, and my friend who made this discovery, announced it too freely to an eager world.

"Happy is the country whose history is unwritten." If we feel that in America, day by day, when one's newspapers come to us "without a word in them," what shall we say in Seville, where the newspapers are so much smaller? But they make up in number. Spain is just in that first phase of liberty when everybody wants to write in a newspaper, and every one thinks he can publish one. They have very many comic papers. Every considerable city seems to have its own; and these, with their brilliant

colored cartoons, circulate in all the other cities. They are generally published weekly; but there are so many of these papers, that with almost every day a new one is exhibited. Some of them are very funny; some, to a foreigner, quite unintelligible. There is at least one literary journal here, and I saw a good many recent books by Sevillian authors. One of the folk-lore societies is represented which have been established in many parts of Europe for preserving local traditions and a knowledge of local literature. The centre of these societies is in London. Near the doorway of our hotel, among the other caricatures, there hung one of the Saviour, which would not have been tolerated an hour at any shop-door in Boston. So much for the working of the Inquisition, in the long run, for the suppression of blasphemy or heresy.

Americans would be apt to go to the Columbian Library, founded by the son of Christopher Columbus. A magnificent building enshrines it, and one does not see any collection more elegant in the outward appurtenance of a library. But you are disappointed if you expect to find memorials of the discoverer. They do show, under glass, a copy of Ptolemy, I think, with notes by him, and an old map with three caravels drawn near islands, which you try to think are the three vessels of discovery. Let me, as I pass,

warn other travellers not to expect to see the documents in the archives without a permit from Madrid. I found a gentleman from Guatemala at work there, and was not surprised to find it supposed that his business and mine were the same, as, in a certain sense, they were.

The exterior view of the cathedral gives no idea of its grandeur or beauty. As in all the Spanish cathedrals which I saw, the choir is built in the middle, almost as a separate church. And, as at Burgos, this hurts the vista of the nave. But you cannot spoil so magnificent a building. I do not know, and do not care to look to see, how long the aisles are or how high; they are long enough and high enough to create and to preserve that sense of wonder, awe, and satisfied rest for which cathedrals were built and stand. Looking over these notes, now far away from Seville, I find that the curiosities which the eager guide showed there, as in all such places, do not come back to me as having any connection with the cathedral itself. They are so many side shows, to use a very happy expression of the vernacular. They are a nuisance at the time; but afterwards they do not annoy you.

One does not count among them the admirable pictures. Among these is the Vision of St. Anthony, which is one of the finest of the Mu-

rillos. It was from this painting that the kneeling figure of the saint was cut a few years since and sent to New York for sale. The New York police proved quick enough for the occasion, and the New York law strong enough. The thieves were caught and the picture restored. They show you, in the fit light, the seams which indicate the patch of the restored canvas.

Seville is now a centre of literature and art, and must be a very agreeable home. It is said that the social circles are accomplished and agreeable. The museum is not large, but very rich, particularly in pictures by Murillo, and here we saw for the first time the work of Alonzo Cano. The art school calls together quite a large number of young artists. It was to the enthusiasm of some of them that the riots were due, if indeed they deserve that name, which gave one subject to the newspapers aside from the eternal discussion of Madrid politics, while we were there. On one of the last days of May was celebrated the second centennial anniversary of the death of Murillo. In point of fact he died on the 3d of April, 1682; but they took some festival in May, I now forget what, for the celebration. Now, in honor of Murillo's exquisite pictures of the Virgin, it seems that somebody had called him "The Painter of the Immaculate Conception." The dogma of the immaculate

conception — for it has been a dogma now for a quarter of a century — is, or has been, the passion of the Roman Catholic Church in our time. Seville having been the birthplace of Murillo, some enthusiastic priests thought this would be a good opportunity for a solemnity at once in his honor and that of the Virgin. They certainly gave fair notice of what they were going to do. I saw, some weeks before, in France, a public notice that they had invited some churches, even so far off, to lend their banners to be used in the procession. This is not a bad way to invoke general sympathy. As the Queen, if she cannot go to a funeral, sends her carriage, so if a church cannot send a priest to a procession, it can send a banner, if it has one to send. But this ecclesiastical view of the occasion did not please the art students, and it would seem that they rallied to their side the other students of the university. They said that they were as ready to celebrate Murillo's birthday as anybody, but they were not going to have it mixed up with the Roman Catholic Church or its dogmas. As soon, therefore, as the procession appeared in the street, the priests, who seem to have made the greater part of it, were hooted and hustled, not to say stoned. And they, with their banners, were obliged to take rapid flight, and finally to seek refuge in a church. I do not know, and I could not find anybody who thought

he knew, whether the people at large showed more sympathy with the attack or the defence. Extreme clerical papers were very angry, and extreme radical papers were very angry, each from their own point of view. Between the extremes, most of the journals were undertaking to show that it was a matter of no great consequence, and I rather think they were right. But I believe it is true that the troops were ordered out to preserve order. All this happened a day or two before I came to Seville.

For two or three days after, however, every morning's paper announced that the disturbances had been renewed, the night before, by bands of students passing through the city, singing and shouting and in conflict with the police. Indeed, if you had read the Madrid papers, you would have thought we were in a state of siege. But I tell this whole story to illustrate exaggeration in a country wild for newspapers, where there is very little news. It was then May, and the weather lovely. I was in the streets and squares every evening, in the very streets where these things were said to take place, and yet I never saw myself or heard any of the incidents of the affair. I said so one day to an intelligent man, who replied rather vehemently, "You should have been in the Plaza del Duque at nine o'clock last night." I asked if he were there.

No, he was not there, but there was a collision between the students and the troops, and a large number of students were carried to the guard-house. Now, in fact, I was sitting with a party of ladies on a seat in that Plaza, from half-past eight to quarter-past nine, and we spent all the rest of the evening at the theatre hard by. We heard no noise, and saw no collision. It is my belief that there was none. But there was a good deal of newspaper excitement, and the determination in each office to make the most of whatever did occur. The bishop of the diocese made a semi-official statement that the Murillo demonstration was none of his business. It was even said that he transferred the priests who were implicated to other fields of duty, in such a way that it was supposed that the transfer was a reprimand. On the other hand, when, a few weeks after, the Commencement Day, or whatever corresponds to it, came round, the government refused to give degrees to the students who were engaged in the riot. Thus a certain Gallio-like indifference was maintained by the authorities in regard to the battle itself. It is not the first time in my life that I have been in the midst of a conflict which attracted much more attention at a distance than it gained from the lookers-on.

CHAPTER V.

PALOS AND COLUMBUS.

MOST American school-boys and school-girls know that Columbus sailed from "Palos in Spain" to discover America. Some of them know that he sailed on the 3d of August, 1492.

When they grow to be men and women, if they look for Palos on a good enough map they will not find it. It will be on some purely American-manufacture maps. But it will not be on the average map. I was in the cabinet of one of the first geographers in the world, and he took down an excellent map of Spain, on a large scale, authenticated by an official board, and there was no Palos there.

I had determined to see Palos. And Seville is the point of departure for this excursion. On a lovely May day we started, — my daughter and I. There is a railway, sufficiently good, built chiefly or wholly by a mining company, which comes from the valley of the Guadalquivir to that of the Tinto, and takes you there. It is a pleasant ride of sixty-five miles or thereabouts.

The ride seems tropical to us who have never been in the tropics. Orange-trees, fig-trees, olive-trees, and vineyards just pushing out their fresh green leaves, fill the fertile grounds of these valleys. And how hard the people do work! I have never seen anywhere a set of farmers who seemed to stick so to their business.

We fell into talk with a courteous Spanish gentleman, who was most eager to explain what we did not understand.

The western sun, low in the horizon, is streaming through the windows of the carriage. Our friend is on the eastern side; he is looking watchfully across the marshes and the river; and so, as some mound of sand is passed by the train and opens a full view to the other side of the wide estuary, he raises his hand, points across the marshes and says, "Palo!"

We were all silent for a moment. I think he knew something of my feeling. And I — I found I cared for Palos more than I had supposed possible. I had crossed Spain with the intention of seeing the place. But I had not at any time pictured to myself the gulf between 1492 and 1882; nor even asked myself to imagine Columbus and Martin Pinzon at work on the equipment of the ships. Of a sudden all the features of the contrast presented them-

selves. Enough, perhaps, that, as we dashed on in the comfort of the railway train, we were looking across the desolate marshes to the forsaken village, where hardly a few white houses could be made out, and told ourselves that from the enterprise and courage of that place the discovery of America became possible.

The seaport of Palos in the time of Columbus was a place so important, that the crew and vessels of the first expedition were all gathered there, in face of the difficulties which the superstition of the time and the terms of the voyage presented.

I do not suppose it to have been a seaport of the first class, but it was a considerable and active town. It was on the eastern side of the estuary of the Tinto River, a considerable stream, known to navigators as far back as the first history of navigation. It takes its name Tinto from the color which it brings from the copper and iron mines above, which are the very mines which gave to Spain its interest for Phœnician navigators. In nearly four centuries since Columbus's time the current of the river has been depositing silt in what was then the port of Palos, and this port is now entirely filled up. With the destruction of the harbor the town has gone to ruin. The few white specks which my Spanish friend pointed out to me, in

the light of the evening sun, marked the place of the few houses in which a hundred or two poor people are living, where were once the dock-yards and warehouses of the active town. The rival town, Huelva, which was, even in Columbus's time, a place of considerable importance, takes all the commerce of the estuary. I think not even a fishing-boat sails from Palos itself.

Huelva is a port where large steamers can lie at the pier, and is now a place of active and apparently successful trade.

An English company, which is developing the mines, has built a good system of railroads which unite Huelva with its mining establishments, as it built this we had travelled upon from Seville.

There is a new hotel at Huelva, where we were comfortably accommodated. I was interested to see that all the furniture, which was new, was of American manufacture, coming very likely from Worcester County, Massachusetts. Thus far, at least, we have been able to pay our debt to Columbus and to Palos.

I was wakened the next morning, before five o'clock, to hear the singing of birds in a lofty orange-tree in the front of my window, that we might embark at once on our visit to the convent of Rabida, and, if possible, to the ruins of

Palos. A fine half-decked boat, such as we might have hired in Marblehead for a like purpose, with a skipper who looked precisely like his Marblehead congener, but with the lateen sail which is so curiously characteristic of Southern Europe, was ready for our little voyage. We passed heavy steamers which suggested little enough of Columbus, but there were fine-looking fishing-boats which suggested the plucky little Niña of his voyage; and their seamen are probably dressed to-day much as the men who landed with him at San Salvador.

A run of an hour brought us to the fine headland on which the convent of Rabida, or Sta. Maria de Rabida, stands, scarcely changed, if changed at all, from the aspect it bore on the day when Columbus "asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child."[1] Lord Houghton, following Freiligrath, has sung to us how

> "The palm-tree dreameth of the pine,
> The pine-tree of the palm;"

and in his delicate imaginings the dream is of two continents, ocean-parted, each of whom longs for the other. Strange enough, as one pushes along the steep ascent from the landing at Rabida up the high bluff on which the con-

[1] This is Mr. Everett's language, in a speech which old school-boys will remember.

vent stands, the palm-tree and the pine grow together, as if in token of the dream of the great discoverer who was to unite the continents.

In this convent Columbus made his home while the expedition was fitting out; Palos hard by, and quite accessible. Hither the Pinzons and the learned physician, Garcia Fernandez, were summoned by the good friar Marchena, Columbus's steady friend, for the great consultations from which the discovery grew.

The convent is a large rambling building, of Moorish lines and aspect, built around several *patios*, or gardens. Hardly any windows open through the outer walls; but the life of the building engages itself in and around the *patios* within. Here cloisters, made by columns with arches, surround the pretty enclosures, and in these one dines, writes, takes his *siesta*, or does nothing.

Columbus's room, as a fine chamber upstairs is called, has a large table in the middle, on which is Columbus's inkstand. All around the room there now hang pictures: some of him, one of Isabella, one of the good old friar, and some by modern painters of different scenes in the first great voyage and of his experiences after his return.

The old chapel of the convent is below. It is neat and pretty, and worship could be re-

newed there at any time. The Duke of Montpensier, who married a sister of Isabella II. the late Queen of Spain, arranged to have it all put in proper order. The nation maintains the place, and a charming family of Spaniards, grandfather, grandmother, son, daughter, and three nice boys, Christopher, Immanuel, and Joseph, keep it in order.

The Spanish historians now think that Columbus came to Rabida with the very purpose of interesting Marchena, the good friar. Marchena was interested, and recommended him to the Bishop of Talavera. But, alas! he thought Columbus was a madman. King and queen alike were occupied in fighting the Moors. The council of wise men at Salamanca, to whom Columbus's plans were referred, decided unfavorably. Columbus did receive some favorable messages from France. Wholly discouraged in Spain, six years after his first visit here he came again, — from Cordoba this time, where were the relations of his wife and of his son Diego. He came to say that, as Spain had given him up, he should give Spain up, and see if the King of France would not fit out the expedition.

The good friar Marchena was dismayed at this. He could not bear to have the glory lost to Spain. He sent for Garcia Fernandez, a doctor in Palos, who had been interested when

Columbus was here before. He sent for Pinzon, a rich merchant of Palos. They all talked it over again, and the friar wrote to the Queen this time, not to any bishop. The Queen sent back word that Columbus was to come himself and explain his plan; and the sadness of the convent was changed to joy.

Columbus's mule was saddled at once. He started that night for Santa Fé, and had an audience from Isabella. She heard and believed. She promised her support, and Columbus wrote this letter to the brother here at the convent: —

"Our Lord God has heard the prayers of his servants. The wise and virtuous Isabel, touched by the grace of Heaven, has kindly listened to this poor man's words. All has turned out well. I have read to them our plan; it has been accepted, and I have been called to the court to state the proper means for carrying out the designs of Providence. My courage swims in a sea of consolation, and my spirit rises in praise to God. Come as soon as you can; the Queen looks for you, and I much more than she. I commend myself to the prayers of my dear sons, and to you.

"The grace of God be with you, and may our Lady of Rabida bless you."

After a visit full of interest to Rabida, we returned to our boat, and I directed my seamen to

take me to some landing whence I could go into the very streets of Palos, or what was left of it. To my surprise I was told that this was impossible. No such landing remains, even for a fishing-boat of five tons. If the señor wished, it would be necessary for the boat to come to anchor, and the señor must be carried on the back of the skipper for three-quarters of a mile or more, over the flat under water, formed where proud ships once rode. The señor declined this proposal, and bade the boatman take him to the bar of Saltes, the little island in front of Palos and Huelva, where Columbus's vessels lay, and from which he sailed at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 3, 1492.

The run from Rabida, tacking back and forth with a brisk breeze, was perhaps an hour, or a little more. The island, which was the last of Europe for the great navigator, can be scarcely changed. It is a narrow bar high enough to break the force of the south and southwest winds as they sweep in from the Atlantic, and thus make the admirable harbor of Huelva.

We discharged the grateful duty of collecting some memorials of a place so interesting, and then, by a rapid run before the wind, returned to the pier at Huelva, which is some six miles up the river.

CHAPTER VI.

XERES, CADIZ, AND MALAGA.

THERE is easy steam navigation from Seville to Cadiz, and, according to all accounts, nothing is pleasanter than the voyage by steamboat down the river. One of Amicis's most amusing chapters describes this voyage, and we tried to take it. All which I say for the benefit of other travellers, for the boats are not advertised; indeed, you must not, anywhere in Spain, rely upon advertising as you would in America. As it happened, there was no boat that fitted with our plans, and we were obliged to take the rail. The ride is of six or seven hours, which we took in the afternoon and evening. You pass through a highly cultivated valley with such attractions as I have tried to describe in speaking of my journey to Huelva.

One of the principal stopping-places is Xeres, of which I suppose the geographers would say that it is famous for sherry and the Jaleo de Xeres. For me, I am no connoisseur in sherry,

but I am old enough to remember Fanny Elssler and the Jaleo de Xeres.

"How sweet when by moonlight the sunbeams retire,
When with bright burnished silver the waves seem on fire;
As the shadows of evening begin to advance,
How sweet 't is to join in the song and the dance!
Not the light-footed naiads that trip o'er the sea
Are lighter, swifter, gayer than we."

All such scraps of Spanish song came up together from the surges of old memories as we saw the sun go down upon the sparkling Guadalquivir, and knew that we need only stop over a train to see the Jaleo danced in Xeres itself. What we should call the river-bottom was covered with rows of young vines, perhaps four feet high, in the fresh greenness of leaves which had attained half their size. It was like riding in the train of the Connecticut River Railroad through a growth of young broom-corn. This may be a good place to say that I was told by a connoisseur, in whose skill I have full confidence, that on the spot no man can give more than fifty cents a bottle for the best possible pure sherry. Whatever we choose to give in addition is what we pay for additions,— whether sugar, brandy, or other coloring matter.

As for coloring matter, there is a good deal of it; for the sherry served at the table at Cadiz and Malaga is a very light-colored wine. If the

length of the passage to America ever made it necessary to adulterate pure wine, there can hardly be any such necessity now, when the passage from Cadiz to New York is made in twelve days. But a taste is a taste; and if connoisseurs are used to a mixture of burned sugar, brandy, Xeres wine, and water, I suppose they will prefer it. So I once found that the average attendant on a Boston eating-house preferred to pure milk a mixture of milk, water, burned sugar, and salt. The keeper of the eating-house likes it better, too; for such a mixture, if there be salt enough, can be kept for six days.

Nobody has ever taken the trouble to tell me that Xeres is the modern spelling of A*sta re*gia, which was the name of the town in the Roman geographies.

Does the reader remember

> "He stormed the gates of Cadiz,
> And this that gallant Spaniard did
> For me and for the ladies."

I always had an inward fear that whoever it was stormed those gates because "Cadiz" rhymes so well with "ladies," and that if it had been in another language he might have been of another country, say a Frenchman or an Italian, to fit the rhyme. But as you pass a long salt-marsh, not unlike the Dorchester flats, and sweep by long bastions of stone-work, you

feel that somebody, at some time, has had a good deal to do in storming of the gates of Cadiz. And in Irving's "Conquest of Granada" there are places enough where this gallant Spaniard can be fitted in. According to Pliny, the place was an island in his day, and now this salt-marsh parts it from the upland. Our stay in Cadiz was of the shortest. We were to leave at six the morning after we arrived, and we were not at our hotel much before eleven o'clock.

In the morning we breakfasted at five, and then, in a great boat, with bag and baggage, were rowed out to the steamer,—a good sea-boat of perhaps four hundred tons. At six we sailed.

I wrote from Malaga the next morning this account of the voyage: —

"MALAGA, May 30.

"It is now six o'clock, and this pretty city of Malaga is rousing itself to its duties. We are no longer in the East. This place might be Norfolk or Savannah, but that four thousand years have finished it and given to it elegancies and prettinesses to those cities unknown. I am on the balcony of a palace, and my room is palatial. I do not remember that in the much-praised American hotel I ever found, at six in the morning, fresh carnations on the dressing-table of my chamber. But I am afraid this is exceptional, for the señora who takes care of the *camas*

(no gallantry will pretend that she is a señorita) herself laughed as she called attention to them, as if it were by some happy accident that they were there.

"If my geography were shaky in any particular, it was as to the difference between Cadiz and Malaga. This I knew, that from Malaga came raisins, while I never heard of Cadiz raisins. Also I went to school with a boy from Malaga, and never went to school with any boy from Cadiz. But these doubts are now forever solved in my mind (and I hope will be, for this reader). Cadiz is outside the pillars of Hercules as far as Malaga is inside; so that our pretty coasting voyage of yesterday, in an admirable steamer, brought us through the Straits of Gibraltar.

"I had my first look of Africa, and we spent four hours at anchor at Algeciras, in full sight of the great fortress itself.

"I could have gone across and landed. But I thought I should dilate with the right emotions if I only beheld it from afar. Indeed, it is difficult not to dilate, and that with many emotions, on this voyage. The African coast is often bold. We saw it under great advantages of mist and cloud on the mountains, quite symbolizing the mysterious place of Africa in the trinity of the Eastern continents. Gibraltar is simply magnificent. I have ruined my pocket sketch-book by

the number of outlines which I have dashed in at various points of view. The ladies worked with enthusiasm from the deck of the steamer after she came to anchor. The sea was perfectly smooth. You know how fond I am of steamboat travelling, and by this *détour* we enabled ourselves to travel by day instead of night.

"Algeciras, where I landed, is a town more Moorish in population, I suppose, than any town I have seen. I saw some very handsome faces among the boys. It seems very funny to see these picturesque boys, perhaps with a red sash round the waist, coming home from school with a cracked slate and what might be a worn-out Emerson's Arithmetic in a strap over the shoulder, just as he might do in Dartmouth or Dudley Street. One of them had thrown another's cap into a tree on the *plaza*, just as he might do in Blackstone Square. The boy had coaxed a friend to lift him, while with a long stick he tried to shake it from the tree. The other boy was neither tall enough nor strong enough, and they could not reach it; so I offered. Boy number one was afraid of the *Francese;* but another handsome boy volunteered to try the great adventure, and I lifted him in triumph, so that he 'regained the felt, and felt what he regained.'

"They were making preparations in their pretty public garden for a great fair which they are to

have next week, in which two bull-fights, among other things, are provided. I walked in the Paseo, and had the luck to hear my first nightingale. It is rather difficult to dilate with the right emotions for the nightingale. The song is a good honest song, animated enough, rather plucky. 'Jug, jug, jug,' expresses it well enough. I am almost afraid I should not have noticed it, unless, indeed, as a sort of contralto among the sopranos of the other birds. We refreshed ourselves with lemonade and other light drinks (sugar and water being the most popular), gathered some shells on the beach, and went back to the ship to dinner. We weighed anchor again at six, and by sunset passed the rock of Gibraltar, as above, with the most lurid effects of red light behind the bold black of the headland. It is virtually an island, like a gigantic Nahant, connected by a spit of sand only with the main, somewhat as Cadiz is.

"They say that in the midst of the straits is a reef, with very deep surroundings, on all sides. Berini, an intelligent *valet de place* whom I brought round with me from Seville, asked me if it might not be that, in the days of the ancients, on this reef there were veritably another pillar of Hercules. He is not satisfied with the Abyla of the African coast of to-day. Also he, who is a Gibraltar boy by birth, says

that the cave of St. Michael's there has a mysterious passage disappearing no one knows where. 'May not this have been a submarine tunnel through which the monkeys — the only monkeys in Europe — came from Africa to the rock of Gibraltar?' This suggests weird considerations worthy of Sindbad. The present number of monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar is about thirty-five. The English government cares for them more assiduously than for Spanish refugees. The number seen by the sentries is reported daily by the officer in charge of the outposts.

"We had a lovely moonlight on the sea; but one cannot enjoy even moonlight forever, and at 8.30 we went to bed. In my dreams, all night I have been officiating with untold difficulties in certain obsequies in honor of Mr. Emerson, and certain others in Greece in memory of Socrates. At 12.30 we arrived here, but have only just now landed and passed the custom-house; it is the fourth time that these trunks have been examined in Spain since we passed the Spanish frontier. We are now awaiting our coffee, breakfast No. 1."

The ancients had no coffee; whether they ate anything when they got out of bed I do not know. But all boys are rather ground because they are taught to translate *prandium*, breakfast,

and *cœna*, supper, leaving no space for dinner, and no word for it. But I am tempted to think they had the customs these people have now. The two meals are, one at ten or eleven, sometimes later, the other at five or six, also sometimes late, as late as nine, of which the first is called *almuerzo* or *déjeuner*, and the second *comida* or *diner*. They resemble each other almost precisely, much more than the English lunch and dinner do. You have five or six courses at both, warm meats, vegetables, wine if you choose, and, in short, I know no scientific distinction. These were, according to me, the *prandium* and *cœna* of the ancients. I believe they did not have *prandium* till twelve; no more do the French have their *déjeuner* till twelve.

I learned in France an old proverb, originating with the Church, that liquids do not break fast, and they got a formal decree that coffee did not break fast. Accordingly a priest may take coffee before he administers the Mass. Alas, too many take wine! I think it possible that the universal habit of early coffee in these parts may have come from the ecclesiastical influence.

FROM MALAGA TO GRANADA.

Washington Irving's charming book on the Conquest of Granada would be the true guide-

book for the journey from Malaga to Granada, which the reader is now to take with us. It is one of those journeys which such a party as ours would gladly take on horseback, and I fancy that, at another season of the year, that would be a good way to do it. But I would not undertake this with ladies, at the beginning of June; and, as the reader will see, we were obliged, all through our Spanish tour, to save time where we could.

Whoever will run through Irving's book will read of the latest bit of genuine chivalry that is left in history. If anybody cares for the truth, and some people do, here is a truer picture of what chivalry was and is than is in the Amadis of Gaul or Esplandian. And I should like to say, in passing, to any young friend of mine interested at once in literature and in the truth, that I think none of the writers on chivalry have, as yet, dissected out the lies of the romancers from the truth of history. I think it would be a nice literary enterprise for some young fellow to do that thing. Let somebody tell us where and when "the knight-errant" of romance really existed in the world; and let him tell us how much this six-footed tramp was respected or honored by the people of his own time. And, to come back to Granada, anybody who wants to understand the Spanish conquests

in Mexico and Peru, and to know how there came to be in the world such men as the Spanish conquerors, needs to acquaint himself well with this history of desperate fight, so well described by Irving. It was really the last appearance of plate armor to any purpose in Europe. In America, as against arrows, clubs, and stones, plate armor held its own for half a century more.

We took a train at one o'clock in the afternoon at Malaga to run nearly north. That is the general direction of the road. But we have to pass the Sierra, and this we do by the most wonderful series of zigzags and tunnels, clinging to the edges of mountain gorges, and creating a road where a goat might be glad to find his way. All this is the scene of that running battle, which lasted nearly a week, which Irving describes so picturesquely, where the knights of Antiquera set out to take Malaga by surprise, and were themselves surprised in these very passes by El Zagal and the Moorish cavaliers. These men understood the country better and were better dressed for their business than the Spaniards.

Indeed, it seems like the difficult creeping which one sometimes experiences in a dream, when one thinks of those heavy-mailed Spanish knights, after they had lost their horses, crawl-

ing, like lobsters, up and down the rocks of these ravines. On the other hand, you are surprised, as always, when you find how many of them came out of the enterprise alive. If they could keep their plate armor on their backs, it seems to have served a certain purpose.

A few hours only of this railway riding bring you out at a sort of Ayer Junction, high up in the hills, of which one ought to say, in passing, that it is a much more picturesque place and has a much better *fonda* than ever Ayer Junction had. At this place, the name of which is Loja, I had my first experience of their gracious way of collecting your scot for dinner. Grave-looking men in black came round with plates which looked like silver, which they passed solemnly over your left shoulder. I had seen some women about in the dress of Sisters of Charity, and as these contribution plates went down the side of the table opposite me, I had no thought but that this was a collection made for the benefit of some hospital. In my own secret mind I praised the liberality of the travellers for giving as much as they did, always three or four francs, and this, as I observed, with a certain regularity. But it was not till the very moment before the man, whom I thought a sub-priest, came to me, that I perceived that it was thus that we were paying for our dinners, and that the poor who

were befriended were the wayfarers, of whom we were four.

Leaving Loja, we took another train, this time eastward, with the higher mountains of the Sierra now to the south of us. We were thus again on the line of rail by which we might have come more directly from Seville, but for our *détour* by sea to see Africa and the rock of Gibraltar.

Thus, through a lovely afternoon, we followed up that wonderful valley which is called the Vega, the spoil of which was the prize of the fourteen years of battle which preceded the fall of Granada. Ronda, Alhama ("woe is me, Alhama!"), Lucena, and Lopera, I think, Zahara, Sante Fé, and other cities, too many for me to name, are in sight one side or the other as the train winds along on the edge of the valley in the latter hours, constantly ascending. For us there was the glory of a June sunset behind the spurs of the Sierra, which we had left at Loja. Then a long twilight, as the train still sped on through what has been for a thousand years perhaps the most fertile valley in the world. At last, all the wishing in the world would not keep it light for us an hour after the sun had gone down, so that our last hour's ride was in darkness, and in darkness we arrived at the station at Granada.

CHAPTER VII.

GRANADA. THE ALHAMBRA.

If this reader has ever had the pleasure of riding up to Cornell University from the city of Ithaca, he will have what my evangelical friends call a realizing sense of what it is to ride in a rather shaky omnibus up to the Washington Irving Hotel, high in the Alhambra gardens, from the low level of the railway in the valley. The effect is enhanced if the ride be taken in crass darkness, in an omnibus which may have been that old "Governor Brooks" which ran hourly between Boston and the Norfolk House in 1833. It seemed to me to have been transferred, without repairs or new paint, to serve the Granada line after forty-nine years.

The ascent is so nearly vertical, that you have a feeling that if you lose your headway, only for an instant, the mules will fall backward over your head, the whole rattle-trap pivoting on the hind axle, and that you will all go down into the valley again, mules first, on their backs, omnibus on top, and passengers on their heads.

But we were fortunately spared this adventure, as I have, up to this time, been spared the experience of it at Ithaca, — else the reader would not be following these notes now.

After a little, zigzag roads up through a dense grove, in which nightingales were singing and brooks babbling, took the place of the perpendicular ascent, the omnibus stopped, and the cheerful and cordial host of the "Washington Irving" welcomed us at his door. Thus began a fortnight of life, more like life in the Arabian Nights than any of us are likely to know until we go to the Alhambra again.

To confess ignorance is a capital rule, and it has been of the greatest service to me in a long and varied life. To quote Lewis's excellent joke at Bellombre, I have had a great deal to confess sooner or later, and whenever I have obeyed the rule I have profited. On this occasion I will confess that I never knew what the Alhambra was, — whether it were a palace or a district. The truth is, it is either or both, as you choose to call it.

To begin at the beginning, this projecting shelf of land, running out from a spur of the Sierra, must have been, from the moment when it was made, one of the most beautiful places in the world. You are three thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. We had

ascended so far, more than half a mile, vertically in our afternoon's ride from Malaga. Let the reader recollect that the Crawford House, at the head of the White Mountain Notch, is but nineteen hundred feet above the sea. The plateau occupied by the Alhambra is really more like what five and twenty acres of tableland on the top of Mount Webster would be. I remember looking down in the valley of Georgetown in Colorado, from a height above that town, much as one looks down upon Granada from the Alhambra.

Well, when the Moors came into possession of Southern Spain, having the whole country to choose from, they did as Uncle 'Zeke bids us do, and "took the best." That is to say, they selected this plateau, high embanked by nature above the valley, which commands, on the west, a view of the Vega, fifty-seven square miles of matchless fertility, running away from the eye into the purple of the distance; and commands, on the other side, the majestic view of the range of the Sierras, showing in its gorges streaks of perennial snow at every season of the year. Practically, these Moorish sovereigns had all the artistic skill there was afloat in the world, and, to use this skill, they had all the money they needed. Having resolved to live here in this midway climate, which is never too cold, never

too warm, where you can always see winter by looking to the east, and always see summer by looking to the west, they bade their architects build the most beautiful palace they could build, and the most comfortable, and bade their gardeners make the most beautiful gardens. In these gardens, observe, pine trees dream of palms and palms of pine, to their hearts' content. The gardeners and the architects took them at their word, and did their best. In 1492 they and theirs were turned out. It is now many generations since any king has really lived in those beautiful palaces, though a mattress is sometimes laid in one of the chambers for the King of Spain, if he come that way, and I think the same thing was done for the Prince of Wales. But the palace has never been permitted to fall into ruin. For the last generation it has been attended to with the wisest and most reverent care. The governor of the whole place is now Señor Contreras, an antiquarian, who is also an artist, with both conscience and taste. With great wisdom and delicacy, he uses the funds which are intrusted to him in keeping up the gardens and in restoring, wonderfully well, such decoration as time or carelessness had destroyed. I am by no means sure that the glamour, which time has thrown over the palace in four centuries, does not more than make up for any splendor of oc-

cupation, which it lost when the Moors were driven away.

But I see that, like every one else, I hang round the outside, without describing the Alhambra. I suppose a Moor would have said to you that it was a fortress, and such was the central part of what we now call the Alhambra. The name, according to the received etymology, is a corruption of the Arabic *kal-'at al hamra*, the red castle. Red alludes to the color of the rock. On the spot they say there are three colors to the Alhambra, — red, blue, and green; and in the fortnight that I was there the rocks were always red, the sky was of the deepest blue, and the trees of the greenest green. I do not know what the committee of the Boston Art Club would say to Alhambra pictures. It is said that when Miss Forbes sent them her clever sketches from Colorado they would not admit them, because they had never seen rocks that were so red. At the same time she sent some decorous Milton Hill sketches, which were accepted with enthusiasm. If my readers share this prejudice against positive color, they must not go to the Alhambra.

The walls and towers of the old Moorish defence still stand. On one side they needed no wall, for a cat or a lizard would find it hard to work up the cliff from the valley far below.

Just outside these walls, surrounded still by beautiful gardens, are the two hotels of "Washington Irving," generally spelled with a Y for its first letter, and the Siete Suelos, parted only from each other by a roadway. "Siete Suelos" means seven stories, that having been the name of one of the towers on the wall, close by. Beside these hotels, there is a group of other houses with their gardens, extending, I know not how far, upon different plateaux of the mountains. Some of them are handsome villas, some of them are modest boarding-houses, and in this region, intersected by rambling roads, a great many people, who have the same tastes which the Moorish sovereigns had, come to spend now winter and now summer. It is the only place known to me to which people go purely for recreation, where the hotels are kept open all the year round, and where the attractions seem as great at one season as at another. Strictly speaking, I suppose the region within the walls of the fortress, perhaps twenty-five acres in all, is the Alhambra. But I am quite sure that in conversation the name "Alhambra" would apply to all the gardens and villas on the hillside.

Among these villas, at some little distance from the castle itself, is one presented by the Spanish government to that distinguished lady,

the Countess Calderon, who was for so many years our townswoman. If, as I believe, to this lady was intrusted the early education of the present King of Spain, Spain cannot be too eager to express its gratitude to her; for everything seems to show that this young man is admirably fitted for his very delicate position. He certainly must be spoken of as one of the most interesting and remarkable men in Europe at the present time.

Any one who has his route to lay out will see that there is a certain moral advantage, if I may so call it, in taking Cordova before Seville, and Seville before Granada. If we had taken this in reverse, we never should have enjoyed Seville and Granada in the way we did. As we came, we took our alphabet of orientalism, then our words of two syllables, and now our literature. Thanks to Queen Isabella II., if she did nothing else good, the place is in perfect order. With this introduction I may trust the reader to some notes taken from day to day upon the spot.

The walks and avenues are like those of a modern palace in neatness and beauty. The restorations in the palace of the Alhambra itself are so perfect, that they need a trained eye

to tell where they begin. The *patio* of orange-trees is in perfect cultivation, the lions are all on their feet, and even those whose ears were broken off have new ones. Last night we went up to see the moonlight effects. *Exigéants* connoisseurs were disappointed, as the moon would not rise quite high enough for them. But for me, who am not used to valley views seventy miles long, under the light of a full moon, the prospect, with the heavy shadows of our cliff over Granada, was sufficiently wonderful. You can imagine to a degree what witch-work the moonlight would make on one of these walls of ivory carving, as it shines through the queer, varied Saracenic arches. We were taught in our childhood some stuff about four orders, more or less, of architecture. For clear, sheer beauty, this Saracenic arch, left out from that list, is the leader of them all. I rather think it is the best of all to adapt to popular and practical use.

The city of Granada is a lively town of seventy-five thousand people, improving itself, opening new streets, having a fine bull-fight to-day, and preparing for Corpus Christi on Wednesday. Up a steep street like Bowdoin Street you climb, and come to an arch, which is the arch of the Alhambra. You pass it, and enter a heavily shaded grove, laid out with parks and

roads, in very careful order, the roads still ascending a steep hill. This is the beginning of the gardens of the Alhambra. This is the ascent which late at night reminded me of the roads at Cornell University. You continue ascending, and in five minutes, on the right and left, lo, two hotels, like rival White Mountain houses. One is the Siete Suelos, and one the Washington Irving. These are crowded into corners left by the fortifications of the Alhambra; for the Alhambra, being a royal palace, was fortified, on one side, inaccessible on a high cliff, on the other side, by walls, like those at Ticonderoga or Quebec or Chester.

So, then, when we have breakfasted we can take a short walk through the grove to this great wall; and as no Moors defend it, we pass through the Puerta del Justicia, or the Puerta de Vino, or some sally-port without a name, and we are in the great fortress, which the Moors garrisoned, and which commanded the town. Remember that cannons, large and small, were well in use before 1492, when the fortress fell. In this *enceinte* are now many houses, built from old ones. Here lives, for example, Contreras, the skilful restorer, and governor of the whole; here is the ruin of an unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth; here are great box-gardens, laid out to occupy old parade grounds;

and here, at last, largest and most important, is the beautiful palace of the Alhambra, the nucleus and queen of the whole. You see in it what I suppose you might see in Ispahan or Damascus or Cairo, only that you are not permitted to do so. But as you are not permitted to do so there, it is a very good thing for pure Westerners like us, as it were so many Visigoths at the court of one of Cleopatra's descendants, to see how comfortably these people lived.

Perhaps it adds to the interest to see the blood-stain where thirty-six Abencerrages chiefs were killed by one of these Moorish kings not long before Granada fell. To say truly, though we have a natural sympathy for these poor Moors, who builded so much better than their successors knew, that as to desert, they can be said to have deserved but little. Good architecture is hardly a moral merit. If it were, I think it is a merit which belonged more to the ancestors of Boabdil and those who were turned out, than to themselves. And for themselves, after dipping a little into their history, I am disposed to say that if any persons ever deserved the vengeance of the Almighty it was these same Moorish chiefs. As for their people, I know nothing, and say nothing.

To return to the Alhambra from this digres-

sion. Once within the palace there are still many courts. One of these is the lovely *patio*, blazing with pomegranates, orange-trees, lemons, roses, and bananas, which might properly be called the garden of the Alhambra. This, or the Court of Lions, is perhaps the central almond meat of the stone of the fruit, from the outside of which we have removed so many shreds and shells, all which more or less receive the name of the Alhambra.

You can conceive what endless walks, explorations, chances to sketch, chances to get lost, all these gardens and lines of fortress and ruined towers, now accessible and now inaccessible, afford. From the "Gate of Justice," in a painting of the time, the Moors are represented as pouring out to be destroyed by their conquerors.

The foliage has the green of the very earliest spring, and the flowers the richness of tropical summer at the same moment.

As you sketch, a little stream is babbling at your side. And if one were living at the Alhambra, such a stream might be running through the midst of what would seem as our front entry.

The palace itself is perhaps the most charming place of all. I read aloud there, as the ladies drew, the speeches at the Historical Society

in memory of dear Mr. Emerson. You know I have always been at ease in palaces, and have a feeling that I was born to live in one. And these domestic occupations give one "a realizing sense" of what good times[1] they might have had there were their daily cares anything but cutting off each other's heads. As, in fact, they lived here seven hundred years, and as there are not more than seven crimes in the books in that period, it may be that to them the Alhambra was as peaceful a place as Washington seems to us, despite Guiteau and Booth and the English occupation of 1814. Any way, we had many lovely afternoons there. It is rather the central point of all our ramblings, and we had permits to draw there, for all the party.

We went down into the city of Granada to see the opening of the Festa of Corpus Christi, which lasts several days, and obstructs a good deal the regular business, such as it is, of the place. The nucleus of the affair was the giving up by the Ayuntamiento to the governor of the province of the public square, that it might be

[1] Let no New Englander fear that this phrase is provincial. Pepys says, "We had a glorious time!" and Dryden sang, "The sons of Belial had a glorious time!"

open, I suppose, to all the province for their festivities. Whether this actual ceremony, which is, as you see, a sort of Artillery Election, ever in fact took place, I do not know. What we saw was very much like Fourth of July on our Common, — great crowds of country people swaying to and fro with whatever motive or with none. I think our two artists, making hasty studies of heads and costumes, interested *los hombres* and *las mugeres* and *los ninos* and *las ninas* as much as did the fountains or the bands of music.

In the middle of the square is erected a great canvas temple, for any functions that may need a lofty platform. Around this little fountains play, some from the muskets of small soldiers, some propelling the swords of other soldiers, and others making cavalrymen to rock. Quite on the outside of the square, on a high staging, run a series of twenty-two well-painted satirical pictures, hitting off the follies of the time. One is a school of men and women learning the decimal system of mensuration, in fear that, if they do not, the Alcalde will refuse them certificates of marriage. One is a philosopher abandoning his globes and books, and practising for bull-fighting, because it pays better. Between the pictures, painted in large letters, are doggerel rhymes, illustrating them. At one end of the

square is a long poem, painted in large letters, an ode, a hymn on the Incarnation, and another glorifying Granada and its history. In another park are regular booths, to sell candy and other fairings, just like ours in general plan, but arranged with one plan, and a simple (canvas) architectural effect, so as to give unity to the whole. There was to be an illumination. But the Ayuntamiento owes the Gas Company twenty thousand dollars already; so on Monday night the Gas Company shut off the gas from the town, and people had to come and go in darkness.

The palace itself is an endless satisfaction. Every time you walk there, you discover something new. Yesterday I indulged myself in a book of the Arabian inscriptions on the walls. With the notes, it makes a reasonable volume. There were days when I could read a little Arabic. I have now forgotten the few words I knew. But I found gradually that I could make out the characters. The ladies each make two pictures a day, one in the morning light, one in the afternoon light, with endless adjunct studies from the bedroom balconies and from terraces or other lookouts; for, with every new day, some one has discovered that there is a tower or garden which has not been visited before, and from which there is a new view or in which there are new effects.

Fortuny and Regnault really made their homes here. On the Siete Suelos wall are inscriptions which tell when they lived there. A gypsy is in attendance to pose for artists as he did for them. In this land of color one is always tempted to paint. I have said that green, red, and blue are the colors of Granada. Add to this, that excepting one day there has not been a cloud as big as a man's hand on this blue sky, which is a defiance to the deepest ultramarine, — for all which blue sky in June we are so high that the air is even bracing. We had no experience in a fortnight of June of what we should call a hot day in Boston.

As we came home from the exquisite Generalife gardens, we were listening to nightingales singing in June, and looking on the snow of the Sierra Nevada.

"Have I dilated on nightingales since Algeciras? You know I never heard any before. I have veered to and fro in my views about them. At one time I said that if a single frog, neither of the shrill chirping kind of the spring, nor the deep, bass onderdonk kind of the autumn, could be set at his lonely "tunk," "tunk," "tunk," at midnight, he might be mistaken for a nightin-

gale. But since that I have had better luck. I think I was fairly waked by one, one night, in the very dead of night. The *n* of the "*tunk*" ameliorated itself almost to *l*, so liquid was it. The tone is so deep as to suggest that the bird sings contralto, and not soprano, and the *tout ensemble* is a sort of richness which certainly few notes have. Sometimes a mocking-bird gives you the same sound. This midnight song is more interesting, though more monotonous, than the twitter of the same bird at sunset. Do you know, that the song is the conjugal duty of the husband? He sings to his mate (not to the rose) while she sits on the eggs. If he fails to sing, she dies! Poor fellow, what do you suppose his rights to be, if she should go to sleep for half an hour?

NOTES ON THE CARTHUJA.

"Friday. We took our drive at nine o'clock to the convent still called the Carthuja, because it was a convent of the Carthusians, before such things were suppressed. Thirty old monks had the benefit of it, of whom, now, all but two are dead, and nobody has any benefit from it except sight-seers. But I suppose the funds which sustained such magnificence now go to government, or some dependant on government.

"The show-rooms are magnificent; on the whole, I think the most complete and lavish decoration which I have ever seen. There are several pictures and several statues by Alonzo Cano, this more than Raffaelle and more than Murillo, of Spanish art, of whom those critics with whom we are most familiar know absolutely nothing. As in most of the Spanish religious buildings, the pictures seem painted for the places they are in, parts of the decoration, and not stuck on, as an afterthought. There are other good pictures and statues. But, after all, the glory of the place is architectural and in the richness of every detail. I never dreamed of such mosaic, of wood and ivory, as in the doors and cabinets of the vestry, which is, perhaps, the finest room in Europe."

There are woods all about Granada, and rivers running through it, and you can see the hills around all covered by gardens. About half a mile from the city begin the Sierra Morena, with their tops covered with snow. The Moors founded Granada, and in their time it was much more splendid than it is now. While they were there, there were four hundred thousand of them. The city was nine miles round, and there were more than a thousand towers guarding it. Even now it has several fine buildings, two large squares, sixteen smaller ones, many public foun-

tains, seven colleges, eleven hospitals, a fine theatre built by the French, and sixty churches.

On the left bank of the Genil is the city of Santa Fé. It was founded by Isabella. During the siege of Granada the Queen made a vow not to change her linen until the city was taken. To frighten the enemy, her camp was changed into a fortified town, and was called Santa Fé. Unfortunately for the Queen, the Moors held out so well that it was long before the town was taken, and by that time the Queen's linen had turned to a yellow color. But as the Queen wore it the shade became quite fashionable, and is known to this day as "Isabella." It was in Santa Fé that Ferdinand and Isabella approved of the first expedition undertaken by Columbus. In 1807 the city was almost destroyed by an earthquake.

I try to spare this reader, my unknown but loyal friend, the description of our daily meals. It cannot interest him much to know that the apricots of Ronda were riper than those of Cordova, or the figs larger. But as the guide-books have a great deal to say about Spanish food, and as I write these notes rather for people who are doubting about routes for future travel, I am tempted to say something here about the table, which has and ought to have a good deal to do with the plans of people who are looking forward to a holiday.

Garlic is always spoken of as a terror in Spain. Let me then say, once for all, that, till the last day I was in Spain, I did not know what the taste of garlic was. On that day my sister asked me if I liked the flavor of the mutton. When I said I did, she told me that its peculiar flavor was that of the much-dreaded garlic. I have suffered much more annoyance in Philadelphia in a week of springtime from the flavor in milk of what they call "wild garlic," than I did in six weeks of Spain from all foreign odors or flavors put together. And this, as Philadelphians know, is saying very little.

Everywhere we found clean and neat tables, ready service at table, and abundance of fruit at every meal. The cooking resembles that of New England in some things more than that of France.

As far as I understand, the famous *olla podrida* is the same thing now known as a *puchero*, though in this authorities differ. It is simply, as I think, the "biled dish" of washing-day in the country. It is corned beef served in slices, but sliced after boiling, served on a dish with abundant gravy, while at one end of the dish there is a heap of onions, at another one of string-beans; on one side, perhaps, cabbage, always a heavy layer in some place of baked beans (or pease), and, for garnishes, bits of sausage

cut in slices, and perhaps of other such meats, maybe sliced tongue. These things are not, however, boiled in the same pot, as in the "biled dish" they would have been, I think. Perhaps what I call baked beans may have been boiled with the corned beef; probably they were. The other things are cooked separately, but served together. The effect is exactly as if a hungry man came in, when his wife had prepared an abundant dinner, and on this large plate he arranged the different things all ready to begin. The dish is handed to you thus prepared, and you take from it what you like. I would not go into such detail, but that *olla podrida* has now a name in literature.

Really the most striking thing in the table is the abundance of fruit, of which I spoke, served always at breakfast and dinner. We had apricots and oranges at every meal; cherries almost always. With us at home the season of cherries is very short. In Spain they know how to prolong it, and they bring them to the market in much better condition than we do. Strawberries are the small, old-fashioned garden variety. They are very good, and must be very cheap. We always have them at dinner, sometimes at lunch or breakfast. For us, after we left Seville, figs appeared. *Per contra*, I did not see a hot biscuit, a slice of toast in any form, nor anything in

the shape of buckwheats or flapjacks. Croquettes they have as we do, and give them the same name. Dinner is served as at a *table d'hôte* in Switzerland, but that the fish comes later. The object is to break the substantial dishes, always three, with *entremets* of less importance. Strange to say, chocolate seems no more an article of general national use than with us. You find it when you least expect it; but at hotels it is just as much a nuisance as with us, and as likely to be badly made. Coffee is pretty good. It seems from Don Quixote that they used chicory long before they heard of coffee, though I cannot see why they did not get it from the Moors as early as the tenth century. Tea is never heard of in common use at the good hotels; you can order it, of course, but you have hot water brought you.

In this hasty review I have said nothing of the charms of cooking in oil. It seems to me that we might do well to try it. The result is delicious; nothing seems to get soaked, as one finds at a bad hotel where they have lard enough. I have fancied that perhaps you have to use less, for some unknown reason. Any way, the crispness and sweetness of fried things is very observable.

I sent for the steward at the Washington Yrving hotel and made him give me the direction

for serving *gaspacho*, which is a sort of summer soup, if it deserves that name, served cold. As I read his directions now in the midst of winter, the recipe seems to me a little like that for stone soup, which made a favorite story of my boyhood. Such as it is, however, some of your housekeeping readers may like to try it when the thermometer is ninety-eight in the shade. You will observe that he has left us free to vary the proportion of the ingredients to suit our taste.

Gaspacho. Cut onions, tomatoes, and cucumbers in very small solid pieces. Serve in water, of which there should be plenty, stirring in oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt as you please.

He also gave us his formula, such as it is, for *Arroz à la Valenciana*, a very nice preparation of rice, not unlike in effect to the Eastern *pilau:* Rice, chicken, ham, fish, pease, tomatoes, artichokes, pepper, salt, oil. Baked like escalloped oysters.

One of the earliest associations which most English readers have with the Alhambra is in their memory of Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra." And those who are such sturdy fiction readers that they have never followed up that charming book with "The Conquest of Granada," have a great pleasure yet in store. He is, to this hour, the received historian of the region. And the landlord at the Washington Irving hotel put into

my hands a French translation of "The Conquest of Granada" as soon as I arrived.

Irving was led to these literary undertakings as he worked upon the Life of Columbus. To this subject his attention was called in the winter of 1825–26 by Mr. Alexander Everett, who had then just been appointed by John Quincy Adams as our Minister to Spain. Irving was at Bordeaux when he received a letter from Mr. Everett, telling him that Navarrete was on the great work of publishing, with proper notes, the original documents of the voyages of Columbus, and suggesting that here was a subject worthy of his pen. Mr. Everett proposed a translation of the book. Irving at once joined him in Madrid, and there Mr. Everett gave him the advantages of an *attaché* of the legation. As soon as Navarette's book appeared, Irving perceived, with that sound good sense which characterized all his life, that the form of it was not such as would be attractive to readers not themselves historians. He saw, also, that most such readers would want, not these documents only, but a connected narrative of Columbus's life and discoveries. In Madrid he had every advantage for such work. He was living in the house of Mr. Rich, the American consul, who had an admirable library of books and papers bearing on Spanish colonial history. The royal library, of which I shall have occasion to

speak again, and, indeed, all the Spanish collections, were open to him. And so, fortunately for us, he fell to work on the Life of Columbus, which he wrought out so admirably well.

He originally inserted, in the early part of this book, as so many amusing or interesting episodes, some of the narratives which are now to be found in the "Tales of the Alhambra" and some of those in "The Conquest of Granada." The reader must remember that our Columbus was present in the flesh when the Moors surrendered the fortress of the Alhambra, and, with the eyes that saw the Bahamas a few months after, saw the procession file out from the gateway for the act of capitulation. To make himself intimate with the geography and local colonies of the Moorish war, and to study documents in Seville also, Irving resided in that city for some months. He also made various excursions up and down this lonely Vega, so that he might see for himself the fortress and cities which were the scenes so often of attack and repulse. The longest stay which he made anywhere was, very naturally, in the Alhambra itself. In those days matters were easily administered here, and, as the reader will remember, Irving was permitted actually to live in the palace. I have seen many other persons who had enjoyed this privilege. Many more have I seen who had lived in one or another lodging-house

within the old walls of the Alhambra, and so are in the habit of saying that they had lived in the Alhambra. But Irving actually slept, ate and drank, and wrote his letters and read his newspapers, in one or the other of the rooms of the palace.

As the work of the Life of Columbus went on, he was afraid that he was interweaving too many threads of romance into the web of history, and eventually, before he published the book, he separated from it what did not belong strictly to the personality of Columbus, and made from the more historical portions the "Conquest of Granada," which is veritable history, although Fra Agapida appears in it as an interpreter, somewhat as in Carlyle's histories Mr. Dryasdust appears. From the more romantic studies Irving made up the charming "Tales of the Alhambra."

One of our most distinguished officers has contributed to that great History of Discovery, in this past summer, a very valuable and instructive study. Admiral Fox, who administered the practical work of the Navy Department in the Civil War, has published his admirable study of the Landfall of Columbus, which leaves little or any doubt as to the spot which they first lighted on after the tedious voyage.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORSHIP IN SPAIN.

In Seville I had found with the greatest difficulty a Protestant church. It belongs to what calls itself the National Church of Spain, which, in the whole peninsula, collects, I think, somewhere between ten and twenty congregations. In all, the branches of Protestant communicants count up sixty or seventy congregations only throughout the country. Under the present constitution all forms of worship are permitted, but only the Catholic Church may make its worship public. The interpretation of this last saving clause varies with the mood of the time and with the administration of government. Just now it is strictly construed, so that persons not Catholics do not consider themselves permitted to announce their public services in the newspapers.

It was perfectly well known at our hotel in Seville that there was a Protestant church somewhere. But where it was, was doubtful; and as of the time of service all parties were as ignorant

and indifferent as a gentlemanly clerk at a hotel in Atlanta or New Orleans would be apt to be when asked the hour of service at the Unitarian church there, we finally went, at a venture, at what seemed the average time, to the square indicated. Arriving there, we found a certain agreement among the loafers in attendance as to the place of worship. Clearly enough, it had been built for a church. At the door an old woman was found, who announced that the morning service was just over, but that service would be renewed in the evening, at nine o'clock.

I am disposed to believe that these somewhat abnormal hours, giving a service early in the morning and late in the evening, were selected intentionally, that the church might not interfere with the hours of Catholic worship; or to state the same thing in another way, that worshippers might come to the Protestant service without losing a chance at the Catholic service. Mr. Moody, as may be remembered, ordered his Sunday services with similar deference to existing institutions.

At nine in the evening, accordingly, I repaired again to the place, and found sixty or eighty people assembled, and a clergyman dressed in a white surplice carrying on a liturgical service. The assembly was silent and devout in manner, and joined reverently in the parts of the liturgy

which belonged to them. They sang with great spirit Spanish hymns.

The liturgy was formed throughout, as I learned afterwards from the bishop whom I visited in Madrid, on the old Mozarabic or National Rite of Spain. This service, based on what is known to theologians as the liturgy of St. James, was the original national service first known in Spain, and in universal use there until the Moorish conquests. The Moors, tolerant enough to worshippers who did not assail their institutions, permitted the Christians who chose to meet even in conquered cities, and to retain this national worship. When, therefore, after centuries, the forces of Christian kings took possession of such cities as Toledo and Seville, which had been under Moorish domination, they found churches of Christians who had been true to the cross in all these ages of darkness, and were still worshipping in the old forms. Meanwhile, however, under the predominant power, moral and physical, of the learned court of Charlemagne, the "Rite," as it is called in the older theologians, of Italy had worked its way into the Northern churches. Among a people to whom the forms of religion meant pretty much the whole of it, there were therefore in contrast, not to say conflict, two rival "Rites" or forms.

By hook and by crook, literally, the Mozara-

bic form has now been driven out of all the Catholic churches of Spain excepting one little chapel in Toledo. It takes the name "Mozarabic," or "Muzarabic," from its having been used under the *Arabic* dynasties. But, loyally enough, when the Spanish Protestants organized themselves for a worship independent of Rome, they drew upon the admirable resources of this ancient device for the prayers and forms of their national liturgy.

The congregation around me at Seville seemed a body of devout people, men, women, and children, in much the same proportions which one would have found in New England, seriously engaged in what they had in hand. Strange to say, there was in the church and in the service none of the aspect of revolt or self-assertion which I, for one, have often seen in an assembly of Come-outers, and which I certainly expected in a Protestant church in Seville. I was led to think that they hardly knew that they were making any protest against the ecclesiastical power of the place, but rather that they came together for the pleasure of singing hymns in their own language, and the satisfaction of prayer in union,—a satisfaction which is practically almost denied to worshippers in Catholic churches, who only hear a prayer in a language which they do not understand and in which they unite with difficulty even in form, particularly when they cannot

read, as is the case with most Spaniards. In short, it seemed to me that they were religious people, who were, very likely, adding to the somewhat stereotyped formalities of the Catholic Church the pleasure and profit of closer communion with each other and with God which they found in worship in their own language.

I stopped to speak with the priest after he had dismissed the congregation. He told me that on Sunday he never permitted himself to enter into discussion or controversy; that he reserved all attacks on the Roman Church, or all justification of Protestantism, for his services on week-days. With a certain pride, which I am afraid I must call professional, he explained that on these week-day gatherings I should find a larger assembly than I had seen on Sunday. Alas! I knew only too well that the chances are that more men will come to a fight than will meet to pray. But, all the same, I was more glad to have joined with his colony of glad and reverent worshippers than I should have been to hear his best knock-down confutation of the Pope or his satellites.

In Granada, rightly or not, I came to the conclusion that there was no effort at worship excepting in the forms of the Roman Catholic Church. When Sunday came, therefore, we repaired to the cathedral. I had taken the pre-

caution to inquire, the day before, what might be the hour for service; and to say truly, I do not think any one in our hotel, excepting us, knew or cared much when the time came. But it was spread abroad that a specially distinguished preacher, Rev. Dr. Somebody, was to preach the sermon, while the cardinal-archbishop and his retinue were to administer High Mass. So we seemed likely to follow the direction of the dictionary people, and to "get the best" there was in that region by going there.

Now, in what I have to say of this service I have no wish to offend Catholic susceptibilities. I have only the wish to say how such worship affects a person not trained to it, as it might affect a visitor from the planet Mars. With the Roman Catholic service in America I am, I believe, quite well acquainted. I have worshipped in some of the principal Roman cathedrals in Europe, and in I know not how many other churches of that faith. In Spain there are certain peculiarities which force themselves upon attention. I fancy they spring partly from the present attitude of the people to religion, and partly from the past power of the ecclesiastics. They force themselves upon a stranger's attention as perhaps they do not upon officiating priests, who have seen the same thing since they were old enough to remember anything.

The architectural peculiarity of the Spanish cathedrals, as the reader should remember, is the presence of the Coro, or church within a church, such as I have spoken of at Burgos, at Cordova, at Seville, and such as is here at Granada again. We saw the same thing at Malaga and Cadiz. You have the large cathedral with its front of high pillars, and its lofty arches above. Within that you build a Coro in the middle. The walls do not quite reach the roof: they are high enough to seclude the people in it wholly from the sight of those outside, and what passes within cannot be well heard outside; nor indeed is it meant to be.

But it may be — as here at Granada — that one end of the Coro is parted from the other end, as in old ships the forecastle was parted from the stern, so that the layman on the floor of the cathedral may pass across the Coro from one side to the other. In this case there will be a rail, to prevent his straying either way within these sacred precincts.

Inside the Coro are the high desks and prayer-books, the ranges of seats for priests, the altar, and the cabinet which contains the pyx, and, in short, everything which makes the church a church. Inside the Coro, accordingly, at Granada, the company of the clergy assembled. From one end where they sat to the other end

where they kneeled at the altar, they moved from time to time in procession. Once this procession passed out into the larger cathedral, and all around the church in the aisles. This was indeed the most interesting ceremonial to me, because in fact the people — what there were of them — were there; and this was the only part of the ritual which recognized their existence or showed that anybody was interested in them.

I will not discuss the ritual of the Church of Rome, or of its fitness for its purpose. But no person can compare a Catholic cathedral in America with a Catholic cathedral in Spain without a feeling that the Church of Rome has learned a lesson here which it needs to learn there; or perhaps it would be better to say that The People is sovereign here, and that there is another Sovereign there. I suppose that if King Alfonso went to worship in the Cathedral of Granada, the magic gates of the Coro would fly open to him, and that he would find he was made as welcome as the priests. I am sure that in Boston, whoever went into the Catholic cathedral would be welcomed as if he were a worshipper, and would be made as welcome as the priest. I am equally sure that the hundred people not priests who did attend the worship in Granada the day I was there were given to understand quite distinctly that they had

no business there. While the great Coro was virtually empty, those people stood outside, unless a mendicant offered a stool for their hire. Standing outside, they would be bidden to get out of the way of the procession when it came. One was reminded, indeed, of General Magruder's phrase a few years after he left West Point. Worried by the necessities of an officer's duty, but not disliking either the compensation or the social attractions connected with it, Magruder said, "The army would be a very decent place if there were no privates." It seemed clear enough that the ecclesiastics at Granada felt that their position would be much more tolerable if there were no people!

A considerable number of the clergy joined in the service, but I think it was only in this number that it differed greatly from the service to which we were accustomed. The day was Trinity Sunday. The preacher took the baptismal formula in Matthew for his text, as I have observed Trinitarian preachers often do when they preach this sermon; for the sermon was the same in substance which I have often heard on such occasions. The misfortune of the text for their purpose is that it omits the essential words, "These three are one."

This sermon is, of course, no argument for the doctrine of the Trinity. On the other hand,

it concedes the point that the mystery is no matter of argument. And no man could have made this concession more frankly than our friend on Sunday. He began with a lamentable picture of the desperate state in which the world finds itself at this time. For this ruined condition, more faith is the only cure, he said; and, naturally, as the Trinity is the central doctrine of the Catholic Church, more faith in this was the recommendation of the sermon. There are men in Spain, however, as he knew, who draw the inference backwards. Since the Gothic Arians were suppressed by fire and sword, the Roman Catholic Church has, without let or hindrance, proclaimed this doctrine of the Trinity in Spain. If, after a thousand years, the result is such hostility to religion, such a failure in faith, such gross and beastly scepticism as he well described in the outset, may it not be that the Church has made a mistake in its central doctrine? By making a mystery of the Son, if he is the only means of revealing the Father, by making him the most unreal and incomprehensible of beings, may not the Church have created precisely the irreligion which it deplores? To this question, of course, this sermon, wherever it is preached, never attempts any answer. But it certainly occurred to me that, in the country with which I am best acquainted, there is more

real faith and more practical religion than there ever was; that the fruit of religion is to be found riper and more abundant than in any period of past history; and that that country is precisely the region of Christendom where the least is said about the mystery of the Trinity, and where, with the most success, Jesus Christ has been presented as a real being in history, made in all points as we are made who try to follow him.

It is, alas! the fault of all but the very best preaching that, just when the hearer longs for a square statement of truth, or, failing this, a bit of stiff logic, the speaker gives him, instead, an outburst of brilliant or lively rhetoric. My admirable friend the canon, on this occasion, was not above the failing. But, granting this, let me hasten to add that the rhetoric was inspiring and well founded; and I well understood how he had won his laurels as a preacher. Best of all, the noblest passage of it was one with which, had he been wiser, he would have brought the sermon to an end. After all this playing up and down the scales, — after the explaining that the Trinity could not be explained, and that he would not explain it, and why he would not, which is the substance of this sermon wherever delivered, — he said he had detained us long; and yet he begged for two words more. With an admirable good sense, in a practice which belonged,

I think, to Chrysostom's time, but has, alas! died out from the American pulpit, he then gave us the refreshment of a pause before these two important words. He sat down. He took off his hat. He wiped his forehead. Those of us who were kneeling changed the knee. Those who were sitting on the floor changed their attitudes. Those who stood sat down. When all were thus prepared, he came forward again, and to my delight — as to that of any of the Ten-Times-One Club — it proved that the fruit of the two words was *caridad,* — "charity." Of what use all this dogmatic theology, which had occupied us this morning, as it had occupied the Church for centuries, without charity? Of what use this gorgeous ceremonial — nay, the most gorgeous ceremonial which man could conceive — without charity? In such a strain, we had at last the reality of religion, pure and undefiled; as simply and sweetly stated here under the arches of the cathedral as it could have been in a Friends' meeting in Narragansett. No sermon could have closed more grandly or fitly than this, had it closed there.

So it shall close there for the present reader. After the second of his two words, he really finished; and with some more adoration of the wafer, the several orders of priests filed out, and the service was ended. Of all this gorgeous

ritual, the grandest moment came then. It was when some sacristan, a hundred yards away, pushed open the great doors of the cathedral. Even from that distance a breath of fresh air swept up the naves and blew away the incense. The light of the sun itself, reflected from pure white walls, dimmed the candles. Every one of the remaining worshippers drew a long breath of the vital oxygen. And as thus the breeze and light and joy of heaven swept in upon us, the present Father revealed himself to us, his glad children, how certain, in such a blaze of his glory as waits on us when we leave the smoke and words and echoes of antiquity, — how certain, as we stand under the open heavens, that he is, and is at hand!

The enormous wealth of the religious establishments, of which the pomp and splendor of these cathedrals is the outward manifestation, has long attracted the jealousy of government, even when most willing to protect the rights and privileges of the Church. Any innovation would be regarded with distrust; and, in fact, I suppose Spain has not yet recovered from the shock of a change made half a century ago, when the real estate of the clergy was sold. The amount was so great, that a sale all at once proved impossible. In 1827 their annual income was calculated at a thousand million reals, or fifty million dollars.

The revenue of the kingdom was estimated at four hundred million reals, or twenty million dollars, of which it was said almost fifteen millions were realized. Of this sum the clergy themselves paid directly, it is supposed, not less than a third, besides their own share in the indirect taxes, such as customs, excise, &c., so that they may fairly be considered as having paid half of the whole amount collected. The remainder, or about seven and a half millions of dollars, was obtained from the laity; and supposing the taxes to have equalled only a third of the revenue (a moderate calculation here), would have given a result of somewhere about twenty million dollars for the whole lay revenues of this kingdom, while those of the clergy amounted to fifty.

We are apt to think the clergy of the Church of England comfortably endowed. But in some calculations of that time I find it is shown that the income of the Spanish clergy was three times that of the laity, on a basis of calculation which showed that the English laity had an income of thirty times that of the clergy. A desire to break up all those great properties played its part in all the Spanish revolutions. In 1835 the landed possessions of the Church were at last confiscated, and in a very few years eighty million dollars worth were sold for the benefit of

the State. Most of the convents were suppressed, and there are now fewer convents in Spain, in proportion to the population, than in most countries in Europe.

In one of the chapels of the cathedral are the magnificent tombs of Ferdinand and of Isabella. Indeed, the chapel is almost a museum, so many curious articles are there which actually belonged to these monarchs, and which have been preserved in memory of them. It is a comfort to see and know the homage still paid to Isabella. Not in vain, indeed, that a woman is good and that she has the courage of her convictions. I am tempted to compare her with Elizabeth in England, who had the courage of her convictions and was not good. Elizabeth's reign exalted England to her highest reputation, as Isabella's exalted Spain. Yet I do not think that any traveller in England ever stumbles on anything which indicates any popular memory of Elizabeth to-day. There are old ballads about good Queen Bess; but I do think that nobody sings them or remembers them now, because she was not good. She was clever and bright and strong and hateful, and now nobody loves her. But Isabella was clever and bright and strong and good, and everybody in Spain loves her and remembers her.

Now, all through or over this desert of wick-

edness and stupidity, running back for three centuries, men look at Isabella I., who tried to do good, wanted to do good, and on the whole succeeded.

I do not remember at this moment any other instance of a crowned husband and wife, both named as one ruler, except that of William and Mary. In that case, poor Mary, I believe, always did what her warrior husband bade her do. Ferdinand was much more apt to do what Isabella thought best. She had the clearer head and much the better heart of the two

CHAPTER IX.

ACROSS THE SIERRA.

FROM Granada to Madrid, which was to be our next home, a bird would fly almost exactly north. He would cross Andalusia, La Mancha, and New Castile. But the railroads, to avoid the Sierra Rallo, follow the valleys of the Xenil and the Guadalquivir, so as to make, in fact, for a traveller going north, three sides of a square each sixty or seventy miles long.

We preferred to take the diligence ride from Granada directly north to Jaen, which makes the fourth side of this square, and is perhaps seventy miles. To this determination I owed one of the pleasantest days of my life, — one of those golden expeditions upon which you afterwards always look back with delight; a day in which everything seems to fit in with everything, and nothing goes wrong. Once for all, I may say that when, at half-past one, this charming ride was over, I left the driver's seat of the diligence with profound respect for Spanish administration. We Yankees like to improve on things,

but I had seen no detail in which I thought that business could be better done.

The diligence leaves Granada at five in the morning, that as much work as possible may be done in the cool of the day. The amiable practice of our stage-coaches of driving round to pick up passengers is wholly unknown. You start from a hotel, just as in Dickens's earlier stories you started from the cellar of the White Horse Inn. We had to breakfast at four at the Washington Yrving, that we might drive down in the old jumble-cart with our luggage. We had taken our seats a day or two before. I sat with the driver, called in Spain the *mayoral*, of course the best seat, which I obtained by feeing the "chief mate," called the *zagal*, who, strictly, is entitled to it. I will try to show, as we go on, what became of him. Every other seat within and without was occupied, and we started with eight mules, handsome creatures, and full of spirit. We started with perfect punctuality, with the good wishes and admiration of a considerable crowd of early loafers. The sun was just up, the air was fresh and exhilarating, and the day, of course, perfectly clear; so we said farewell, I am afraid forever, to our dear Granada and the lovely Alhambra. We were yet in the thickly built part of the town, as if, say, on Washington Street between Franklin and Black-

stone Squares, when I noticed on the side of the street a little wigwam made of tall plants of Indian corn. While I was wondering, the watchman came out, in a sort of military costume; in this simple fashion did he provide himself with a not inconvenient guard-room. He was the first of a series of guards, who, from this point to Jaen, appeared every five kilomètres, and saluted in military fashion, two at a station.

At all the railway stations you see such people; they have cocked hats, and are in military dress. In Mr. Lathrop's series of letters in Harper, describing his tour through Spain, he gives, with thorough humor, the impression, which you cannot shake off, that it is always the same pair whom you see; that they have run on in advance, as the cat did before the King's carriage in Puss in Boots, and that they salute you as old friends, or, perhaps, as skilled detectives, who, like an ever-present conscience, dog you behind and keep on watch before, wherever you go or are. When I intimated to a Spanish friend that such people must cost the treasury a good deal, and asked if they did not make one reason why accounts did not balance better than they do, he asked whether I thought it better to have them looking round, or to have a company of brigands poking in their heads and pistols at the windows of the diligence. As, in point of fact,

travel is so safe in Spain now that even English critics allow that a woman may go alone, wherever she pleases, without danger though without escort, it must be admitted that this *gens d'armes* system has its advantages. I suppose the same gentlemen who would have been brigands sixty years ago may now enlist in this rural police, whose duties must be easy even if somewhat uneventful.

For an hour or two our ride was across the level Vega; like riding through the bottom-lands of the Connecticut Valley. And here I obtained my practical knowledge of the details of irrigation, of which I have before spoken. The land is very fertile, the cultivation very high. A good deal of land is given to grapes, and I think it was in this valley that I saw some tobacco. But the culture of tobacco is frowned on by government, because they make money on the Cuban tobacco, which, I think, is a monopoly in their hands. The night dews had laid the dust, and we bowled along perfectly steadily at the even rate of nine miles an hour, the mules always on a sharp, vigorous trot. About once an hour we took a new team of mules, stopping generally at what our Western friends would call "the most ramshackled hole that you ever did see." No one of these post-houses was like another; but, generally, a

long stone building ran along close by the roadway. Mules came out of one door, and loafers, children, and women out of another. Everybody was delighted that the diligence had come. Everybody assisted in the preparations for its speedy departure. If you wanted a mug of water for the ladies, everybody was glad to furnish it; yet you were left with the impression that nobody ever drank water before or would again; that you had introduced a queer Yankee notion into the place, and had broken the ripple of Andalusian life. I took it into my head that I would have a lanyard to my hat to keep it from blowing off. The general and frank interest of all parties was delightful. The messages sent, the hurried interlocutions, which resulted in the discovery of a bit of string two feet long, were most good-natured. Still, I clambered up to my seat, with the uneasy feeling that I had acted the part of a blustering Englishman, in insisting in introducing such foreign airs on an innocent rural population, till now quite ignorant of the innovation.

The harness is all rope, strong and well fitted for its use. The mules are generally harnessed two abreast, though once or twice we had three in the first rank, with two poles. The leaders are directed by a postilion. He does not mount till they are at full speed. It is a

point of pride to run at their side, and to spring up when the mule is in full motion. The "chief mate," as I called him above, sat on the thorough-brace, beneath my seat, which was properly his, at the side of the driver. But he was not there a great deal. He varied his somewhat cramped attitude by running by the side of the carriage and of the mules. He had a long whip, with which he touched any one whom he or the driver thought negligent. The driving, indeed, was conducted in a sort of caucus, in which my admirable friend on the right, the driver proper, this chief mate, whose official name I did not know, and the postilion, held equal parts, although the rank of each was firmly maintained. I mean that there was a running conversation, all the way, as to the success and prospects of the journey, and as to the condition and performance of the mules. On our seat we kept a store of Macadam stones, with which from time to time the driver hit head or haunch, as he chose, of a mule who needed reminding. One driver preferred stones as big as a peach, another had little ones not bigger than a nut.

The whole staff smoked all the time that they could spare. So soon as we started from a post-house, the driver handed me the ribbons, and I drove for a few minutes. This was to

give him a chance to make his cigarette. He had the tobacco, all ready, in one pocket and the paper in another. When the cigarette was made, I would furnish my match-box, he would take off his hat, and, with an ingenuity which I have never seen rivalled anywhere else, he would light the cigarette while we were in full motion. The chief mate would then climb up from his lair below, where he had been making his cigarette, and take a light for it. The passengers on the seat above us did likewise, and we were thus ready for the rest of the stage, having occupied perhaps half a quarter of the time in preparation. When our end of the team was all well smoking, the postilion would jump off the leader, run back and get a light, run forward and mount again while the mules were at their regular pace; not but I have seen a postilion strike a match and light a cigar under the cover of his hat while he was in the saddle and in full motion. Indeed, one delight of this charming day was the feeling that at last in my life I saw two daily duties perfectly done, that of the postilion and that of the coachman.

The amount of conversation necessary would stagger the belief of taciturn readers like those who follow these lines. I do not remember that the mules had separate names, but we addressed

to them a running fire of pleas, requests, suggestions, explanations, exhortations, encouragements, warnings, and possible adjurations, — though of this last I am not sure, — both in Andalusian and, oddly enough, in Arabic. Any language that they would understand would answer, so it kept them to their work. To say the truth, I never saw creatures who needed such prodding less. They kept on, pressed hard on the collar, at a relentless pace, as eager to be at the post-house as we were to have them. But on the part of our caucus, as I called it, of three, although they all did this thing every day of their lives, there was that sort of eagerness which you see in children going to a circus for the first time,— as if on that particular day the doors would be closed earlier than usual; as if we might find the bridge down at Jaen; or as if we were all bridegrooms going to be married. And this was accompanied by good nature almost ludicrous. I do not remember to have heard an angry word spoken all that day. There was one occasion almost critical, in which a vicious mare was brought out as one of the leaders. The creature refused to start so obstinately that the whole team was once and again in confusion, — one mule was overthrown, — and I confess I thought another horse would have to be substituted for her. But the whole

council, which included the grooms and the keeper of the post-house, maybe a dozen persons, managed the mad creature without the slightest show of hot temper. You might have thought she was a trout who would not bite, so quiet were they in their treatment of her, yet so determined. When she did start, the postilion ran by her side a mile before the wild creature would give him any chance to get on; all which he took more quietly than a boatman would take a breeze of wind. It helped the carriage along, and that was enough for him. When he was ready and she was ready, he took his place on her back, and we all went on as if nothing had happened.

We are so determined to associate with Spain the ideas of bandits, contrabandists, guerillas, and pronunciamentos, and with Andalusia the memories of Gitanos and Gitanas, of Moors and sarabands and jaleos, that I, for one, was wholly unprepared to find these simple, rather grave people, in the management of mules and horses and diligences. The postilions had a little more of the air of the opera than these quiet Yankee-like men who held the places of captain and mate. But the whole enterprise gave to me a good deal the idea of a well-conducted cruise for fish, in which, under their auspices, we were going on shares.

I have not yet mentioned the duties of the chief mate, and I find it difficult to describe them. But it is quite certain that there were duties, and that we should not have pulled through to Jaen had he not been there to discharge them. Where a driver of a street-car stops the car and goes forward to adjust the harness, the chief mate did it without stopping, while all parties were on the trot or the run. In any exigency where whipping was thought necessary by the caucus which directed, he ran to the guilty mule, and inflicted the chastisement, all still rushing on at this preordained pace of nine miles an hour. It is difficult for me, in writing of this afterwards, to imagine that a man can smoke while running a mile at that pace; but the impression is strong on me that everybody smoked all the time. It was nothing to have him disappear. It was not that the wheel had passed over him, so that he was left a lifeless trunk on the road; it was only that he had let the coach pass him, that he might run forward on the other side outside the off-leader, and give to him a bit of his mind. When the necessary chastisement had been inflicted, then he would again let the coach pass him, and reappear on his nest on the thorough-brace.

The strip of what I called bottom-land lasted for about one hour. Then we began to rise the

sharp ascent of the Sierra Rallo, as I find it named on the maps. Nobody called it so on the spot, whom I heard. Perhaps this is as a conductor on Tom Scott's railroad might not speak of the Appalachian mountains.

Here was another sight of that admirable engineering for which the Spanish officers have won deserved reputation, as applied to the building of common (or uncommon) roads. Switzerland has given to the world what are called models in bold zigzag roads, crossing high mountains at an even and low grade. But there is nothing in Switzerland which I have ever seen which exceeds the skill of the lines of this road, or which is kept in better order. So we steadily kept our relentless trot, though we were pulling up a mountain range, where we left far behind us the agriculture of the Vegas and found ourselves, at last, among small cedars and a kind of stunted wild olive-trees. At every five kilomètres or so, one or two soldiers stepped out from their little house and saluted us. We touched our hats and hurried on. The population became very sparse, and there were post-houses, where it was clear enough that no one would have lived but to keep the mules and be ready for the diligence and other travellers.

After we had crossed the ridge by a descent, which seemed to me as sharp, we followed down

the valley of the river which passes Jaen. It is studded full with memorials of the raids of the old Moorish wars. A castle here, a broken bridge there, or a name familiar from Irving's Granada, came in from point to point, to remind us of the past, in sharp contrast with the admirable road over which we bowled along, where, perhaps, those old marauders worked their way painfully on their hands and knees.

One picture stands out in my memory of a little hamlet with church and post-house and a single narrow street of houses, built as close to each other as if they had been in Salutation Street at the North End of Boston. I stepped into a shop of general trade and seized some little loaves of bread, offering almost at random such copper coins as I supposed might answer in payment. The dealer picked out what he liked, and I carried my prize in triumph to the ladies, to serve as their *almuerzo* No. 2. Then I was to find something to drink. We were provided with admirable little travelling jars for such purposes, made nowhere but in Spain and Mexico, I think. I ran to the picturesque fountain, and the matrons standing there at their daily gossip and work readily filled for me again and again. When I returned for the last time and gave them "a thousand thanks" in the pretty

Spanish phrase, I also gave a half-cent to the lady who had been most active. Really, she was as much amused as any leader of the fashion in Boston would have been had I offered her a half-cent on bidding good-by at the end of an evening party. She showed it to the others, and they all laughed merrily, and I was fain to laugh as well as I could as I retired. It was not my first nor my last lesson to teach me that I was not in a land of castes and vassals, where any man was willing to debase himself for a fee, but that we were, socially and politically, equals among equals in a land where everybody was willing to bear his brother's burdens.

This matchless road over which we sped is an addition made within the last half-century to the resources of the country and the comfort of travellers. At every fine bridge, or at the opening of every tunnel, an inscription tells the traveller that it is the work of Her Majesty Queen Isabella II. I wish I thought that she in person had any more to do with it than I had. But it does mark, and many other things do, that in her reign, poor creature though she be, the regeneration of Spain began. Somebody drove these grand roads through, and, as is the habit of monarchies, she bears away the honors.

As we approached Jaen the country opened out from the narrow mountain pass into another

bit of what I have called "bottom-land," in a convenient Western phrase. They showed the marks of tremendous inundations, as men would do if you were crossing the Hartford meadows. The sun was high by this time, and the dust was plenty, and we were glad when the towers and spires of Jaen, a most picturesque city, appeared, rising on a sort of ledge which surmounts and once commanded the valley.

There is a feeling of surprise which an American never gets over in the sudden transition from open country into what is or has been a walled town. You are prepared for Boston, when you come into it from whatever direction, by miles upon miles of suburbs, and so of almost any American city; but in these historical cities the walls meant defence and safety, while to live outside the walls meant almost as certainly insult and injury. At this day, therefore, the Spanish government attempts to persuade people to live at a distance from towns by reducing their taxes by a sliding scale, in proportion to such distance. If you live five kilomètres from a town, a third of your land tax is taken off; at eight kilomètres, two-thirds; and at ten kilomètres, the whole. Such, I think, are the proportions, writing from memory. I am certain that such is the principle of the provision.

Jaen is a capital of a province of the same

name of three or four hundred thousand people. In the Moorish times it was a rich and independent kingdom. I learn from Malte-Brun that it is divided into five districts. When seen from a distance, it looks like a town of forty thousand inhabitants, though the population hardly reaches half that number. This illusion is due to the sight of several large buildings, a magnificent cathedral, built in the form of a Latin cross, on the site of an ancient mosque, fourteen convents, twelve parish churches, and several hospitals.

The streets are wider and more direct than we were used to in these southern cities, and the whole aspect of the place is pleasant, though very quiet.

Some other cities, of which we saw a part of one in the distance, are Ubeda, Baeza, and Martos. Of these, here are some guide-book narratives: —

Ubeda, an Arabic town between the Guadalquivir and the Guadalimar, stands on a declivity surrounded by mountains and mountain passes; it has its woollen manufactures, and carries on a considerable trade in horses, which are much valued throughout Spain. Baeza, the ancient Beatia, rises on a height; the surrounding country is said to be very healthy.

Martos, supposed to be *Tucci Colonia*, is com-

manded by a very high rock. From this rock Ferdinand the Fourth threw two brothers named Carvagal, who were accused, although without any justice, of having murdered a knight of the family of Benarides. The brothers in vain declared their innocence, and, according to the local tradition, while they were rolling from stone to stone, a voice was heard calling to Ferdinand to appear on a certain day at the judgment seat of God. On that day Ferdinand died, at Jaen.

These sketches are not written to tell what we had for dinner. But one would be a brute to say nothing of the pretty welcome at the post-house at Jaen, where we landed from the diligence after our ride. And if I can give a notion of the readiness to oblige which every one showed, it will, in a fashion, explain to the reader why we look back on Spain so happily.

I am disposed to think, from the guide-books and other authorities, that there are larger and grander hotels in Jaen than the post-house. But the people who helped us down from our airy perches and explained about the trains seemed cheerful and hospitable. We were dusty and hot; the house was neat and cool. Who

were we, to go hunting for Delmonico's or the Vendôme of Jaen, if indeed any such place there be? Following that suggestive scripture which directs us not to go from house to house, we e'en stayed where we were. The traps were brought from the street and placed in the cool *patio*, if, by good luck, the loyal reader remembers what that is. A room was found for the ladies and another for me. A pitcher of water and a bowl and a towel were brought to mine, a little as if they were unusual luxuries, I confess; and then we found ourselves assembled in a dark cool room on the ground floor, a room without windows which we should call windows, but opening upon the *patio* by large open doors, or what I think our Saxon ancestors would have called "wind-doors." Little wind, however, I fancy, ever crosses that secluded *patio* or tries the passage of those doorways.

The whole thing throws you back eighteen hundred years; or if you choose to stop on the green settees in the old Latin school, with dear Mr. Dillaway explaining to you his own book of Roman Antiquities, it throws you back about fifty years. For, simply, you are in what the Romans called a *triclinium*, and outside is what they called an *atrium;* and the whole business of the *atrium* and the *impluvium* is here as clear as in most school-books it is unintelligible. And if the

Beckers and Mansfields, who write the books, had condescended to come to Spain, when they did go to Pompeii, they could see people living very much as the woman lived who made the salad in Virgil's Culex, if, as I believe, it were Virgil's. Instead of that they go to Pompeii, where the wooden parts of the buildings are very much charred, and the people who lived in them are not now able to explain their methods of living. Why Roman architecture should be better preserved in Spain than in Italy, this deponent sayeth not, because he does not know.

Let the loyal reader understand, then, that a *triclinium* is a dining-room, and that we were in one.

Neat napkins and cloth, neat glass and plates, cool fruit, fresh celery and the rest, and such willing, cheerful attendance! One could dispense with a printed *menu*, and could be satisfied with only five courses. For one, I do not know whether the meal were a late *almuerzo* or an early *comida*. I was hungry, and ate; and that was the principal affair.

As for the cathedral of Jaen, we took it on trust. I have no doubt it is all that Malte-Brun says it is, and very possibly more.

Another jumble-cart to the station, and then a short ride northward, by a somewhat broken-winded railway, to the great Northern Line,

where we were to be picked up by an express train late in the afternoon. The adjective *broken-winded* does not apply in any sort to the locomotive, which did its work very well, and was, I dare say, of good English build; but it attempts to convey that quality of uncertainty and general indifference to the object possible, which belongs to any enterprise which succeeds only partially in its objects, and certainly does not make frequent dividends. A first-class car is always the same thing, as far as my experience in Europe goes; and I always find it easy to make my travel fast enough, by the simple plan of imagining the kilomètres to be miles. In point of brute fact, as this reader ought to know, a kilomètre is about 394-528ths of a mile. But who cares for the mere fact, when he can fill in the short mile with the stores of Spanish fancy.

Arrived at the trunk line, we had an hour or two to spend at the station, as so many other passengers had. The unfailing sketch-books appeared, and there was no lack of resources. There were hens to feed with bits of biscuit, shy children to tempt with preserved ginger, sugared water at a half-cent a glass to sip for refreshment, and groups wildly picturesque to be preserved for after compositions, if only the flying pencil could preserve them before they dissolved themselves away.

A stone's-throw from the road was what would have been a shanty here, or in France, I suppose, a *chienté*, if, as I have always suspected, our Irish word "shanty" meant, originally, a "kennel," or hut for the *canaille*. In Spain the hut was made of corn-stalks. Whether no one lived in it in winter, or whether in winter it is not cold there, I do not know. Nor do I know what clothes its inmates wear in winter; but in June, when the weather is warm in the edge of Andalusia, there appeared from it first a young gentleman in the costume he was born in, then another in a picturesque shirt, both as indifferent to their lack of apparel as were the hens and the dogs with which they were playing. It was the costume which the climate suggested, and this was enough. When, after an hour, the mother returned from some out-door work, which, like most Spanish women, she had been engaged in, — so far are Mrs. Howe's and Mrs. Blackwell's views carried out in this happy country, — she drove the naked children before her into the house, and we saw them no more.

Such freedom was, I suppose, Roman, and it accounts for the simplicity of costume in the classical gems and statues.

At last the train comes sweeping along. Ho! for Madrid. A sunset which one will always remember, but of course can never describe!

So we swept through La Mancha, looking vainly after dark for Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. At Alcazar they waked us after midnight, and, just as we had done three weeks before, we ate or drank our chocolate, and bought our knives of the man who sells them for murderers. The sun rises early in June, and by daylight, a little after four, we could see Madrid on our horizon.

CHAPTER X.

MADRID.

We passed not far from a little church which is said to have been built at the geographical centre of Spain. It is three or four miles from the city. How they find the geographical centre I do not know. It is one of the most delicate of geometric problems.

Between five and six we arrived at the station, which is quite out of town, and were carried, bag and baggage, through silent streets on a Sunday morning to the Hotel Russia. Here I had seen the landlord when I was in Madrid before, and from Seville and Granada I had written engaging rooms, which he had assured me should be ready when I wrote. At the hotel, alas! this morning, no one was stirring. With great difficulty a porter was found who found the landlord, and it then proved that he had received no letter and that he had made no provision for us. It is not what we call a hotel, but virtually an apartment house, where we had promised ourselves something like home life while we stayed.

Everybody apologized; but all were quite sure that we should be well pleased with the apartments at the Hotel Something Else, to which accordingly we jumbled in the omnibus, which is one of a class which has been sufficiently described.

But here they were no more awake than at the other house. The apartments were entirely unsatisfactory, and I was now in despair. I was about to go to the great Hotel de la Paz, where we had been before, to spend Sunday, and thence begin the hunt for lodgings, when, as if he had been an angel from heaven, appeared on the sidewalk the excellent Ricci.

"Was the señor in search of lodgings?"

That was exactly what the señor was in search of.

"Did the señor wish the meals for his party provided with the lodgings?"

That also was the wish of the señor's heart, and expressed itself in indifferent Castilian.

If, then, the señor would direct the driver of the jumble-cart to carry the ladies only a limited stone's-throw, really a distance so small that the ladies might walk, were not the jumble-cart there with the luggage, friend Ricci was sure that his lodgings, which were all ready for travellers, would meet the exact wishes of the señor and the ladies.

Well,— the whole suggestion was so absurd,— it was so unlikely that this particular man, who in a desolate street, before the town was alive, had seen us drive up to a desolate hotel, should be anything but a sharper; it was so grossly improbable that the quarters he had to show should be other than noisome, if, indeed, the whole were not a den of thieves, that I was at first disposed to dismiss him and his, with any Castilian expression which might mean that he had best tell so preposterous a story to any marines of his acquaintance. But, on the other hand, it seemed idle not to "try the adventure," as we were in search of adventures. The grumbling coachman, the porter, even the people at the Hotel Something Else joined in eulogies of Ricci's character and position, which, as it afterwards proved, he wholly deserved. I entered the omnibus once more. A minute brought us to the excellent Ricci's. Five minutes more showed that the apartments, though not palatial, were sufficient, and, before half an hour was over, we were comfortably at home in the rooms which we occupied all through our stay in Madrid.

Whether it is the custom in Madrid for lodging-house keepers to stand at the corners of the street looking for lodgers, as a man might stand at a pool in Mad River, looking for a

trout below a shady bank, and whether they usually obtain their customers by these personal interviews, I do not know. Maybe such is their custom. Maybe it is the custom in other cities. Possibly it is the custom in Boston, where I never have had to engage lodgings for myself. There is a certain convenience about the plan, when it works as well as it did in our case, particularly in a country where the postal arrangements fail as often as they do in Spain. I came to have a thorough respect for Ricci, — whom I have called "the excellent," — as a man who was honest, not above his business, and understood it very well.

From this moment our expedition involved regular hours and work. For me, the archives; for the ladies, the galleries. These public offices — that is what they all are — are opened with great liberality; of course at certain specified hours, with which one has to comply. I do not know what are the Spanish Civil Service regulations. I do know that they have very civil men on duty, and very intelligent ones withal. The ladies must give their own results of work in the galleries; and, in some other form, I must give the result of mine in various

archive rooms. It may be of use to somebody else if I tell here what collections there are.

The government has made two or three efforts, from time to time, to collect its treasures for American history, and to arrange them. Every scholar knows what are the dangers of such efforts. Lacon says of newly converted saints, that they are like newly made roads; that the eventual result may be an improvement, but that, at the moment of transition, the new result is not more agreeable to the traveller or the bystander than the state of things existing before. I have had a similar impression when I was in a public library, where the new librarian had destroyed the old arrangement and had not yet ordered his books in a new one; and to say truth, in a changing world, this is often the condition of a public library.

The American papers in Spain have been moved about a good deal in this way, and there is some confusion in consequence. But there are scholars of the first rank who have acquainted themselves with the Law of the Instrument, and I found no jealousy among these gentlemen, but the most eager willingness to facilitate research.

The great collection at Simancas, not a great way from Valladolid, was begun in 1566,

when they had begun to find out the priceless value of everything relating to America. As one feature of Napoleon's conquest of Spain, this great collection, or a large part of it, was carried to Paris. Even when other spoils were returned, a part of it remained there, and it was only with difficulty that it was obtained again.

From this collection and others a considerable part has been transferred to Seville, where the department of the Indies for a long time held its seat.

Meanwhile, each department at Madrid (as those of War and of Marine especially) has its share of documents, belonging to its own service, which have never been transferred to either of these great collections; or, having been transferred there, have found their way back again. I was not able to work at the Library of the War Department. But in the Hydrographical Bureau I found admirable catalogues and the most courteous and intelligent assistance.

The Royal Library occupies I know not how many elegant rooms on the first floor of the palace. I think it must be the most elegant large library in the world. It contains between one and two hundred thousand books, which I shall best describe if I ask the reader to imagine that for two hundred years an intelligent librarian has been buying and binding hand-

somely, year by year, for an intelligent king, an average of seven hundred books a year, of the most interesting publications of Europe, and, in these latter years, of America. In the admirable Bibliographical Room I was well pleased, when, to answer a question of mine, the accomplished chief turned, as if to the most handy authority, to the well-known Boston Library Catalogue of the Ticknor collection.

The National Library is much larger than the Royal Library, which is, in fact, the private library of the palace. Of its value as a collection I cannot speak, but they had many more manuscripts in my line than I could even ask for or look at cursorily.

I have left to the last the singularly convenient work-rooms of the Academy of History. For practical purposes, strange to say, the American workman will best begin here. It is somewhat as an intelligent student of Massachusetts history in Boston would establish himself, if he might, in the Historical Library, particularly if he had Mr. Deane and Dr. Greene at hand to coach him minute by minute, and then would make forays when he wanted to consult originals, say to the State House or to Cambridge or to the Antiquarian Library.

At the Academy they have, in nearly one hundred volumes, the manuscript collections made

by Muñoz in the last century for his History of America. Of this history, only the first volume was published; but Muñoz had been engaged for some forty years in collecting his materials. He had full access to the Simancas and to the Seville collections. He must have had at his orders a considerable staff of copyists. He began his work by copying, in full, in most cases, the most important documents. These made up the collection in the Academy. Now, of course, whatever luck the American traveller might have, whether at Simancas or at Seville, in overhauling papers, he could not expect in his vacation to have as good a chance at the best plums as Muñoz had in his forty years. So a man will be wise to look through the Muñoz volumes, early in his work, and see what there is there which he has not seen before.

Buckingham Smith has been before him. Many, if not most, of the curious papers in his volume of collections are in the Muñoz collection. Lately the Spanish government has published two collections of "Documentos Ineditos," — documents which till then had been unedited, — one of general history and one of the history of the Indies. This last has special interest for Americans, and all our larger public libraries should have it; there are thirty-four volumes. Many of these papers also are in Muñoz.

But I found a good deal there which was quite new to me. In particular, there is a running digest of those documents which Muñoz did not copy, which is a sort of index to papers, and gives one a hint of what is yet to be searched for.

The congress of "Americanists," all men interested in American history, met last year in Madrid. The mere catalogue of the documents brought together for their inspection, and the museum of curiosities contributed by individuals and by departments, makes the mouth water. "Have you seen Ferdinand and Isabella's autographs?" said a gentleman to me one day, as he was turning over a volume of letters and lighted on one accidentally. And another suggested that in such a place I should find Cortes's letters in the original. You become used to such "finds" or nuggets. But when you read on one single page such a string of titles as the catalogue of the Americanista Museum gives, you wish you had been in Spain a year before. It was what we call a loan exhibition, and it will be, I suppose, a long time before such rarities are brought together under one roof again.

The catalogue begins with illustrations of primitive American civilization, — seventy utensils of stone, fifty-one of copper or brass, several

paintings, and more than one hundred sculptured busts, statues, and idols.

There were more than two hundred articles of clothing and nearly two hundred weapons. There were more than six hundred vases and other ceramics.

Of other articles grouped together under the general head of *Mobiliario* were nearly four hundred objects, such as instruments of music or pieces of furniture, or other manufactures of American ingenuity.

M. del Valle, the accomplished librarian of the Royal Library, showed to me the most beautiful and costly book I ever saw, which has, however, an interest far beyond any worth of jewels or gold. The casket itself showed that something precious was within. The book, as large as the small quarto Bible known as "Cheyne's edition," blazes with gold and jewels, between which the rich leather of the cover appears, just enough to show that the traditions of leather binding are preserved. Within is a missal, elegantly printed by hand on vellum, richly gilt and decorated. Where a king or queen is represented in the picture, a portrait of Isabella I., or of Ferdinand, or of some other sovereign of their time, appears. The wise men at Bethlehem are, I think, in like manner, portraits.

But the value of the beautiful book turns on the inscription, which tells its history in letters of gold on what was once a blank fly-leaf.

FERDINANDUS et ELISABET, piisimi Reges,
Sacrum hunc librum
Indiç gazae primitiis ornarunt.

"Ferdinand and Isabella, those most devout sovereigns, adorned this sacred book with the first fruits of the Indies."

The book was made for their grandson, Charles the Fifth, and the very first gold which Columbus brought from the islands is that which you see to-day in its decoration. From Charles the book descended to Philip IV., who gave it as a present to a favorite cardinal, and from him or his it returned to the Royal Library.

Charles the Fifth has, on the whole, done the world as much harm as any man who has lived in it for a thousand years. Yet such a grandmother hoped for him and gave to him his prayer-book! If only he himself had cared to pray, or had known for himself and his duty in the world what prayer is!

CHAPTER XI.

SPANISH POLITICS.

I HAVE said nothing, so far, of Spanish politics, partly for the excellent reason which Cousin gave for neglecting Buddhism in his lectures on philosophy.

"At this point in these lectures I should speak on Buddhism," he said. "But I do not, because I know nothing about it."

You cannot help being interested in politics, though you be a wayfaring man in the condition in which a wayfaring man is apt to find himself; for all the Spaniards are, or seem to be, wild about their political condition. They are in that early stage of constitutional development which we have happily passed, when even sensible people think that almost everything depends on the central administration. To that stage belongs a love of discussion which becomes even absurd. And in these days of cheap ink and paper and steam-press work, there results to such a nation a flood of newspapers. All of these are small, almost all poor; all are violent in their attacks

on other journals and on the people whom the editors do not like; and the streams of satire, invective, and strained wit would have seemed absurd, even in Little Peddlington or in Eatanswill. Every day, as I may have said before, at least one large colored cartoon is printed by one or another of the comic papers. These make quite a little picture-gallery at the news-shops for those who cannot read. These are, alas! four-fifths of the population.

How three million readers can support so many newspapers I cannot understand. I have, somewhere, a memorandum of the number of dailies printed in Madrid, and their daily circulation. There are, I think, at least ten different papers, and the aggregate circulation must come nearly up to that of our eight Boston dailies. They are very small, poorly printed on poor paper. The price is one cent for the smallest, two cents for the larger and better, and three cents for those which have a colored cartoon. These colored pictures are very well printed, quite as well as "Puck's." Sometimes they are very funny, sometimes to a traveller wholly unintelligible, and sometimes, as I said in speaking of Seville, fairly blasphemous. It had never before occurred to me that there would be a better sale for such pictures in a country which cannot read, than in one that can.

The reader must remember that the population of Madrid and that of Boston are nearly the same, when I ask him to compare thus the newspaper circulation of the two cities. The population is the same; but while in Boston almost everybody can read, as we know even from the Governor's message, only one-fifth of the Spaniards can, on the average of the kingdom. And I am afraid that of those who do read, most read very little and very ill.

The key to the convictions of readers and non-readers was given to me by a cynical neighbor at the hotel in Seville. His epigram was this: —

"There are in Spain fifteen million people, and they hold fifteen million and one opinions in politics."

I am disposed to think that this is substantially true. The real population is sixteen million eight hundred thousand. There are quite as many opinions. If, as I fear, most of them are still in that mood which gives any attention to the constant shriek and howl and sneer of the short-paragraph makers of the dailies, — even more foolish and worthless than the perpetual snarl of our third-rate Washington correspondent at home, — you can see that the chances are poor for anything like a calm consideration of the position.

This is one side of the problem of Spanish

politics, as it strikes an ignorant traveller, looking wholly from the outside.

Please to remember, however, how the problems of American politics would strike a traveller here, who could talk little English, and who steadily bought half a dozen papers a day of all sorts, with no original knowledge of the distinction between the "New York Herald" and the "Bird of Freedom Screecher," and who read them all conscientiously as he travelled from city to city. All I can say is, that if I am as ignorant of Spanish politics and the Spanish press as the last distinguished English poet whom I talked with in America was of ours, this loyal reader had better skip to the beginning of the next chapter. From the nature of the case, the traveller feels the mosquito bites, is annoyed by the flies, and hears the screeching of the crickets and frogs in a new country. From the nature of the case, also, he is not admitted for very long conferences with the real leaders of opinion and life, who are probably much too busy to talk with him, and are probably much too wise and reticent to be talking a great deal with anybody. Let the intelligent reader remember this, and let him ask himself, if he be really intelligent, exactly how much stock he takes in the snarling or the pessimism of third-rate newspapers at home.

If you trusted the newspapers, you would say that there was only one man in Spain, or possibly two, who wanted Sagasta, the present Prime Minister, to stay in, and that this one was Sagasta himself; that the other was possibly his confidential private secretary. You would say that everybody else was wild to have such an absurd pretender pushed from his throne, and every morning you would be sure that he would have fallen the next day, and that he would be at once forgotten.

In point of fact, "as it seems to me" (as dear old Nestor used to say), Sagasta is one of the ablest men in Europe,—the sort of man who will be spoken of, by and by, by the side of Cavour. I had no opportunity of talking politics with the King. He was very much engaged while I was in Madrid, and so was I. But I think that he has as high an opinion of Sagasta as any of us can form. And I think the King is a remarkable young man, and that if he can hold on for five years longer, as he has for the last eight, he will be counted, not only as one of the wisest sovereigns in Europe, but as one of the wisest of the nineteenth century.

When Sir Robert Peel was speaking of Louis Philippe after his death, he said, "He was the most distinguished ruler who has filled the throne of France" — and there he paused. The

House listened expectant, and Sir Robert closed the sentence by saying, "since the fall of Napoleon." It was not much to say that poor Louis Philippe was more distinguished than those fag-end Bourbons whom he followed. Alas! it is less to say that this young man has already, in eight years, shown more wisdom than all his ancestors together have shown in three centuries and a half since Isabella died; for, simply, they have shown none. I do not know if his head rests uneasy; but I should think he might feel that Spain has had, since he was on the throne, the best eight years which she has had in a century, or, indeed, in two.

As I have intimated, the King seems disposed to stand by Sagasta, and to give him and his the best chance possible. Of the King, the first story which every one tells you is this, that when he was asked to take the crown, being indeed the heir to his abdicating or abdicated mother, Isabella the Bad, his answer was, "Yes, I will come if you wish. Only, when you want me to go, tell me so, and I will go. Remember, all along, that I am the first republican in Europe." It seemed to me, all along, that I saw the signs of a people pleased that they had for a king a man whom they were not obliged to have, and yet who had not canvassed for the place. It is the difference between having a

mayor like Josiah Quincy, who you know never asked to be mayor, and does not want to be if people do not want him, and having somebody who has been pulling wires and packing caucuses for the nomination. In my theory of the situation, the King sees Sagasta's wisdom, and knows that absolutely all they require is peace among themselves, and that then the good climate, good soil, good blood, and good race, which at San Diego's request the good God gave to Spain, will pull Spain through.

What would you do, if you could? I have always found this a good question to put to myself in any exigency, or in any new situation. It clears the sky a good deal if you can answer it. To find out what is the ideal best thing is a great help. Sitting in the gallery of the chamber, and reading the newspapers in that convenient club-house commonly called a street-car, I often turned over this question in Spain, — what would I do, if, by accident, the King put me in Sagasta's place. You have this enormous debt saddled on your nation. It is stated in the Gotha Almanac as $2,583,000,000, and in Chambers's Cyclopædia as $1,875,000,000. The two estimates are only $708,000,000 apart; and I am afraid that it is not of very much consequence which account the reader takes, if he only takes in the idea that the debt is enormous,

"anyway." The poor fellows managed to pay upon it, in 1880, $57,897,225 by way of interest. It may instruct the American reader to compare this payment with that which the United States made on its interest account last year. We paid $71,077,206, and we thought that to be a good deal. Remember that Spain has but 16,800,000 people and that we have 50,000,000.

Their army expenses in 1880 were $22,000,000, and their naval expenses $6,000,000. Our army last year cost us $43,000,000, — but this included harbor improvements, — and our navy $15,000,000. Their "public works" cost them $15,000,000. These added to the army expenses would make up $37,000,000, — still not up to our figures, for three times as many people. I do not see, therefore, that an American has any right to say that in these things their government charges are excessive.

If their army expenses seem high, it must be remembered that they have Cuba and the Philippine Islands to take care of, for better for worse, for richer for poorer.

When Mr. Alexander Everett was our minister to Spain, rather more than fifty years ago, he proposed that they borrow $100,000,000, without interest, from the United States, payable at their pleasure (not at ours), and to give as pledge or mortgage for it the island of Cuba.

In his letter to Mr. Clay explaining this proposal, he said that they would never sell Cuba, — Spain was quite too proud. On the other hand, if we held it in pledge, we should have the oversight of the government, which is all we should want, under our system. We should also have the customs revenue under our tariff, whatever that tariff might be.

He did not say, but I say, that we should have free sugar. Some people would like that, however it might affect my Louisiana friends.

It would also be a good while before Spain would ask to have Cuba returned, or would care to pay off the mortgage. Any way, it would relieve both sides of the Spanish budget.

I was present at one of the great field-days in the Cortes, or Chamber of Deputies. The debate was upon the subject of a re-arrangement of the judicial system, but the occasion had been seized upon by the opposition for an attempt to split the government, and the result was looked for with great interest by everybody. Trial by jury has never, for any long time, been part of the judicial arrangement in Spain. The present ministry, or at least a portion of them, had at the time of their election given promise to the people of a new attempt to incorporate the jury among the other institutions. The experiment has been tried several times before,

but each time, through unfortunate circumstances, the system has had no chance to live. To carry out their promise, then, the ministry introduced a re-arrangement of the whole judicial system, a part of the scheme being the introduction of the jury. Through some disagreement on the government side, real or supposed, the opposition had seized upon the question as a test point, and the occasion was taken by nearly everybody to speak, to define his position in matters of importance generally. The government, as a matter of fact, held together firmly, and the opposition was not wholly united against it, so that the occasion, being such an overwhelming victory for Sagasta and the ministry, was really little more than a very brilliant debate, in which I had the opportunity of hearing almost all the speakers of note in the Chamber of Deputies.

It is a very orderly assembly indeed, more so than any of the sort that I ever saw before, except, perhaps, our own Massachusetts House of Representatives. They transact business quickly and without unnecessary disturbance, pay careful attention to what is going on, and generally try to get through the work in hand as well as they possibly can. The whole scene had a dignity and decorum quite in keeping with Spanish character. The speeches were, as a rule, cour-

teously made, and were heard attentively. The whole Chamber listened carefully, and applauded the parts of the speech which seemed good. The speaker, Herrera, a man of experience, held the House well in hand, and maintained the most admirable order.

The Cortes is a young-looking assembly, far younger than the legislative bodies of England, France, or of our own country. The members speak with perfect ease. I observed no notes used at all. They claim the floor in advance, so that the president calls up the speakers from a list which he has by him, thus avoiding much disturbance.

It would be hard to persuade me that the difficulty in the new birth of Spain is to be found in any fundamental deficiency in the Spanish people. It will probably prove true that they must work through the fatal passion for talk, which, as I have said, seems to be upon them now. They must work out their salvation, and not talk it out. If it is true, however, that sixty per cent of the whole surface of the kingdom is under cultivation, — and these figures are given with authority, — they are certainly on the right track in the development of their agriculture. Their exports are wine, dried fruit, flour, grain, fresh vegetables, seeds, pork, and salt, besides metals, bullion, and ores. Of these, as I under-

stand, the average valuation is about $75,000,000. I have placed these in the order of their value, giving those of most pecuniary importance first. You cannot but observe that they are things which bring a high price, when they are well made, — things in which sunshine, and a good deal of it, generally makes an important part of the value. This is certainly encouraging in the Spanish problem, — if, as I suppose, the real questions are industrial and agricultural, — how to make Spain yield more oil, more wine, more grain, and more fruit.

I was well pleased in London in August to see Spanish melons fresh and good. One of the immense advantages which Northern Europe can derive from the railroad and steamboat system is the supply of fresh fruit from Southern Europe. But I do not think that they yet utilize their facilities in this way nearly as freely as we do ours. Say what you please of the advantages of Florida, and I think few people have said more of them than I have, it does not surpass Spain in the production of fresh fruits, and it does not even approach her in the production of oil and wine.

I say I do not think that the real difficulty is with the Spanish people. I have very little hope for pure Celtic races. But these people have a very large infusion of Gothic blood, and

it is by no means certain that those whom the Goths found there were of Celtic origin. They are justly proud of many of their local institutions, which are certainly often admirable. You have to arrange that forty persons shall learn to read where ten can do so now.

I ought to add, that far beneath this instruction it may be necessary to teach them how to tell the truth.

Literally, every foreigner whom I talked with told me that the Spaniards are all liars; but of this I myself saw absolutely nothing. I found a very civil, friendly, self-respecting, and thoughtful people, ready to oblige, and not seeking the usual European pence or shilling. They seem to me a good deal like our simple Block Islanders, or unsophisticated people of the best type in New England. I do not like to think that I might be undeceived if I had stayed there longer; but I know that I had little chance to learn.

I really had flattered myself, as you may imagine Tityrus saying, that my residence of a few weeks in Madrid had put me a little on my guard as to foreign accounts of Spanish politics. But when, after six months absence, I had been steadily looking through the colored spectacles of London editors, and the very oblique transmission by submarine cable of the very crooked

rays which pass through those spectacles, I was quite as easily deceived as the wisest of us.

We were all told, thrice a day perhaps this winter, that the Marshal Serrano had, in the recess of the Cortes, created a coalition of the extreme of one side of the spectrum with the extreme of the other, — a sort of violet-red or, red-violet party, which was wholly to overwhelm poor Sagasta, and any parties of yellow or green which there might be in the middle. Being told so all the time, I gradually gave way, yielded from my optimistic hope that all would come out right, and supposed poor Sagasta must take the back seat as soon as the Cortes met again.

The Cortes met, a test vote was reached at once, and lo, Sagasta had an overwhelming majority! So much for newspaper news from Spain. When I was in Madrid, I knew that ninety-nine out of a hundred words in the telegrams from London were wrong.

I will not undertake to go into any solution of the names of parties. You might as well undertake in America to tell what a party is doing by the etymology of its name, "democrat, barnburner, republican, or loco-foco," as analyze the etymology of one of the Spanish names. If they make a fusion, they unite the names of the fused parties; as if our coalition in Massachusetts which sent Charles Sumner to the Senate

had been called the "Democratic Free-Soil party." And "Democratic Dynastic" would not seem queer to a trained Spanish politician.

Castelar is still, I think, highly respected. I found his books everywhere on sale. The papers which he has published in American and English journals have been collected in volumes and published in the Spanish language. He is the responsible editor of a daily evening journal called "El Dia," which I found rather the most readable of any of the Spanish papers. I am sorry to say it has but a small circulation,— about eight thousand copies daily, I believe. While I was in Madrid, Garibaldi died, and Castelar published quite at length a notice of him, which included a long account of his own personal interviews with Garibaldi, one at the time when he was serving in France with the Italian legion.

I was a believer in the Spanish Republic, as long as any man not quite a fool could believe in it, — a perfectly ignorant believer, but on general grounds. Now it is all over, I ought to say that they appear to have made "a very poor show." Whether the people did not like a republic I can hardly say; but I think they did not. I fancy the men at the fore knew next to nothing about administration, and made a sad business of the mere detail of government itself. Abraham Lincoln said, that in any one

of his first regiments in the war there were men enough to have taken all the departments of administration and to carry them decently through. This was probably true. Just that thing, I suppose, was not true, when, by a happy chance, Castelar and his friends came into power in Spain. I think that they did not know how to Post-Office, to Interior, to War Department, to Navy, or to Finance, if I may invent some convenient verbs. Anyhow, it happened that they were all turned out, and I think nobody regretted it.

CHAPTER XII.

KING AND ADMINISTRATION.

THE excellent Ricci, who had the care of our physical welfare while we lived in Madrid, said one day, with a loyal sigh, as he praised the water with which Madrid is blessed, that they "owed that at least to Queen Isabella." The Bad Queen thus had the merit of the great aqueduct given to her, as in the Sierra I had found that she had the credit of the admirable road. So much virtue is there in a name. The name of Isabella is attached both to road and to aqueduct, and her memory will be as likely to be connected with them in the minds of the people as with any less deserving transaction of her reign. So much is there in any name, with all deference to the Signorina Giuletta, and so true is it that people "throw on the King" all the good they can, as well as all the evil.

In the fulness of time Isabella had to be turned out for clear, sheer bad behavior, so bad that I suppose nobody chooses to say that she might, could, or should have been kept in,

though perhaps she would have been could she have had her own way. Her title at Spanish law was none of the best. Women had not succeeded since Isabella the Good, and it was not until it was clear that she was to have no brother, that the edict was made just before she was born, in 1830, reversing all old laws of succession, by which she became Queen when she was really an infant three years old. Don Carlos, her uncle, never assented to this decree which deprived him of the throne, and there followed the Carlist intrigues and rebellions of half a century. As Don Carlos mixed himself up as a Bourbon fanatic with the bigoted Romanism of the northern provinces, Isabella's party became, rather from necessity, the supposed representative of Liberalism after one fashion or another, though of course within itself were all shades. So they fought and caballed while this child grew up to womanhood. And she, as soon as she was old enough to do wrong, managed to do it, in one wretched way or another, until in the reactions of the revolutionary wars of 1848 and later years even Spain could not stand her and her debaucheries longer, and she was compelled to abdicate.

So it is that at the Hippodrome at Paris I saw what pretended to be her state carriage, and so it is that she makes one of the coterie of exiled

princes who are hanging round one or another European capital. For a while the Spanish government let her live in retirement in the beautiful palace called the Alcazar, in Seville. But she behaved so badly there, that they had to send her out of the country.

Spain tried one and another experiment after she had done with the Bad Queen, and finally in 1874 returned to the type, as Dr. Darwin would say, and offered her crown to Isabella's son, who had grown up in the advantages of exile. The boy had had the advantage in earlier life, as I am fond of telling my young friends, of being trained by a Boston governess. Remember that, young gentlemen, who sit under Miss Simonds's mild empire at the Rice School. It is a training which the sons of queens might envy. As I have already said, the distinguished lady to whose care was intrusted the education of the children of Isabella was Madame Calderon. She was wife and afterwards widow of Señor Calderon, who for many years represented his government at Washington, and was then appointed its first Minister in Mexico on the pacification which followed the separation of a generation between old Spain and new Spain. I remember an anecdote which I believe I heard from his own lips, of the braggart General Santa Ana, President of Mexico. Señor Calderon, in

a conference with Santa Ana, then President, referred to Revillagigedo, as one of the most successful of the old Mexican viceroys, a man who had understood Mexico, and whose rule had been a benefit to her. Santa Ana cordially indorsed Señor Calderon's opinion, and said: "I always imitate him when I can; he used to drive out with eight horses, and I always do the same."

Madame Calderon visited Mexico with her husband, and her account of that visit, "Life in Mexico," is one of the most agreeable books of modern travel.

But it is not so much as Madame Calderon that she is remembered among the older people of the best circles in Boston, but as Miss Fanny Inglis. When Mrs. Macleod opened a school in Boston, which many of the matrons of Boston remember, her sister, Miss Inglis, her principal assistant, with brilliancy and success well remembered, gave her invaluable services in this school for six years. During that time she was a great favorite in Boston society; and to many a bright anonymous paragraph, and sometimes to a bright anonymous pamphlet, her name was, rightly or wrongly, given. I learn from the American Cyclopædia that she was the great-granddaughter of Colonel Gardiner, who, as readers of "Waverley" will recollect, fell

at Prestonpans, and who enjoyed Whitefield's sermons.

This is the lady to whose admirable intelligence the education of the children of Queen Isabella was fortunately intrusted. It is said that her relations with the ladies, the sisters of the King, have always remained tender and intimate. These ladies are the Infanta Isabelle, who is now the widow of the Prince Gaetan, the Infanta Marie della Paz, and the Infanta Eulalie. Two of the princesses reside at the palace, and we frequently met them driving. The Gotha Almanach reveals the fact that they are twenty and eighteen years old. The King, their brother, was born in 1857.

Almost every afternoon the clatter of outriders beneath the windows called to the balcony people so unphilosophical as take a personal interest in royalty, that they might see the carriage-and-four dash by in which the Infanta Maria de las Mercedes took her daily airing. She was always in the arms of her nurse, being at that time twenty-two months old. The little thing bears the name, not of her mother, but of the first wife of the King, a lady very much beloved in Spain by her husband and people, who died June 26, 1878. The present Queen is a daughter of the Archduke Charles of Austria.

The King was a good deal occupied while I was in Madrid, and so was I, as I have said, and nothing transpired of that importance which made it necessary for him to send for me. Except as I passed him in his carriage, therefore, I had but one opportunity to see him. This was at the annual meeting of the Agricultural Society. The meeting was held in the Agricultural or Horticultural Gardens, which are on or near the Prado, not far from the great picture-gallery. The grounds are very beautiful, with abundance of rare trees, shrubs, and flowers. In a convenient place a pavilion had been erected, under which were two or three chairs, one of which is, I suppose, to be called a throne. In front, at the right and left of a wide gravel-path, and under the shade of trees, were arranged seats for the assembly, enough perhaps for three hundred people. The company was admitted by tickets, and I should think fully one-half were ladies. If I understand rightly, this was rather unusual, and it was thought to be rather an advance that ladies should have attended such a meeting as this. Punctually, the King, and perhaps half the Cabinet, came up the broad walk from the entrance to the garden. He is well-made, a handsome, manly looking fellow, modest and pleasing in his bearing. He removed his hat and bowed to the right and

left, as he walked to the seat prepared for him. Then Señor Don Diego Martinez made the address, with which the meeting opened. He spoke very well for perhaps twenty minutes; it was much such an address as we should expect at a farmers' club or a cattle-show, on the importance of science to agriculture, on the possible improvement of the agriculture of Spain, and on the superiority of agriculture to politics as a cure for the evils of the country. The especial point which interested me most, in which he burst outside these commonplaces, was the urgency with which he proposed some sort of farmers' banks, which he thought necessary for the proper development of the agricultural interest.

Everybody listened with attention to the address, and it was cordially applauded. When it was finished, the King stepped forward and shook hands cordially with Señor Don Diego, and seemed to compliment him. Several members of the society were presented to the King, and he and his suite then withdrew, followed by four-fifths of the assembly. The others, who I suppose were the regular members of the society, remained for other papers or a discussion. This, if he had known it, was the King's best chance to consult me as to the administration of Spain, for, as I have said, we met on no other

occasion. But, as I must add, he was getting on very well, and he said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. We slowly passed out of the beautiful garden with other spectators of the ceremony, and were just in time at the gate to see the King step lightly into his carriage, a sort of dog-cart, take the reins and drive rapidly off, with a gentleman at his side. A groom scrambled up behind, and the King drove off so rapidly that the dragoons, if they are dragoons, had to spur up and go in rapid pursuit. For us, the humblest of his subjects, we went along the Prado, to Calle Alcalà, and there took a horse-car, at a cent apiece, to our homes. It is the cheapest country for horse-cars. I said to an Englishman that the fare was cheap, and he happily replied that it could not be cheaper, which is true, considering the coinage.

I lost my way in the Horticultural Garden, and a nice little fellow from among the workmen took ten minutes to set me right and take me to the place of assembly. I was really grateful to him, and offered him a trifle of money, though with some hesitation; but he refused very pleasantly, and said he was very glad to oblige. This could not have happened in England. But the truth is, that neither this boy nor his ancestors had ever been vassals in a feudal system, and neither at law nor by custom was he my inferior in rank.

ADMINISTRATION.

It is usual to say that the Spanish administration is bad, that the officers are corrupt, and that a great deal of money paid in taxes does not find its way into the Treasury. Of the truth of such charges I cannot speak. But I do not give full credence to them, because I know that in my own country there is a chronic fashion of speaking of our administration as being worthless and profligate, while I know that in fact, however it might be improved, it is the best administration that has ever been attained in the world, and the most economical.

The public stocks sell at thirty-three or thirty-four per cent, which certainly shows bad finance. I think I have said that the roads are perfectly secure, which shows that somebody has broken down the brigandage. As for public works, Spanish engineering has always ranked high, and I think it still deserves that distinction. You see at every point the drawback of having a people who are puzzled by the simplest arithmetical problems, and of whom four-fifths can neither read nor write. But I found a good many matters of detail, in which it seemed to me that their desire to oblige and universal courtesy had taught them some things which we might learn. For instance, although they

have very few travellers from abroad, I found a public interpreter at the railroad station, whose business it was to help travellers who did not understand Spanish. We have of German travellers here a hundred times the number of foreigners who pass through Madrid; but I never saw or heard of an official interpreter at one of our stations. I have been insulted at the New York ticket-office of the New Haven Railroad because I offered English coin at the window.

Many of the police arrangements of Madrid seem to me very clever. The system of watering the streets is a great deal better than ours. The protection of foot-passengers, where building is going on, is more complete than anything we know. I am disposed to think that men's eagerness to take even the humblest lines of government work is tenfold greater than even Mayor Palmer ever dreamed of among the loafers who storm City Hall. But, as I have said before, they certainly seem to get good men into the important places somehow.

The water-carriers have always been an important element in Madrid politics. Truly or not, they have the reputation of turning out more than one government. You would have supposed that the aqueduct would have put an end to them and their duty. On the other hand, it seems rather as if it had been built for their

convenience; for there is no distribution by pipes through most of the houses. The aqueduct delivers the water at public fountains and hydrants, and at such places the water-carriers provide themselves, and carry the water, just as formerly, to the several houses and flats.

A NATIONAL BISHOP.

I had the pleasure of calling upon the Reverend Señor Don José Cabrera, the Bishop of the National Church, as it calls itself, of Spain. I have already described one of the services of this church at Seville. The Bishop is an agreeable and intelligent gentleman, and he gave me an interesting account of the movement of which he is the nominal head. Under the present Spanish constitution all religions are tolerated, but the Roman Catholic religion is the only communion which may "publish" its ceremonies, or may conduct "public" services. Just how much or how little "public" and "publish" mean is, of course, a question. Under very radical governments the Protestants, of whatever name, would not hesitate to announce their religious services in the newspapers; under governments supposed to be reactionary, they would not make such publications. The present fact is, that in all Spain there are between sixty and seventy

Protestant congregations of all sorts and kinds, of which only eight congregations make up the so-called National Church, of which Señor Don José Cabrera is the head.

In making up their liturgy, they have drawn almost exclusively from that old national liturgy of Spain which I spoke of in describing the church in Seville. It is the same in substance which is known to scholars as "the liturgy of St. James." As I have said, in Spain it takes the name of the "Mozarabic liturgy." I can hardly expect general readers to be well acquainted with it; but I have a feeling that in some of Miss Yonge's more High-Church stories there is a reference to it. The Gothic Church used this liturgy always, so long as it existed. When the Moors conquered Southern Spain, they permitted the Christians still to hold their religious services in their several cities. They maintained them, of course, by the old forms, and it is thus that the queer name "Mozarabic" has come to be given to the liturgy of the Goths, or of "St. James." As has been already said, when the Moors were swept out, the forms of the encroaching Church of Rome had taken possession of France, and so of Northern Spain. So here were two liturgies in presence of each other. The legend says that the King decided the question by the result of a tournament, in

which one knight was the champion of either party; the Mozarabic knight unhorsed his opponent, and so the two services were permitted to exist side by side, in the cities where the Mozarabic churches still continued.

But I am afraid that in presence of the Inquisition-defended Roman ritual the Mozarabic form, like so many other national forms, would have gone to the wall but for the loyal interest of Ximenes, Bishop of Toledo in 1500, and the practical determination of an archbishop of Mexico, who had been educated in Toledo, the last city of the Mozarabic Rite. He left a fund for the maintenance of priests whose duty it still is to chant and to pray in the Mozarabic forms. One of these gentlemen sold to me my copy of the Ritual Book.

I saw no sign whatever of any vital or eager interest in this or any Protestant organization. I saw signs, indeed, of scepticism, not to say sheer infidelity and atheism. I attended closely at Catholic services in Madrid and elsewhere, and never saw what we should call a large congregation; but I did see many congregations of people heartily and profoundly interested.

"The language lends itself to eloquence," as a Spanish statesman said to me. At several different occasions I heard preachers of great spirit and earnestness. They never had even a

scrap of paper for a brief. They spoke with great fluency, and they kept well to the point in hand. They held the close attention of their hearers.

It may have been by an accident, but the special church services which I saw which were most largely attended and seemed most to interest people were afternoon services in Madrid, held at the direction of ladies' societies, which I should think corresponded to the charity societies in our Protestant churches. When the anniversary of such a society comes round, it holds, if I understand rightly, a meeting or a series of meetings, not simply for an "annual report," indeed, not at all for that, but rather to quicken the spirit of devotion or sacrifice on which all charity must depend. The assemblies, not perhaps very large, seemed like gatherings of people with a common cause. Some series of preachers, perhaps of special eloquence, had been appointed; and on one occasion the particular young man whom I heard preached particularly well. Then, as you went out, you found a table in the church by the door, at which sat two ladies of the society, who perhaps gave you a report or received your contribution.

The impression is that Spain has been overridden by mistaken charities. I am afraid this is true. Before the suppression of the monas-

teries in 1836, about one-fifth of the whole nation was engaged in the service of the Church.

Agriculturists, laborers, miners, artisans, shepherds, and sailors constitute two-thirds of the population; one-seventh is composed of merchants and tradesmen, another seventh of officials, the army, the nobility, the clergy, nuns, beggars, and pensioners. The nobility is very numerous; the lower nobility mostly quite poor, counting near one million *hidalgos*. Beggars are almost as numerous, owing partly to the large number of benevolent institutions. In 1860 nearly five hundred thousand persons were maintained in ten hundred and twenty-eight charitable institutions.

As we reduce the payment of our national debt by $100,000,000 a year, or say one-sixteenth part of it, of course we ought to dismiss one-sixteenth part of the clerks in the Treasury every year. And possibly we do so. Perhaps this loyal reader knows. I do not. Of course there is a certain friction as these dismissed clerks rise to other and better work than treasury work. The stove, the carpet, the chairs in Washington must be sold. The family, on theory, moves West, and a cabin is built, a piano and another carpet are bought, and an open fire substituted for the stove.

Now, let the reader look at the tables above,

and imagine the social change in Spain, when not one-sixteenth of the clerks in the Treasury, but two million of the whole population, were reformed out of the Church offices. If he will imagine two millions of sextons, and sextons' wives, and almoners, and sub-almoners, and clerks to sub-almoners, and copyists to sub-almoners, and book-keepers to copyists to sub-almoners, and errand-boys to book-keepers to copyists to sub-almoners, and finally mothers, grandmothers, and mothers-in-law dependent on the weekly wages of the errand-boys to the book-keepers to the copyists of the sub-almoners, he will be able to begin to conceive the practical difficulties which have flowed in on poor Spain as she attempts to absorb into square honest industry, — such industry as puts one grain of corn into the ground, and shows for it in autumn a hundred seeds as big and as good, — as she thus absorbs the industry which had been engaged in the external forms of charity or of religion.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERRO PACO AND THE BULLS.

NEXT to the King and to Señor Sagasta, in public notoriety or talk, in the weeks that we were in Madrid, was Perro Paco.

Perro means dog, and Paco is a proper name, which, for some reason not known to me, corresponds with Francis or Frances. "Perro Paco" means, therefore, "Dog Paco."

Of Perro Paco there were pictures in the windows of every music-shop of note. There were waltzes and galops written in his honor. The finest confectioner's shop had its windows absolutely filled with hundreds of representations of him in sugar.

Two rival journals were issued wholly in his interest, of which all the contents were devoted to supposed anecdotes of Perro Paco, or other dog news. The first number of one of them had simulated telegrams from the dog of Montargis, the dogs of the Simplon, and other famous dogs.

The local editor of any journal would have been thought very negligent, in the last week of

my residence in Madrid, had he not inserted at least one note with regard to Perro Paco.

Who, then, was Perro Paco? Alas! the question has to be cast in the past tense.

Perro Paco was a dog, apparently not of noble race. It was said that he was not of any pure blood which has a name, but that he was what is commonly called a cur. I am ashamed to say that, with these eyes, I never saw him; but I can speak in concurrence with the opinion expressed above, if I am qualified to do so by seeing several thousand representations of him.

One day last spring Perro Paco appeared for the first time in the Puerta del Sol, which is, as I should have said, a sort of glorified Scollay Square. It is, perhaps, twenty times as large in surface as is that liberal breathing-place, and it has a large basin for a fountain in the middle. Its resemblance to Scollay Square consists in this, that it is the central ganglion of the circulation of street-cars and omnibuses, and that it is the highest point of the service of the street railway. The finest hotels are near it, generally indeed fronting it.

In the Puerta del Sol one day appeared Perro Paco.

How he came there I do not know. The newspapers were rather fond of telling. I fancy any bright fellow on the press who wanted to

do his share for his "funny column" invented a new Gil Blas story of the wanderings of Perro Paco before he arrived at the Puerta del Sol. But these stories are all mythical. Perro Paco first emerges into the clear Brush-light of history on the day when he first appears in the Puerta del Sol.

Time came for lunch, or *almuerzo*, and Perro Paco was hungry. He trotted to the Café de Suiza, the Swiss coffee-house, which has the reputation of being the most fashionable of the immense coffee-houses which make up so large a part of Madrileñan life. At the Café de Suiza hundreds of persons were at their lunch, and here the fame of Paco begins. It is said that when some one of the guests threw him a bone, Paco refused to take it. Another threw him a bone, which also he refused. It was not till a young gentleman of noble family threw him a piece of mutton chop that Paco condescended to eat. From that moment his fame was established. Here was an aristocratic dog, who would take no food except at the Suiza, and even then would only take it from the hands of noblemen.

This is the only one of a thousand anecdotes of Paco which any one pretended was true. For the rest, every journal had one or more of his invented good things. The theatres had

plays, in which he was introduced as a character, and it was sometimes announced that he would be present in the audience. I found he was talked about in joke, as you might ask about a celebrated *matador*. "Have you seen Perro Paco?" But I am not sure that personally I ever saw with the eye of the flesh any one who, with the eye of the flesh, had looked upon him.

The one occasion when the public was sure of him was Sunday afternoon, when all the Madrid *beau monde* goes to the bull-fight. Perro Paco always knew the day, and went with the rest. To the delight of the throng, he would be seen trotting down the Calle Alcala to the Prado, and so to the Arena, and here he was always admitted. I do not think other dogs were permitted there, but neither door-keeper nor manager would have cared to resist the public feeling of a Madrid audience, determined that Perro Paco should see the show. On Monday morning his presence would be announced in the journal as regularly as the King's, if not with the same dignity. And the audience would have felt that an important part of the show was omitted, had they not seen Perro Paco as well as the bulls.

Alas! poor Paco went once too often. On Sunday, June 18th, he trotted down as usual to

the Arena, and, as usual, was admitted. He was always admitted within the sacred circles, where the actual battle goes on between bulls, horses, and men. On this occasion, at the very crisis of one of the encounters, Perro Paco dashed at the bull in a way which annoyed, and probably endangered, the *matador* himself. The man struck back with his sword-hilt to give Paco a notion that he was in the way, and struck in such fashion that the handle entered his open mouth and wounded him severely. He was withdrawn by attendants, evidently in pain. I detail these accidents from the daily bulletins in the papers. He was at once sent to a hospital; the best medical attendance did not avail, and after some days his death was announced.

I left Madrid while he was languishing, and I do not know who replaced him in the affections and interest of the local reporters.

BULL-FIGHTS.

This little incident is really the most important contribution I can make to the contemporary history of bull-fights. Even a traveller has to "draw the line somewhere," and I drew it at the bull-fights. The ladies of my party shared my prejudices, and I found the same

feeling and habit in the Minister of the United States, our delightful friend, Mr. Hamlin, and his charming and popular lady. I am afraid that the estimable Ricci went on Sunday afternoons, but he was always home and at dinner, and he was afraid to tell me that he had gone. So I can tell nothing of what these eyes saw, though I could recount the criticisms of the Clapps and Clements of the Madrid press. But this court would reject such testimony as hearsay.

I went one Saturday to Toledo, and as an omnibus took us from the station into the town I saw at once that we were attended by a throng of admirers. Far too modest to think they were admiring me, it was easy to see that there was a modest-looking man opposite me, in a short blue or purple jacket, adorned with many frogs, with a small cap on his head, which did not conceal a handsome braid of black hair, done up in a large knot behind, as any lady, who had as much handsome black hair, might be glad to arrange it. This was a famous *matador*, who was to be the star of the next day's entertainment at Toledo. It was upon him that the crowd was attending. The *matadors* of distinction make the circuit of Spain, much as Mr. Denman Thompson and his company make the circuit of America; for a *matador* carries with

him his whole staff. Naturally a man does not like to trust his own life to the chance of skill or blundering on the part of local talent supplying *picadores* or *banderilleros*.

As many of these travelling troupes have their headquarters in Madrid, the Madrid public is interested in their success; and on Monday morning an important feature in "El Liberal," or any other morning paper which supplies news of this sort, will be the short telegram from Cadiz or Seville or some other city, which announces briefly, "6 bulls, 3 horses killed, no men."

I never heard of a man being killed in the ring while I was in Spain, and I was in the habit of speaking of the sport as cowardly and unfair on this account. But since I left Spain I have seen many gentlemen who had seen *matadors* killed or wounded.

There is a good story told of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. They needed money for their humane purposes, and accordingly accepted a benefit from the managers of the bull-fights.

If you say anything about cruelty in conversation, you are generally met with the remark, that the horses are mere skin and bone, not worth five dollars, and would have to be killed the next day, anyway. I heard this said so often that I am sure it must be in print in some

familiar hand-book, but I have never found the public authority.

It was said that the Prince of Wales did not go to a bull-fight, because public opinion in England would not let him. Once, and only once, did I hear the amusement reprobated in Spanish circles. The King and Court attend regularly. I think their absence would be unfavorably remarked upon.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOLEDO.

THE queer old city of Toledo is so near to Madrid, perhaps fifty miles away, that you are tempted to regard it as a sort of suburb, and visit it on an excursion. Nothing would make the handful of people who are left there, of whom there are, I find, fourteen thousand, more angry than any such suggestion. The Archbishop of Toledo is the Archbishop of Spain. It is, indeed, one of four or five capitals which Philip ruined, when he transferred the Court to Madrid. So I fancy Toledo does not much love Madrid, and would not like to be called a suburb.

I must once more beg the loyal reader to hunt up his "Harper's" of last summer and read Mr. Lothrop's charming account of Toledo, and look at the capital illustrations which accompany it. Really, if I drew the illustrations myself, and Mr. Wilson ran them off from a double-cylinder lightning press at the rate of four million an hour, they would not be better. And, really, if

all the artistic and æsthetic people in the world composed or invented a dear old city of the age of Noah, or of Meshech, of Madai, or of Tiras (if by good fortune this loyal reader, well trained in early history, know who they may be), if, I say, the æsthetic or artistic Aladdin of most skill tried to make for you a queer old museum of a city, with all the quaint and strange things of old times, and if, when he had done, he set it up opposite to Toledo, Toledo would laugh it to scorn from the window of every shop. Every corner, tile, and brick-bat of Toledo is dead with antiquity. You apologize to people for speaking to them in Low Latin, the dear old tangle of a place is so old-fashioned.

It stands on the banks of the Tagus. Near the junction of the Tagus and Alberche is Talavera de la Reina, a burgh or small town. The streets are poorly built and crooked. This place may have been the ancient Libora. A celebrated battle was fought under its walls between the French and Anglo-Portuguese armies in 1809. This action is what is known in history as the Battle of Talavera, and to this hour old English soldiers may be found who have inherited badges with the word "Talavera" on them. Loyal readers will observe that we are now on the Tagus, the river which flows west to Lisbon.

The English general formed the plan of marching into Andalusia and uniting the British forces with those of Cuesta; Napoleon's departure to the Austrian campaign giving him a favorable opportunity. By this movement he hoped to check the progress of the invaders to the south, and endanger their occupation of Madrid. But, unfortunately, Cuesta was jealous and obstinate, and gave no help or assent to this plan; when a favorable chance arrived for attacking Victor, Cuesta said he would not give battle on Sunday. This opportunity having thus been lost, the allies were obliged to receive battle instead of giving it. But even under these unfavorable circumstances the French were defeated. The British forces had to defend themselves against double their own number, and Wellesley finally retreated to Portugal as the only way to save his army. For want of transport, which the Spanish general should have furnished, many of the wounded were left in the hands of the French. They were treated courteously, but this gave the French an opportunity to claim the victory in their despatches, which they had really resigned on the spot, by flying from the field.

Sylva, a Spanish historian, supposes that Toledo was founded five hundred years before the Christian era by a Jewish colony who called the town Toledoth, or the mother of nations.

The most interesting of buildings are the cathedral, an ancient mosque, and the Alcazar. The royal residence of Aranjuez, nearly seven leagues above Toledo, is surrounded with extensive and beautiful gardens. Near the palace is a small tower, built with great precision after a plan by one of the court architects. There is a lovely tradition of a secret way from the Alcazar to one of the outlying palaces, miles away, which, I need not say, is now lost at both ends.

The old city is like a robber-fastness on the cliffs above the fast-rolling river. Note that the Tagus supplies the water-power for the manufacture, still famous, of Toledo blades, which can be made as well now as they ever were, if only Toledo blades were as necessary to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as they once were. The railroad does not attempt the cliff, and you ride up in an omnibus; in our case, as I said, we were accompanied by a modest but famous *matador*.

He and his sword-boxes and other paraphernalia were dropped at some hotel. But the guide-books condemn all the hotels, of which, in a town of fourteen thousand people, there cannot be many. On the other hand, all travellers praise the Casa de Huespedes, which means "boarding-house," kept by two charming old ladies, whom I will not name. For aught I know, they

may have flirted with Galba or Martial or Pertinax. But all the same, they are tolerant to the people of this time. Some ancestors of this generation have condescended to put glass windows into the casements. But, as they stand open all the time, that does not much matter; for the rest, locks, latches, floors, doors, shutters, plan of the house, *patio*, and all the other arrangements are exactly like the rooms and fixtures described in Horace, or, as I say, in Terence or Martial. I am more and more a believer in the theory, that schools should be taken to these places for the scholars to see with their own eyes. No boy would ever misconstrue those most difficult words *cubiculum*, *atrium*, and the rest, who had slept in a *cubiculum* and looked out upon an *atrium*. The word "hall," with which I was taught to remember *atrium*, is all wrong; *patio* is the real rendering.

My entertaining old friend Malte-Brun, the geographer, says, in his condescending French way, that when you have entered Toledo the only considerable buildings are the cathedral, the old mosque, and the Alcazar. This is as little as if you said that, after the traveller had crossed the Nile at Cairo, the only considerable buildings were the Sphinx and the Pyramids. There are people enough who will tell you that

the cathedral at Toledo is a building better worth your study and remembrance than St. Peter's at Rome. Such comparisons are, from the nature of the case, absurd; but it is as absurd for the French geographer to sit so hard on poor Toledo, because it has within its walls only three, as he counts them, of the finest buildings in the world. In truth, many are to be added to his visit; but this reader, safely referred to Mr. Lathrop and to Amicis, will be spared my description.

The cathedral has some points of interest which none of the other cathedrals of the world have. I need not say that the guide-books, in the usual vein of criticism, condemn this, having a feeling that there exists, in earth or heaven, some one type of an absolute cathedral, and that any divergence from it is sin. For my part, I had rather they should not be alike. It was reason enough for Philip II. to keep the capital at Toledo, that he had perhaps the richest cathedral in the world there. To this hour there has been none at Madrid.

By the way, they show you altars of which they say, "The gold here was the first gold brought home by Columbus." Generally speaking, the French in 1808 carried off the gold they found anywhere. The reader may remember that I saw the absolute first gold in Charles

V.'s missal. But there is no reason, by that, to dispute the statement made here. Columbus brought more gold than is in that book.

By one of the principal doors, as in many other cathedrals, is a gigantic St. Christopher painted in fresco. The guides tell Americans in the Spanish cathedrals that these figures, far larger than any other pictures in the churches, are painted in honor of Columbus. But I doubt, for I found the same custom in Southern France — I think in Toulouse, where there was no tradition of Columbus.

A CORO.

As I have already said, a peculiarity of every large Spanish church is the separation, almost complete, of the *coro* from the rest of the church. You see something of the same thing in Westminster Abbey, where, it will be remembered, a small part of the building is screened off from the nave and aisles. In Spain, what would have been screens anywhere else, become solid walls rising perhaps half-way to the ceiling of the cathedral. Practically, it is a church in the cathedral. Observe that this is not in the place which we call the choir in an English cathedral; that is to say, it is not at the extreme eastern end of the building. You will find at the end of the

building an altar, and very possibly a chapel. But the *coro* is in the very middle of the building. At the eastern end of it, it has its own altar, and behind this altar, in all the cathedrals which I saw, a very high wall, which is, I suppose, architecturally called a screen. This screen is very richly decorated with gold, and especially with carving. Here, more than anywhere else, perhaps, do you see the interesting and often very beautiful painted statuary which makes the distinctive part of Spanish art.

At the other end of the *coro*, also screened in by high walls, are the seats for the deans, canons, and other clergy or ecclesiastics. They are ranges of seats, such as one sees in an English cathedral, and often all the resources of art are lavished on their adornment. I hope I may be forgiven, but my mind always goes back to the type, and I always like to imagine these elegant carvings as in very fact executed by the knives of the worthy men whose duty it has been to sit in these seats. Of course they were really executed by them on the principle of "*Qui facit per alium, facit per se*" ("Who works by another, works by himself").

But I like to imagine the worthy priest, fond of fine art, who determines that his chair shall bear the emblem of a pelican for sacrifice, or a cluster of wheat for bounty, or a dove for purity, and

then with his own hand executes the same. One even thinks of Fra Angelico and the canon Alonso at Granada. Nay, my mind goes back to an old Puritan church, which shall be nameless, where, in the side of a certain pillar, well known to me, there lingered from a former generation the letters N. and O., as they had been cut by some worshipper of the eighteenth century. In such use of his hands he may have been able to keep his eyes open, and his ears, to attend the better to the pleading of the elder Cooper, on some drowsy afternoon.

Whether, in fact, in any period of church history, customs have permitted deans and canons, with their own knives, to carve upon the posts of their chairs, I do not know; but if they have not done it by their own hands, they have done it by others at Toledo. And the result is one of the most beautiful exhibitions of woodcarving in the world, worthy not simply of the hurried research of half an hour, but of the careful study of weeks by the artist with drawing-book in hand.

We were at Toledo on Sunday, and I took care to be present at the Mozarabic chapel, in the cathedral, that I might see and hear the curious Mozarabic liturgy which I have described, the last survival of the service of the original or national church of Spain, for the maintenance

of which the great Cardinal Ximenes left a fund. But for his zeal I am afraid it would have died out. It is different from the Roman service at almost every point; the most striking peculiarity which can be described, perhaps, being, if I understand rightly, that there is a separate collect and other selections for every separate day of the year. At the period when we attended the Mozarabic service we were the only persons present, excepting the priests and acolytes. There were several churches in Toledo which maintained this rite in Ximenes's day; but this chapel is now the only one.

The patron saint of the cathedral is Saint Ildefonso, and this is the spot where he received the chasuble from the Virgin. That legend is well known from the print, not unfamiliar, of Murillo's beautiful picture of the subject. The Virgin and two angels are about to invest the archbishop, who kneels reverently, with the chasuble. Behind him is a nun, an old woman with a lighted taper; Murillo is fond of good old women, as what true man is not? There is apt to be one, if possible, in his larger compositions. The Virgin sits in Ildefonso's ivory chair, the bishop kneeling in front. Since that time, the legend says, no one has ventured to sit in that chair but the Archbishop Sisibert. Him indignant angels hurled from it, and he died mis-

erably. The Moors carried away the body of Ildefonso and the chasuble. But it is said that the chasuble is now in Oviedo, although invisible to mortal eyes.

Ildefonso lived in the seventh century, holding this see from the year 657 to 667. He wrote a treatise on the perpetual virginity of the Holy Mother, and it was this which won him her favor.

There is in Toledo a world of antiquarian wealth illustrating the Moorish period, and there are some curious relics of the Jews.

As we left our hospitable friends of the Casa de Huespedes, I asked the major-domo how old the house was.

"Ah! quien sabe, señor?" ("Who knows, sir?")

I said, No, no one knew, but they could make a guess within a century or so.

Oh, yes! they could guess within a century. Yonder was the coat-of-arms of the old owner, or his symbolic crest. He was a Goth, and the Goths were driven out in the seventh century. The house was built a hundred or two years before that time.

The house was in all probability thirteen or fourteen hundred years old. I should have guessed as much from the patches and darns in the *velarium*, or awning, which our dear old hos-

tesses, with loving care, were repairing, that it might for its fourteen hundredth summer keep off the nearly vertical sun from their plants, almost tropical, which they had in large pots in the *patio* or *atrium* below.

Blessings on them for their lovely hospitality! We bade them good-by; we hoped we should come again to stay longer; and we returned to Madrid.

CHAPTER XV.

MUSEUMS IN MADRID.

THE armoury of Madrid has the reputation of being in some regards the finest in Europe, and I should think it deserved it. It was closed for extensive cleaning, polishing, and rearrangement. But the uniform Spanish courtesy admitted us, when I sent in to the administration a note saying that I was a stranger, who must soon leave town; and, to tell the truth, we had some advantages in seeing things as they were taken to pieces, and in the explanations which a set of intelligent workmen and connoisseurs kindly gave, who would not have been there but for the repairs.

The arms are all kept in exquisite order, as a man might keep a few pet weapons of his own. The collection is historical, and runs back as far at least as my house at Toledo. After reading Irving's Granada, and basking in those hot accounts of fight between Saracen and Christian knight, it was very interesting to see the actual coats-of-arms of Boabdil and of his victors.

The Cid's sword is here, and every style of Moorish weapon and Moorish defensive armor, from the days of the first invasion down to the battle of Lepanto, of which there are many relics.

Among more modern weapons are curious specimens of the early breech-loaders. I remembered with interest some recent discussion as to the origin of the flint-lock, which has been, erroneously, ascribed to New England ingenuity. Here is an exquisite flint-lock firearm, inlaid with great beauty, which was a present to Philip IV., somewhere in the middle of the seventeenth century, or perhaps a little earlier. It is, I think, a little curious that the ordinary books of reference do not condescend to tell at what time flint-locks were invented or came into general use.

This museum is in a sort of wing of the great Royal Palace, which deserves, I suppose, its reputation of being the finest palace in Europe. When Napoleon left his brother there, he is said to have told him that he would be better lodged than he was himself.

There must have been some sort of royal edifice in Madrid from a very early period. King Ramiro in the year 939 took from the Arabs the town of Magerit, which was on the site of Madrid. At that early period the original Alcazar

stood on the site of the present palace. A succession of buildings followed each other, on the same spot, of which the last was burned in 1734. The present palace was then begun, and after half a century or more it took its present form. The successive architects were Jubarra and Sachetti.

The proper front faces the city, and with two wings running forward encloses a fine square on three sides. The basement is largely occupied by the library, which I have already described. It also gives rooms for the offices of the royal domain.

The State apartments are upstairs. I will not attempt the difficult task of describing vast and magnificent saloons; but there is one small cabinet which I commend to the attention of lovers of ceramics.

The whole wall of this beautiful chamber is porcelain. The groundwork of the whole is of dead gold color. From this rises a porcelain decoration or framework, shall I say, which is also of porcelain, of white, of green, and of dead gold. Framed by these decorations are different subjects, all treated in white porcelain of a creamy color, of what connoisseurs will know as *pâte tendre*. This exquisite piece of work was made at the royal manufactory at the Buen Retiro. It is ascribed to Joseph Grice, who was

at the head of this factory one hundred and twenty years ago.

I may say, in passing, that, judging from what I saw in public and private collections, and from what you stumble upon in out-of-the-way shops and villages, Spain would be a very tempting field for a fanciful collector of pottery. The glazed tiles of Seville are so large, so handsome, and so cheap, that I should think that any architect who had occasion to use many tiles would do well to make inquiries in Seville before he provided himself in England or in America.

THE MUSEUM OF ART.

I had often heard the gallery of Madrid also spoken of as perhaps the finest in Europe; but I had not before understood that it is not only this, but one of the largest. The collection, as it now stands, was brought together by Isabella and her father within the present century. Ferdinand took possession of a building designed by the architect Villanueva, in 1735, for a natural history museum, and did what he could to fit it for a gallery, and collected here the finest paintings in the different royal residences, as well, I believe, as those which had been recovered from France after Napoleon had captured them in his Spanish campaign. The gallery, as we now see

it, was opened in 1819. It has been steadily improving ever since under the intelligent management of the two Madrazos, father and son, and of Don Pedro de Madrazo, to whom we owe the admirable catalogue, and to whose personal courtesies we were indebted every day.

I will follow the example of a more distinguished traveller in leaving it to learned fingers and wise hands to describe the indescribable.

Without entering into detail, it is enough to say that the Spanish monarchs had the right of sovereigns with regard to all the best of the fine arts of the Low Countries, from the time when oil painting was invented there; and so you have here the most admirable examples of the very earliest Dutch and Flemish painters, and of Vandyke and Rubens. Then in their own country they had Alonso Cano, Velasquez, and Murillo. They did not despise them, but knew their worth to the very full. At the time of Leonardo, Raphael, and the rest in Italy, when Italian art was at its very best, Spain was at her very grandest, and her sovereigns, fond of art, were able to buy anything they chose. Thus, in a collection where the masterpieces have been brought together from all the palaces in Spain and from many of her churches, this gallery can boast of more examples of the very first order, if you count two great European schools, than is possible anywhere else.

As for Velasquez, whom Philip IV. called "his only painter," he cannot be thoroughly studied anywhere else. This very summer, one picture of his was sold at auction in London to the National Gallery for £10,000. I do not know how many there are in Madrid, but of large pictures of his there are certainly more than fifty kings, queens, infants, dwarfs, court fools, ruffians, every-day people of every rank, every costume, and every occupation, the most vulgar or the most princely, Velasquez transfers them all to his canvas, and gives to each that intensity, that tremor of life itself, which in each of his works makes a masterpiece absolutely unique in the domain of painting. I follow the language of Roswag's spirited guide-book. The same writer says, and so far as I have any right I like to indorse the remark, "You may compare all these surprising creations of his pencil with the most perfect work in portraiture of the greatest artists and those most esteemed in the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools, and the contrast will simply show the astonishing superiority of Velasquez. In the midst of all these men of illustrious genius, if you take the point of view of reality, of life, and of truth, he is the only one who knows how to express himself without convention, without apparent fiction, and, to say everything in one word, without artifice."

As late as 1830 no separate head was given to Velasquez's name in the "Encyclopædia Americana." In most works of artistic criticism in that time and earlier he will be found neglected in like wise. I think such neglect is due wholly to his popularity in Spain and to the seclusion of this peninsula. They would not let his pictures go away. There are, therefore, very few in foreign collections, and through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were so few travellers in Spain from the rest of Europe who dared to express an opinion on painting, that the reputation which he had at home did not extend farther than Spain. It is a good instance of the "prophet honored in his own country," before he is heard of elsewhere.

But why does not the same rule hold for Murillo? Murillo was certainly known outside of Spain. You can find admirable pictures of his in Italy, in Bavaria, in France, in England, one at least in Boston. This is a hard question. Oddly enough, like most hard questions, it receives two answers quite opposite to each other. One set of critics say that he painted the Virgin in a way so admirably in accordance with church traditions, that he had the whole machinery of the Roman Church on his side to carry his renown anywhere. Another authority says, "He seems to have possessed the power of adapt-

ing the higher subjects of art to the common understanding, and succeeded in at once captivating the learned and unlearned. Hence the universal popularity of his works throughout Europe, notwithstanding Ruskin places him among the base artists." I suppose that just what Ruskin meant was that Murillo worked for a reputation, and that only those people are on the highest grade who "make themselves of no reputation." It is to be observed, in this connection, that when Murillo wanted money for travel he "executed a number of pictures for the colonial market, which were distributed by traders through the Spanish American possessions." *Moral:* If you want a wide reputation in the world, scatter your work through America.

Pardon this digression, loyal reader. What you and I have to observe of him, in the museum of the Prado, is that here are twenty-nine of Murillo's noblest pictures. Here among others are the Virgin presenting the chasuble to Ildefonso, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Divine Shepherd, St. John Baptist as a child, Jesus and John as children, and the Education of the Virgin, which you and I have had hung before our eyes in the hard but accurate Spanish prints since 1829; nay, on copies of which we have exercised our infant pencils, and, later yet, our manly cameras. As in the case of Velasquez,

most of the Murillos hang together in a hall given to the Spanish school, and there is a sort of satisfaction in seeing them illustrated and explained by each other, just as there is in seeing Velasquez thus illustrated and explained.

I say nothing of Goya, of whom the books say much, because I do not believe in him at all.

Everybody who owns even five framed photographs knows that there is a certain pleasure in taking them down from time to time, and hanging them in new places. It is analogous to the profound satisfaction of putting your bed where the wardrobe was, the wardrobe where the bureau was, and the bureau where the bed was. It makes a great row, and it saves ever so much room.

I need not say that such change of pictures goes on from time to time in the Royal Gallery, because such is the law of galleries and public libraries. You never visit one but they "are making a change in the arrangement, which will be a great improvement when it is done."

So is it that sometimes the Isabella salon contains one set of pictures and sometimes another. But it always means to contain the best. It is a sort of tribune, only much larger. It is comfortable, well lighted; and here you bask in the light and blessedness of a hundred, more or less, of the most exquisite pictures in the world.

And, to bring up with a very short turn what there is to say of this marvellous gallery, — not to be tempted forward or backward into raving about the pictures, and so breaking a firm resolution not to rave, — to speak of those carnal matters which in fact affect Thomas, Richard, Henry, and their congeners in this world, all the people who carry on the externals of the gallery are nice to you. They like to have you come, and they are sorry to have you go away. From the man at the door who takes your umbrella, all the way up to Señor Don José Madrazo, the accomplished artist who oversees the collection, every one is good to you. It is not as in the Louvre, or in galleries I have seen nearer home, where they wish there were no visitors to the gallery, or as sacristans of churches sometimes wish no one would come to church. On the other hand, everybody is pleased that more visitors have come. And the worse the Spanish of those visitors the more they seem to be pleased.

They are not overrun with visitors. They do not think that you are a wretched tourist "doing the gallery." They receive you as Mr. Barton would receive a stranger who comes to Worcester to the Antiquarian Society, and wants to draw the Michael Angelo's Moses, or to consult an old volume of the "News-Letter." They seem to know that you are decent people, and are really interested in their treasures.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT-DOORS LIFE.

As has been already said, perhaps, no one goes into the streets between twelve and three unless he be a *Francese* or a *perro*,—a foreigner or a dog. Those sacred hours are reserved for the *siesta*. *Siesta* means the sixth hour, and if you count from average sunrise, the sixth hour will be at noon. At noon every sensible man and woman will retire for his daily doze.

This reader may not be old enough to remember the battle of San Jacinto in Texas, in which the independence of Texas from Mexico was assured. It depended on the *siesta*.

At twelve o'clock, noon, the Mexican army retired for this necessary repose. At one P. M., or thereabout, when they were in the best of it, General Houston with his rabble rout of Texans and of Kentuckians, half horse and half alligator, attacked them, and in a very few moments the battle was over, to the disadvantage of the sleeping party.

After three o'clock, the streets of Madrid look a little more lively; after four, a good many people are in motion; after five, carriages begin to drive to the Prado.

Prado originally meant *Pratus*, which means a meadow. The little stream on which Madrid stands meandered through it, I suppose, though I cannot say I remember that I have seen it there. Prado now means a broad street, not unlike Commonwealth Avenue, running straight for several miles. It has lately been lengthened, and the resemblance to Commonwealth Avenue holds, in the new buildings, some of them palaces, which you may see going up at the sides in the newer points. For the rest, there are gardens or fine houses or palaces on each side. Some of the government offices are there. The great museum of pictures is generally called the Museo del Prado. The garden of the Horticultural Society is there.

The Prado differs from Commonwealth Avenue in this: inside the roadways are lines of little chairs, wire-seated and painted yellow, lines which are miles long, for the people like you and me to sit in, who have no carriages, unless a friend invites us to drive.

These chairs are superintended and administered by the men and women who have charge of the drinking-booths, if I may so call them.

They are movable counters, from which is dispensed the sugared water and lemonade and *orchata* necessary for so large a throng as assembles in the Prado.

I have sometimes seen behind the counter or bar of the smallest country tavern a cupboard in which all the bottles, decanters, glasses, and other paraphernalia of potations could be locked up at night together. Imagine such a cupboard, just big enough for two men to handle, perhaps six feet high and five feet wide. Imagine it standing on a table or counter, and so arranged that its doors shall enlarge this table when they fall, and it is opened. Hundreds of such stands, thousands perhaps, occupy the long spaces between the lines of chairs, which, as I have said, are reserved for the loafers and pedestrians on the Prado. Through the day, most of the cupboards are locked. As evening approaches they are all open, and one or two brisk attendants at each are ready to dispense the needed refreshments.

Several very fine fountains are among the ornaments of the Prado, and the water-carriers pass up and down from fountain to booth, so that the supply shall never fail.

Looking back on all this, after six or eight months, it seems to me queer that I cannot say whether wine or spirit is never sold here; for the

question of perpendicular drinking is the central question of the civilization of modern cities, and interests me deeply. It seems impossible, writing in Boston, that neither wine nor spirit should be sold in so many of these stalls. But I think it is not. I certainly never saw any one ask for any or take any.

The drink of nineteen out of twenty of those who refresh themselves is sugared water. For this the sugar has been blown up into an aerated puff, like the sugar in the crust of a *méringue.* It is given you with the tumbler of water and with a spoon. It is so light that it dissolves almost instantly, and you use as much or as little as your taste demands.

If you are more exacting, you ask for lemonade, or you may have orange juice for your water.

If you are very hot, and need food as well as liquid, you order an *orchata.* An *orchata* is a very mild ice-cream, — I should say without much cream. The basis is some sort of creamy seed rubbed together into a paste, and mingled with the water, milk, or cream, which are frozen into a mass precisely resembling ice-cream.

This you eat by suction, as I am told the thoughtless sons of Belial absorb sherry cobblers; only they, if I am rightly informed, use straws, or, in abodes of luxury, glass tubes. In

Madrid you are served with the *orchata* in a tall glass, and with a dozen little rolls of very thin paste, precisely like what we eat with ice-cream, but rolled into rolls as small as a cigar, and so tight that you can readily suck through them. You put one of these into the bottom of the tumbler and imbibe the mixture as it slowly melts so as to arrive at the point of fluidity.

The extreme temperance of the people of Madrid is very noteworthy. For those who are not on the Prado there are open enormous cafés, where this same imbibing of sugared water, of lemonade, and of *orchata* is going on. We have no public rooms in Boston which approach the size of the largest of these coffee-houses, excepting the great halls of the two Institutes. I do not say that men could not order spirit in these halls. I have no doubt they can. But they do not seem to, as our charming New England expression has it. They smoke, they sip sugared water, or they sip cool milk and water, and talk politics, by the hour. But they do not drink spirit or wine or beer.

This *excursus* of mine on the physical refreshments of the Prado has kept us so long from the matter which took us there, the daily drive, or procession, extending far into the evening, in which the Madrileños and Madrileñas take the air, and see each other.

In the broad driveway of the Prado are two lines of carriages moving in each direction, under a law of the road exactly like that on the Brighton road in winter. Only the inner lines, at the Prado, are not the carriages of the fast trotters; they are the carriages of the King and Court and of the Diplomatic Corps. These and these only may ride there. Their footmen are distinguished by cockades which reveal the privilege. Indeed, I suppose the crests on the carriages would show it.

On the outside are two compact lines of carriages moving along at an even pace, almost always open, and containing ladies and gentlemen in full dress.

Gentlemen on horseback are scudding in and out, precisely as you may see them at Hyde Park in London. But the Prado is much longer than the largest drive in the Park, and the attendance of carriages is larger every day than I ever saw there, excepting on some special festival.

In fact, as I suppose, the Prado takes, to a large degree, the place of other social machinery. For three or four hours of every day you see your friends there. True, you only talk with those who are in your own carriage, or, if you are on horseback, you may engage in conversation, after a fashion, with those by whom you ride.

I was in Madrid at the end of June. The days, of course, were at their longest, and the evening air was invariably soft and agreeable. Ladies rode in light summer costume, and wore hats, which they would not have worn in the morning in going to church. For a lady to have a hat on in church would be, I think, a certain sign that she was a foreigner.

Somebody told me that a Spanish family whose fortunes were declining would endure any other pressure of poverty rather than the loss of carriage and horses. I was told that gentlemen or ladies would live in great penury, and even obscurity, if they could only keep up the daily ride in the Prado, and so retain the joy of seeing and being seen. This may be a mere guide-book story. I know very well how deceptive such sweeping statements are. But the number of carriages fitted simply for this purpose — open barouches, fit for those seeing and being seen — is certainly remarkable. I do not think that we approach it in Boston, which is a city of about the same population as Madrid, and, as I suppose, of much greater wealth.

Shall we perhaps drop into a similar fashion here when the new Park begins to be attractive? Will the people who have handsome turnouts drive out on one side of Commonwealth Avenue, take a little turn in the Park, drive back on the

other side, and repeat the same thing half a dozen times in the long summer afternoons and evenings of June? Shall we bow to Miss Champernoun and touch our hats to the adorable Miss Krossandkrown? Shall we smile sweetly on Mr. Holworthy as he rises in his stirrups, and lifts his hat wholly from his curls, or shall we make Mr. Fortinbras perfectly happy by inviting him to take the fourth seat in the carriage, because Papa's gout keeps him at home? *Quien sabe?*

There would be more chance of our going into this Prado life in Boston if June were a hundred and fifty days long, or if May were a little warmer. And, as things are, we hurry away before June is well over or even before May begins, to hide ourselves in Swampscott, the Shoals, or at Mt. Desert. It must be confessed, also, that we are very much afraid of each other, and distrust any approach to what the rest of the world call society.

We were most kindly welcomed in one or two charming homes. Beyond this, so short a visit gives me no right to speak personally of domestic life. The habits of daily life, as they appear to a stranger, show the effect of climate and religion; but I suppose nice people are nice people everywhere, and the best social life in Spain is probably much like the best

social life anywhere else. The churches are open every day, and I think that women go to church almost daily. You meet in the streets, every morning, many with their maids, the mistress with prayer-book in hand, each wearing a mantilla and not a hat or bonnet, which, as I have said, is not according to rule in church.

The bookstores are well filled with good books and bad; and there is a good deal of activity in publication. The printing is good, the whole style of a book being quite up to that of the Paris workshops.

I was inquiring for an impression of an old engraving of Murillo, very dear to me from early associations, when I was told to go for it to the establishment where it was engraved, the government engraving office, where they still had the plate, and still sold impressions.

As the engraving was not much more than a hundred years old, it showed what an American I was, that I had not thought of this before.

Accordingly I soon found myself there. The engraving offices occupy one flat in the Academy of Fine Arts, on the street of Alcalá, and here I found courteous and intelligent workmen, keeping up the traditions of the office admirably well, and ready and glad to sell the impressions of any of their plates at prices perfectly fair, which seemed to me very low.

The establishment must have been founded, I think, as early as the days of Charles IV., the only king between Ferdinand and the present king who seems to have even attempted anything good. Collectors of prints will remember the series which represents the paintings in the Royal Gallery. Semla, among others, was a professor in the Academy here, and the plates of his work are in this collection. The office goes on its quiet way. They offered me proofs of the admirable print which they had just issued, from an engraving executed there of a great historical picture, now on exhibition at the palace.

So in the midst of wars and rumors of wars — Napoleon, Joseph, Ferdinand — the office has worked on! "What matters it, — mob in Madrid, constitution or absolutism, — is the sun any less clear or is the graver any more blunt because the government has changed? Let us strike a clean proof; that seems to be our business." As I talked with these assiduous and courteous gentlemen, as I saw a workman pull a proof from a press which might have been there in 1782, I could not but remember what things abide and what things change.

Of course the popular subjects have been often reproduced, and the popular prints are sadly worn. Such is the Madonna of the Fish,

one of Semla's prints, and the price is accordingly. One or two francs will buy one of the badly worn impressions, which are but ghosts of what they were.

But of subjects which are not specially agreeable, — I recollect, for instance, the Dwarfs of Velasquez, where there has been no pressing demand for impressions, — you find in their portfolios examples in good condition.

They recognize entirely the competition of Laurent, the photographer, and the attractions of his admirable collection; and they have put the prices of their large collection of *calcografia* into rivalry with the prices of photographs.

Laurent's gallery of photographs, for such it really is, is one of the most interesting collections in the world. It contains two or three admirable photographs, many of very large size, and a visit there serves as an admirable refreshment to your memory of what you have seen, as well as a foretaste or suggestion of what you would like to see. All the subjects are landscapes, buildings, people, or paintings in Spain or Portugal.

Laurent has been more than twenty years in taking the negatives which are the foundations of this admirable collection. The catalogue of the pictures, a book of nearly two hundred pages, is in itself an index to the noblest monu-

ments of Spanish art and Spanish antiquity. One of the indexes is an index by historical characters. If you wish to learn of Boabdil, you ask for ten pictures in this collection; if it is Charles V., you ask for eighty-seven; and so on, so rich is it in the illustration of literature and history as well as of art.

The photographs of paintings are, I think in all cases, taken from the paintings themselves, for better for worse. In Germany and in Italy the photographs are frequently taken from drawings in neutral tint, which have been accurately made for the purpose of being copied. But if you have one of Laurent's photographs, you have the picture itself, as far as the camera can give it. It seemed to me that Velasquez stood this severe test in most cases particularly well. Of course, as we all know, some colors confuse the photograph hopelessly. Velasquez's picture of Apollo and Vulcan comes out wretchedly. The blond Apollo is as black as the swarthy Vulcan. The print has been so popular, alas, that the swarthy Vulcan is now as white on the worn plate as the blond Apollo. For all this, I should be very grateful to any one who would present to me, or to the Fellowes Athenæum, a complete set of Laurent's copies from the pictures of the Museo der Prado. There are only five hundred and eighty-six of them.

The artists who have been sent as travellers on the several routes have made capital selections. Every now and then they catch a group of peasants at work. Now it is a bit of a ruined arch or bridge; now it is a mass of prickly Indian fig, a bas-relief in an old church, a wonderfully wrought iron door, a railway tunnel, or a Roman statue. There is an admirable variety. You are all along reminded of Punch's admirable aphorism, that you can buy much better pictures than you can draw for yourself.

Right under the lee of Madrid are certain excursions which I would commend to any other traveller, though, by misfortune, I did not take them myself.

I should have been so glad to go to Alcalá de Henáres, which is only one hour and a half from Madrid. Ah me! *Ilium fuit.* Alcalá *was* the great university city of Spain. Yes, my dear George and my dear William, it was from the MSS. of this library that your beloved Complutensian Polyglot was made by this same Cardinal Ximenes, who, among other things, did his best to discover America, made permanent the Mozarabic Rite, gave his personal attention to Charles V.'s missal, and has that lovely portrait in Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella. Ah me! if you knew what I know of this dreamy, scholarly, drowsy old place, you would want as much

as I do to go there and spend a week in dozing.

They moved the university long ago to Madrid. They used up the precious MSS. of the Complutensian Polyglot to send home butchers' meat, as the curators of the Harvard Law School used up Lord Brougham's wig to fill up Holmes's Field with. And now Alcalá, in perfect preservation, is an empty shell, from which even its lobster has removed.

If any one cares, Complutum was the Roman city on the site of Alcalá. And we will remark, in passing, that there are those who think that the "Doctor of Alcantara" should have been the "Doctor of Alcalá," for "Alcantara" means "a bridge."

The old university building stands, in perfect condition, though it is now only a memory of the university.

The university, rival of Salamanca, was founded in 1498 by Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros. The front is beautifully ornamented with sculptures. A medallion in the principal court represents the Cardinal himself. He has a marshal's *bâton* in one hand and the crucifix in the other. At the end of one of the courts is the Paraninfo, or hall where the degrees were conferred. This hall has lately been restored.

The archiepiscopal palace of Alcalá is a vast

building of wonderful workmanship. The second court is especially remarkable. The gallery, the columns which support it, and the stairway, are all wonderfully decorated. The door under the stairway is really a wonder of decoration. This building has within the last few years been carefully restored. Its vast halls, of which the old panelled ceilings are in a perfect state of preservation, now serve as a place of deposit for the royal archives.

It is rather as a hint to other travellers that I say that the Magistrale Church is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. Here is the tomb of the Cardinal Cisneros, which was formerly in the chapel at the side of the university which he founded. This tomb, made of marble from Carrara, is the work of Dominico, the Florentine, and is one of the finest works of the kind to be seen in Spain. This church also possesses some tapestries and some pictures by Alonso del Arco, Juan de Sevilla, and Vincent Carducci.

But the real charm of a visit to Alcalá would be that one would see the framework of the pictures which Cervantes and Lope de Vega and the other playwrights and novelists construct, in which Spanish students play so large a part. The university of Madrid and that of Seville naturally take on the form of other European universities, but Alcalá and its courts and clois-

ters are all unchanged. The old mediæval wall, flanked with towers of defence, may still be seen.

They say that the printing of the pòlyglot Bible cost fifty-two thousand ducats. It was in six volumes, folio, and contained the Hebrew, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate of the Old Testament, with a Chaldaic paraphrase and the Greek and Latin of the New Testament.

From Alcalá, if I could, I would go half an hour further to Guadalajara.

This old city is worth a visit, were it only to see the palace of the Dukes of l'Infantado or of Osuna. This is a noble edifice, which has preserved almost entirely its original splendor. It was built in 1461. The outside appearance is singular. The decoration of the front is perhaps a little heavy, but it fails neither in character nor originality. The *patio*, which has a double gallery supported by two rows of columns, is covered with a wonderful number of lions, whose tails are flying all abroad, eagles with outspread wings, fanciful creatures with griffins' bodies, and designs of all sorts in relief. This decoration extends to the roof of the second gallery, and has a marvellous effect.

Inside the palace are large halls with panelled ceilings of the most curious work, which recall the Alhambra. The grand salon of Linajes, or

of the descendants of the Mendozas, is specially remarkable.

A vaulted wooden ceiling, formed in arches and gilded, gives the effect of stalactites. All around this hall was a frieze adorned with painted statues. These statues represent the ancestors of the family of the Duke of l'Infantado. This is a curiosity of decoration such as can be seen nowhere else.

On the side of the palace opening on the garden are also double galleries, supported by two rows of columns. There are simple arabesque designs wrought in the *azulejos*, or brilliant porcelain, of the Moors. These designs, though simple, are surprisingly effective. The upper gallery is ornamented with *faiences* from Talavera.

But one cannot stay even among cordial friends, even in a charming climate, even in a city of museums, forever. Some of us were to be in London early in July. So far had the general statement, that Spain was a land of fevers and all sickness, affected our plans at the beginning of the summer. Others were to be in Switzerland in the summer months. And, indeed, in any event, we could not remain in Spain forever. But we should have almost to do this, were we to carry out the objects into which we went; were we to learn what the Spanish galleries of

art were to teach us, and extort the secrets as to the history of America yet written in their archives.

So we hurried up the last purchases. For me, I bought only seventeen fans, for presents to friends who would like a Spanish fan. I wish I had bought seventy. I hardly dare tell the secret even to this silent page, that the day after my largest purchase the man who kept the fan-shop announced that he had received an admirable assortment from Switzerland and *North America!* Had I been buying fans which had been shipped from New York in the vessel I sailed in?

We looked wildly for the lost umbrellas. We went to the Zinns and Sages of Madrid for trunks large enough to carry away the plunder of a peninsula. (*Plunder* is used in the Kentuckian sense, to denote the private property of a traveller, honestly acquired.) I had a long and sacred interview with an express agent, to whom I intrusted these trunks. "No, they need not go by *grande vitesse*, they might go by any *vitesse* which would bring them to London in three weeks."

Memorandum to the unwary: Seven weeks from that day the trunks in question appeared in London. For Spain is the land of the *mañana;* that means, the to-morrow.

"Blessed, kind to-morrow,
He were a heathen not to worship thee."

Certainly they do worship him there.

And at last even the roll from the *calcografia* went into its trunk, and the copies from Velasquez into theirs, and the last recalcitrant fan and *Botelin de Documentos Ineditos* went into theirs, and sturdy men bore them downstairs. And we tumbled into bed, to sleep till early daybreak, when we were to leave dear Madrid, perhaps FOREVER.

CHAPTER XVII.

ZARAGOZA.

So we were up bright and early on the 22d of June! Madrid is on the parallel of 40° 25′, so that the 22d of June gives one an early chance to rise, even if he only rise with the sun.

As we drove to the station, I noticed that bricklayers and other builders were as early as we. At six o'clock they were climbing their ladders and building their walls, and had been at it, I think, since five o'clock. At twelve they would stop work for three hours. I should think that, in the hot days of midsummer, our workingmen at home would like to do the same thing. From five to eleven and from three to seven seem to me better working hours than from seven to six, dropping an hour for dinner, when you talk of June and August. I knew a schoolmaster once who let his boys come to him at four in the morning, so that school for the day was out at nine in summer. But this eccentric man went "to the bad." I wonder if they did.

We were bound through to Zaragoza (the same thing as the Saragossa of Lord Byron, my aged friend) by what is called a "mixed line." A mixed line is the slowest thing there is, the derivation being that freight and passengers are taken in the same train. The loyal reader who has a long enough memory to recall any words which this author may have dropped early in our united journey, will remember that it has been already explained, that if you want to travel fast in Spain you must go at night. Now we wanted, first of all, to see the country we went to see. We therefore went by day, though slowly. As to the heat of a midday ride, we must make the best of it. And I ought to say, writing nine months after, that I have no recollection of suffering from heat. It was nothing to the heat of days in which I have travelled here at home. As for the speed, we made three hundred and forty-one kilograms in thirteen hours and a quarter, including all stops. This is an average of about sixteen miles an hour.

On such a train as this at home the real inconvenience would probably be that you would have an indifferent car. But here you have the universal first-class carriage, of the English pattern. You almost persuade yourself that it is the private car in which you left Paris, which

has been in waiting for you at every station. But, in fact, the monogram of the special road is woven into the coach-lace of the upholstery.

The courtesies of Spanish travelling are very pretty. If a Spanish gentleman in the compartment open his travelling-basket to take his *almuerzo* or his *comida*, he passes it round to all the passengers, to invite them to share. You break off a bit of biscuit, or take a strip of ginger, to show that you appreciate the compliment. So with a paper of *bon-bons*. It would be thought a little greedy to open the paper and devour them in your own party, without offering them to all the strangers in the compartment.

Madrid itself is in the midst of a high plain, sandy and barren, and the public gardens and parks which make the few pleasure drives are maintained, I fancy, by a good deal of labor. The poor little river Manzanares is made to furnish water for the whole. Around the city, on almost every side, are gray, rocky hills, generally quite as bare as the tops of the White Mountains, and nearly half as high above the sea. It is two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. As I first entered Madrid, on a drizzly morning, from the north, I remembered so well Morton's repeated ejaculation, as in a pelting rain we rode to the top of Mount Washington, which he had never seen before: —

"When, therefore, ye shall see the abomination of desolation, let him that readeth understand."

"Abomination of desolation" is none too strong for these Castilian hills.

Through these hills the railroad winds its way, in a general northeast direction, till you have passed Alcalá and Guadalajara, of which I have already spoken. After these you soon begin on a down grade, to run, still northeast, by a somewhat winding route, and enter Aragon.

The Castilian peasantry have the reputation of laziness equal to their pride. As soon as you are in Aragon you see the result of faithful, hard work. I do not know. What I do not know is this: whether the Castilians are lazy because their country is barren, or whether their country is barren because the Castilians are lazy. One of Dr. Holmes's best stories, for which the diligent reader will perhaps search vainly, is of a fellow who sold hair-oil on the steps of the medical college in Paris, and displayed, as a test of its excellence, the most magnificent head of hair. "What I do not know," Dr. Holmes says, "is whether the man sold the hair-oil because he had that fine head of hair, or whether he had the fine head of hair because he used the hair-oil."

The passage from Castile to Aragon is from Isabella's kingdom to Ferdinand's. "From arid

Castile to fertile Aragon" is the guide-book slang. What this means seems to be, from Castile, where a set of stupid bigots lived, to Aragon, where a set of ingenious and industrious Moors had introduced irrigation, agriculture, and their consequences. This may be unjust in me. But we love our dear Moors, and could weep for Boabdil and his ejection. There is but one God, and Spain does not seem to have flourished much since she turned out a people who put this statement in the front rank of such knowledge as they had.

It was tantalizing to hurry by Alcalá and Guadalajara, and to have to satisfy ourselves with such sketches as we could make, while this and that part of our "mixed train" was shunted off, and we left, now in sight of a cathedral, now in the shelter and shade of a water-tank.

Some fifty miles northeast of Guadalajara you come to Siguenza, another place which has a picturesque look, tempting you to stay over. But we must content ourselves with Laurent's general view. Perhaps our learned and intelligent friend Mr. Richardson, close on our tracks, and knowing how to study the Romanesque in northern Spain, will bring home something from this quaint old Roman church. The guide-book speaks of two seminaries in Siguenza, whatever they may be.

No one had taken the trouble, when I studied geography, to tell me that there was any such place in the world as Calatayud. Or, perhaps, did I never study the geography of Spain?

Did it perhaps happen, in those dreamy days of the Latin School, when we were ordered down into the basement, once in four months, to "study English" under Mr. Benjamin or some other unfortunate, — did it perhaps happen that, in the determination by the class, as to where we left off four months before, we squarely omitted "Spain" among us? Is this possibly the reason why all Spain seems so much like the planet Mars to me?

If studying geography amounted to much, I ought to be most at home in Greenland and Labrador; for the custom of new teachers is to order a new book and bid the boys begin again. I can remember, therefore, beginning many, many times on North America, which, with true loyalty, stands at the beginning of all American geographies. More time, therefore, has been spent on my information as to Greenland and Labrador, so far as school-work went, than anybody chose to give to London or Paris.

As virtually nothing is known about either country, I have a right to say I know about all there is known. So much for the jargon of the geographical text-books.

Forgive this *excursus*, dear reader, and let us return to Calatayud.

At this point I send over to the Fellowes Athenæum for Poitou's journey through Spain. Perhaps he saw more of Calatayud than I did.

Alas! what a corrective is one traveller for another. He went by rail to Madrid from Zaragoza, just the reverse of our route. This Aragon, which we found so interesting, seemed to him just the reverse. "The road from Saragossa to Madrid is uninteresting, but the country is not without character." I should think not. All he saw of Calatayud was "its semi-oriental silhouette on the bluish background of its double mountains."

Then he came to Alhama,—and here its translator expatiates on Byron's ballad, "Wo is me, Alhama!"—and bids us read the details of the siege in Prescott. Let us hope that this reader has done so. But, alas! that Alhama is, as the bird flies, rather more than three hundred miles from this Alhama, and this reader of ours has already dilated with the right emotion regarding Byron's ballad. Alhama means "the baths," and there are a dozen Alhamas.

Such are the dangers, dear reader, of dilating with the wrong emotion, regarding which your faithful Mentor has warned you, before now. I remember a friend who, by misfortune, dilated

on Barbara Frietchie's window at Fredericksburg, when he should have dilated at Fredericks Town. Against such danger the Mentor and the intelligent reader will guard with care.

Very well. Nobody, I say, had taken the pains to tell me that there was any such place as the quaint Moorish town Calatayud. The Moorish quarter still exists in the defiles of the hills. The tower of San Andrés is bright with azulejos. A fine castle domineers over the rest.

If anybody cares, the name should be Calatayub, with a *b* at the end, which means the castle of Job, one Ayub or Job having built it. But this is not the Job of the boils, camels, wife, and friends. It is the nephew of Musa, if intelligent readers happen to remember him. This Job, being sent by Musa to build a frontier post here, built this "castle o' Job," around which grows this city. He built it from the stone of Bilbilis, where, as the reader may or may not remember, the poet Martial was born. It is from this place that Martial growls to Juvenal that he wishes he could live and die in Rome. "Bilbilis, proud of her gold and her iron, makes me a rustic here," — a rustic in a place where a toga was unknown.

The arms of the city are a Celtiberian, riding without stirrups and with a lance. The pride of Aragon begins to appear.

The Dominican convent has a fine three-story *patio*, in which some Moorish work may still be seen.

I think I could dream away a day or two at the Fonda del Issuro, even if there were no togas in Calatayud.

But perhaps the charm to us is that we stop as the sun begins to go down, and the shadows grow long. All nature is so much more lovely with long shadows!

And all the Spanish stations are so picturesque. Was it here, perhaps, that we tempted the children down with their fresh apricots from the orchard, when they were a little afraid to come lest the Fonda people might not be pleased? Remember, dear reader, that every child of them all is a picture, which, for mere oddity of costume, you would stand gazing at for five minutes if you found it at a loan exhibition of the Art Club.

The country is very picturesque. "Not without character," indeed. In thirteen miles after you pass toward Calatayud from Medinaceli (which has nothing to do with heaven), you go through twenty tunnels, so broken is the whole region. The Duke of Medinaceli, you know, is a very high nobleman, "rightful heir to the throne of Spain," as those say who know what are the rights in that business. Medinaceli

meant originally City of Selim, or Province of Selim, — Medina meaning a jurisdiction, or province, or city, if you are up in your Arabic, dear reader.

But Medinaceli was the other side of Calatayud, and we must not stop to talk; we must forge on to Zaragoza.

And we arrive, after another of these wonderful sunsets, just as the darkness creeps on. The gentry of the town are still driving round and round the public park.

Aragon was the kingdom of Ferdinand. His marriage with Isabella united it to Castile. It was a set of thoroughly independent people, and the local independence still subsists. When a king visits them, they make a point of showing, somehow, that they do not forget their old privileges. It is here that belongs the famous old formula of coronation, so often cited: —

"We, every one of whom is as good as you, and who all together are much better than you, swear to obey you as our king so long as you respect our rights and privileges. If not, NO."

This superb oath was submitted to by the Spanish kings, when they came into Aragon, until the middle of the seventeenth century. The traces of that feeling are to be seen everywhere in Aragon to this hour.

Aragon consists of three provinces, Huesca, Zaragoza, and Teruel. The kingdom is divided by the Ebro into equal parts, and consists of the southern slope of the Pyrenees and the northern slope of the Idabeda Mountains. There is talk of a direct line from Madrid to Paris, over a route just now opened to the diligence.

Ours was the first party which went from Madrid to Paris on this completed diligence road. Whenever the railroad shall be pushed through, Zaragoza, now a thriving town of say 70,000 people, will be a place of even more importance.

We went at once to an inn which, with some pretence at Italian customs, was virtually Spanish, and here we spent thirty hours or more very pleasantly. For certain annoyances, in the absence of arrangements which the nineteenth century has invented, one must make up his mind once for all in Spain; but as for the eternities of neatness, *obligingness*, deference, and a knowledge of his place by every man concerned in the inn, and of her place by every woman, I found these central necessities in every *fonda* I visited. For my part, I prefer to try the distinctively Spanish inns, and not those which are called English, French, or Italian.

Every inch of Zaragoza is curious. I remember a walk among good-natured people, selling their fruits and vegetables in the market-place,

as being quite as interesting to me as any Madonna of the Pillar. Here was I, with three ladies, of all four of whom the costume was almost as remarkable to the Zaragozans as that of four Chippewa Indians would be in the market of Detroit. And these nice people were not obtrusive in their curiosity, were good-natured to our execrable Spanish, and at every point, without knowing it, showed us curiosities which we had never seen before. Why, I went into a twine-shop, and bought some red packthread, of which I have some to-day. (Thanks to a high protective tariff, it was the cheapest packthread and the best I ever saw.) The shop, if it were in Tremont Street, would be visited as a curiosity; or, if I could put it into the Old South Church, the fee for admission to see it would make up the annual income needed by the custodians of that monument.

The four regulation lions of Zaragoza are, however, not twine-shops nor market-places, but the cathedral, the church of El Pilar, the leaning tower, and the bridge and fortifications.

Does the intelligent reader perhaps remember the puppet-show at which Don Quixote assisted, in which the famous Don Gayferos came to the assistance of the Princess Melisendra?

Well, the Princess Melisendra was imprisoned in a tower in Zaragoza, of which the other name

was Sansuenna. Zaragoza, if anybody cares, is a modern corruption from Cæsarea-Augusta. If the reader remembers, the Princess lowered herself down from the tower and caught on the balcony by her brocade dress. Don Gayferos found her hanging, and, regardless of the injury to the brocade, the book says, he pulled her down from the iron rail, put her astride on the crupper of his saddle, and took her in triumph to Paris, across the mountains. By that very route to Paris you are to accompany us, gentle reader, and I will not swear that the tower in which she was imprisoned was not the veritable leaning tower of Zaragoza of to-day. Let us rather say this stands on the place of that, as this is called the new tower, and was, in fact, built in 1504. Melisendra, on her part, was the daughter of Charlemagne, so far as she had any real existence.

The guide-books say that the foundation of the tower settled on one side, and that the leaning is, therefore, accidental. I do not believe this. I think it was built to lean. The artists of our party wanted to go up, and I accompanied them to the place, meaning to sit at the bottom. But the *ascensus* proved so *facilis* that I went on and on, till we were at the top. It is about as high as Bunker Hill Monument.

It was very curious to look straight down the

sloping side, and see the tops of dogs and men and horses. A few years ago the architects got frightened about it; so they built a new wall about the bottom, where it would not show outside, and shaved off the projections which once were at the top. But I do not think this made much difference. Anyway, our two hundred kilograms, more or less, of weight did not make it tremble.

There are practically two cathedrals in Zaragoza, for this reason: — there is the cathedral of La Seo, which means the cathedral of the See, a fine and ancient building, in which Ferdinand the Catholic was baptized in 1456. Parts of the building are very much older. This cathedral would answer every purpose. But very early in the history of the religion the Virgin Mary descended visibly upon a certain pillar, still extant, and gave word that the place was under her direction. She did her worship here for some time daily. Naturally, a church built itself around this pillar, and it became a place of devotion, even pilgrimage, of special interest. At some time in the sixteenth century, I believe, some royal person — but I think I never knew who — took interest enough to pull down the old church, which was, perhaps, burned, and build a bigger in its place, and to give word that this also should be a cathedral.

So you have a chance to see how badly the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did this sort of thing, in comparison with the admirable success of the earlier centuries, when they had the same thing to do. The pillar itself is the central point of an altar, in a beautiful chapel of its own. It is of reddish marble, and has a sort of extinguisher over it, made of I know not what. A priest was at his devotions before it and some fifty of the people, while in the larger *coro* hard by the choir of priests, and I suppose the bishop, were carrying on High Mass. For the first time in Spain I heard here at Mass a single boy's clear soprano voice in some part of the service. We could see from where we were none of those in the *coro*. But this clear treble, alternating with the heavy bass of the chorus, had a musical effect very interesting, and I need not say that I did my best to translate it into devotion.

Something similar was going on in the other cathedral, which is truly noble; and here in Zaragoza there are a considerable number of people who pass in and out to their daily prayers in these churches. You do not have that grewsome feeling that these are only a set of drummers at work, keeping up the daily drumbeat round the world, so that some one may be able to say that there is a continuous

drumbeat. You really feel that somebody here takes some vital interest in the service.

I saw no monument of the Maid of Zaragoza or of Palafox, who conducted the defence with so much spirit against the French in 1808.

But the old wall still exists on the river-side, and marks of the attack and defence are everywhere shown.

I shall remember Zaragoza for a sort of wide-awake freshness, which would seem to show that the wind of the Pyrenees often blows through the street. The wide-awake independence of what was virtually a republic still lives in these people, who seem energetic and prosperous.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NORTHWARD.

AND how does this reader know that he has not been lured thus far to his ruin? Has he not, indeed, arrived at Zaragoza, with no sure prospect that he will ever leave that city? Are not these guides of his, four wild madcaps, led by a tall round-shouldered man, with a civil tongue in his head, who speaks very bad Spanish, and who knows of no route by which the reader shall come home? For, of course, no one in his senses ever returns by the route by which he went.

To confess the whole truth to this loyal reader, all this excursion to Zaragoza was based on a *perhaps*.

It might be that there was some road across the Pyrenees by which the party of four, and the reader faithfully following, could come to Pau, without going round by Marseilles, and without returning by Biarritz, by which route, as the reader may possibly remember, we all entered Spain.

With regard to this possible route across the Pyrenees the authorities were few, inconsistent, and not recent.

First, and best authenticated, was that celebrated march of Charlemagne in the year 779, or thereabouts, when his rear guard was cut off at Roncesvalles, and Roland killed, as the reader may remember.

Second, not quite so well authenticated, was this flight of the Princess Melisendra on the crupper of Don Gayferos's saddle, as seen by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the puppet-show.

With regard to both of these expeditions, it was to be observed that they were made in the saddle, and there was no evidence that the travellers had each a trunk or trunk-mail, weighing just up to the regulations of the Spanish luggage-vans, which also must cross the Pyrenees.

Whether the passage of one thousand one hundred and three years had expanded the road across the Pyrenees so far that one could go in any sort of jumble-cart with these trunks on board? This was question No. 1.

Or whether, outside of ballads, Charlemagne and Melisendra did not carry boxes of plunder as big as these regulation trunks, and whether such trunks could not be attached to the backs of mules, in like wise, in 1882? This was question No. 2.

But why did they not look in Murray or O'Shea? says the captious reader, with his feet on a leg-rest, removing his cigar from his mouth that he may interrupt.

Idiot! Of course they did. And of course, be it said with reverence, both the guide-books failed them. Vague intimations there were that "this route must be made on horseback;" "the route hence must be *ridden*," which means the same thing. But who should say whether thirty-five miles of such riding were to be practicable for women, or whether the trunks would or would not drop off behind, as the mules clambered vertically.

For myself, I went to the Madrid office of the Panticosa baths. Now the Panticosa baths are a sort of miniature Saratoga, up in the Pyrenees, advertised as widely as Spain knows how.

"Did the señor (at the office) know whether the routes to and from Panticosa were practicable to wheel carriages?"

The señor knew nothing about it, and wondered that any other señor cared. But as the señor *extranjero* did care, he would certainly learn at the bureau of the railway which led to Huesca. To this bureau the foreign señor hied; and he asked the same question: "Did the señor," &c.

It could not be that there were any wheel car-

riages. It was probably impossible. Still there were certainly diligences which went somewhere from Huesca. But what was most certain was that it could make no possible difference to anybody whether there were any or whether there were not. Why should the foreign señor disturb himself on such a merely abstract question?

Indeed, were we not all in Madrid; and why should we not stay there?

It was at this juncture that the foreign señor, who is this writer, finding himself on the tail of a street rail-car in Madrid with an English gentleman whom he never saw before and never has seen since, asked him if he supposed there was a practicable road for wheels between Jaca in the mountains and the French valleys north of them. The Englishman thought there must be. "There was none when I was there," he said; "but that was in the Carlist war, when I was an officer there. They must have pushed something through since then."

I said I had three ladies with me, and four trunks.

"If I were you," said the cordial Englishman, to whom at this distance of time I present my thanks again, "I should go."

And we went. Let me say, in advance, that the plan was not developed by my prudence, but

by the ingenuity and audacity of my companions. And, as the reader sees, but for this plan, however it turns out, none of us would have seen Zaragoza, this wide-awake, lively Worcester-sort of a place, which runs back to Augustus Cæsar, and yet is quite up to any of the ingenuities or enterprises of to-day.

Be it observed, however, that in leaving Zaragoza, on the morning of St. John's Day, we knew no more whether there were a practicable route across the Pyrenees than we knew when we left Boston. And I think no one in Zaragoza was any wiser than we.

St. John's Day was probably once the longest day in the year. If anybody ask you why it is not now, say, "Precession of the equinoxes," and that will shut him up. That is an excellent spell when there is any question about the calendar. If he gasp out any other inquiry, say, "Council of Nice," and he will succumb.

Because it is the longest day in the year, or was, various rites more or less Ethnic — or, with a Cockney aspirate, Heathen-ic — still hang around St. John's Day. One of these rites, I know not what, required several score of the old women of Zaragoza to sit all night on the curb-stones of the sidewalks, in front of our hotel, looking upon the public park. When I went to bed they were there, when I woke in the

night I heard them chattering there, and when the sun rose in the morning they were there.

Let me hope they had vervain.

Why they were there I do not know, but that it was the eve of St. John's Day.

And for us, we took the train toward Barcelona, to which, alas! we could not go. At a junction not many miles out of town we left this train and confided ourselves to the hotter and slower mercies of a mixed train, which was to take us to Huesca.

Is it not curious, dear reader, that I should feel so sorry for you, that you do not know where Huesca is, that you do not even care, and that you never heard of it before? I cannot say I am ashamed for you. No, I certainly am not. There is nothing disgraceful in ignorance of Huesca. But now it seems to me, of course, that people should be well acquainted with Huesca. I am like the middy who used to say, "You have been at Port-au-Prince, I suppose?" because it was the only place he had touched at in his only cruise. How strange it is that, on the 1st of April, 1882, I who write these lines was in that gross ignorance of utter darkness about Huesca, and was not ashamed, more than if I had been in Paradise.

"Don't you know daddy?" said the schoolboy; "why, it is as easy as nothing to know daddy."

Huesca, my dear and ignorant friend, — more dear to me because of my own ignorance and yours, — was once, it seems, the capital of a kingdom, if in those days the word "king" existed, or anything corresponding to it. As long ago as Sertorius, whom you may remember in Viri Romæ, — that is to say, seventy-five years before the Christian era, — that same Sertorius had an establishment here, where he kept noble youths, and educated them, they being, in fact, hostages for their fathers' good behavior. In memory of this boarding-school of his, the university at this hour is called the University Sertorio.

As in other countries, the literary atmosphere of the university does not percolate through the windows of the hotel. I am quite sure that the only book in that hotel was a translation into Spanish of the letters of Napoleon the First, which letters I read, through my *siesta* hours, not for the first time. Excellent reading they are. There was also a Spanish pamphlet, perhaps on sewing-machines, which some drummer had left. And so clear was it to all parties that no such thing belonged there, that, when we left, at the last moment, a maid rushed downstairs, stopped the diligence, and passed the tract into the hands of one of the ladies. For all that, it was a decent hotel, and we fared well

there during the heated term of mid-day. It was the hottest day I spent in Spain.

Strange to say, no one knew about crossing into France. We could go to Jaca; we could go to Panticosa, — to either place by diligence. Beyond, the mountain wall was like the mountain wall of a fairy tale. Had any one ever crossed? *Quien sabe?* Or how did they cross? *Quien sabe?* This is certain, that, if they did cross, they never returned. Why should the señor and the señoras inquire? Why should they care?

Well, they did not care much. But, anyway, they could, would, and did go as far as Jaca.

"But, surely, dear Mr. Hale, you are not going to make us start without telling us something about Huesca?"

Not much. What good? If I told you about the alabaster retablo, would you remember it three days? It is not as if you saw it with your eyes. How queer it is that my afternoon walk in Huesca should bring up the memories of a drive in Ipswich, in Essex County. Few places can be less alike! I will compromise with you, loyal reader, I will tell you a little story about Huesca. And then, just before sunset, we will climb to the *coupé* of the diligence, and will all be gone.

DON RAMIRO, THE MONK-KING.

"Please do not go, papa," said the pretty Inez. "You promised me that we might have the birds out to-day. And I have kept this a secret, papa, but I will tell you now. Every day for a week I have started a flight of herons, when I forded the brook by Sancho's. I have saved them for you, papa."

Her father kissed the pretty girl. "You know how glad I should be to take out the hawks, and how glad I always am to ride with my pet. But we must put it off again. The old fool has summoned us to council. And it is so long since he has done us this honor, that we must go. He does not ask us to council when he wants to tax our cattle; but now that he is going to cast a bell, his faithful lords are summoned. Good-by, sweetheart." And he kissed her, and jumped into his saddle.

"But, papa, you are not armed!"

"Armed! I should think not, for a five-mile ride. Why, darling, I shall be back before sunset."

"But, papa," said the girl in tears, drawing her last arrow, "I had such a bad dream last night."

"I will kiss it away," said the laughing horse-

man; and he bent and kissed the girl, and with his attendants rode off to the city.

As he entered the council-hall an hour after, a Celtiberian giant, hid behind the door, swung his heavy double-handed sword with a skilful curve through the air, and the head of the Count Manresa fell upon the marble.

"Is not this a sudden call?" said the Marchioness of Barbastro to her husband, the same morning, as he pulled to pieces the fowl before him, while his horse neighed at the door.

"Sudden? Yes — or no. It is sudden now, because we are called at daybreak to be at the palace at noon. But he should have summoned his council two years ago. So he has been long waiting."

"I wish I were not so nervous," said the Marchioness. "If you went to court oftener I should be more used to it. You have no gorget."

"No, the thing scratched me, and I took it off. This is only a bit of ceremony, — something about the cathedral. I wish you would tell Juan to take all the lining out from that Lerida gorget and put in something clean and soft. Good-by. You need not sit up for me."

So the Marquis joined the Count of Lerida, and they rode to Huesca, saying ugly things about their monk-king, but glad that even cere-

mony brought together the council again. Their attendants chaffed each other and chattered, as a staff will.

Arrived at the palace, they found Manresa's attendants in waiting. Excepting him, they were first.

Together they entered the *patio*. Lerida was in full armor, and he was detained a moment by a question from the chamberlain. Barbastro passed on into the council-chamber; the Celtiberian swung his sword again, and another head fell on the floor.

For Lerida, a stout son of the soil tripped him from behind. The instant he was on the ground a heavy axe fell, and his head was thrown into the council-room.

Three gallant Knights ride down the Road,
They use nor Spur nor Rein;
In Laugh and Jest they little bode
That, on this Way their Steeds have trod,
They turn not back again.

They laugh and chat along the Way,
These noble Lords of Spain;
No haste to go, no care to stay,
A dusty Road, a sunny Way,
And little heed the Three that they
Will ne'er go back again.

"Groom, take this Horse; Boy, feed him well,"—
Ah me! a Caution vain!
Yet not one warning Voice to tell

How ends this Council of the Bell,
How each man falls beneath the Spell,
And goes not back again!

A flashing Axe, a headsman's Sword,
Three falling Trunks, and then,
With never Prayer or shriving Word,
Lies stark in Death each laughing Lord,
And none goes back again.

And so you may go on, gentle reader, according to your skill in telling short stories, if by any good luck this be your profession. The time is the year 1136. The King of Huesca is the monk-king, as he was called, Ramiro. He has conceived a dislike for the nobles of his kingdom, and he has summoned sixteen of them to a council, that they may determine how to make a bell of which the sound may be heard through Aragon. By the ingenious device of grouping the noblemen, which you have followed in my three little stories, I have told you what befell the first six who appeared at the council.

But I had rather not tell, in equal detail, the fate of the next nine. You can do that for yourself, according to your own method. Only, when they arrive at the palace, the head of each man must be cut off, and you must so manage this that the reader shall be quite surprised. Indeed, it should not be done twice in the same way, if you can help it.

You might have one party of four and one of five. Or you might have the first party five, and the second four. Or some writers would have three parties of three each; in that case I should have one approach by the road from Monte-Aragon, and another from the Ermita de San Miguel, and another from the distant Tardienta. I would have these late; and I would have Tardienta named from that lateness of theirs.

I would have a ferryman caution the first party that there will be a storm before long, and that they had better go back without crossing. Then Don Baltazar can curse him by his gods, and Don Melchior can bid him stick to his last, and Don Clement can slip an angel into his hand. And he can put a hole through this angel, and his daughter's daughter's daughter can wear it to this day. Perhaps the second party can see a flight of ravens, if you can manage their croakings so as to be quite different from the ferryman's. And the third party can be hindered all along the road; but the Marquis of Tardienta shall cry that Satan himself is not strong enough to stop him nor cunning enough.

Settle these details as you will; but have all the fifteen heads cut off before noon of that bloody day. Now I will finish the story.

"Drag away the carrion," said the bad abbot Frotardo, who had committed all this wickedness. And the brutes dragged away the still bodies to a field behind the castle. And they brought forth sawdust and scattered it on the stones of the *patio*. And the bad abbot sent out oats for the horses, and water and cups of wine and loaves of bread for the squires and grooms who were sitting in the shade of the palace in front. And he sent them word that the council would be long, and that their masters would eat their *comida* together.

But the bad abbot said to the monk-king, "Has the devil taken Tizon before his time? Why does not he come?"

Ah me! there was no hope for Tizon. He was late because his groom was late and his squire was late, and when he came to the ferry the ferryman was on the other side; for, as you have been told, he had crossed over with Don Clement and Don Melchior and Don Baltazar. Then Tizon had tried a short cut through the meadow, and his horse had been stalled, and his squire had scarcely dragged him out again; and they had been fain to return to the travelled road again. But at last they had arrived at the palace.

And, lo! the grooms were feasting in the shade and drinking from the wine-skins. And the

horses had their bits slipped from their mouths, and were eating the oats from nose-bags.

"The council still sits, my Lord," said Sebastian, whom Tizon knew well. He was the squire of Cervera, his nearest neighbor.

"So much the better for me if they are discussing such matters as their squires have in hand," said the nobleman, laughing.

"Pshaw, I am stiff with riding. To say truth, I am not in the habit of coming to councils." And with this jest he pushed aside the curtain, and stepped forward alone to the *patio.*

The King himself, in a robe of ceremony, met him.

"Welcome, my Lord," said the false monarch. "You are late, but welcome."

Don Pedro hated the King; but he loved ceremony, and was easily flattered. "Your Majesty does me too much honor."

"Diego, Jeronimo, take off my cousin's armor. Your Grace will not relish our simple fare if you are stiff with iron. Or would you wish for water?"

But Monteagudo — that was his barony — declined, and followed the King into the council-chamber. The King pointed to the ceiling, where in a horrid circle were arranged the fifteen bloody heads which had first fallen.

"This is the bell which we have been found-

ing, my Lord," said the King, "and your head shall hang in the centre. With such a bell and such a tongue I think all Aragon will hear."

From that day to this, this vault has been called "The Bell," and the traveller may see it to-day.

No, dear reader, I would not have told that horrid story in this jesting way had I believed one word of it.

The room is there; and it is called "The Bell." That is quite foundation enough for a Spanish legend, if you have only eight hundred and fifty years to spin it out.

If you ask me, I think the name of the vault has given rise to the story. And I do not think that the story has given rise to the name of the vault.

But if you ask me again why the vault was called "La Campaña," or "The Bell," there you are too much for me. *Quien sabe?*

CHAPTER XIX.

JACA.

And you must not stay here chattering on the public square. Here are all the diligences ready, and half Huesca is here to see us start. The nice girl, as above, runs down with the sewing-machine book, if indeed it were not a Pathfinder guide. The host and the hostess wish us a pleasant journey, and we wish them happy lives. Another of those charming diligence rides begins, such as I have tried to describe before. Yes, it is the very road which Melisendra trotted over, fearing the Moors behind; but now it is a perfect highway. In Huesca all the people come out in admiration to witness our departure, and well they may. The eight mules run like fury, though the course is all uphill. Then comes such a sunset as no man ever described, or will; and then, in the northeast, the moon, not full, but large enough for us. Why will no one tell us what are those wonderful lines in Schiller's Robbers, how the moon rises when the sun goes down?

"Because we are in Spain. You must not quote Schiller's Robbers in Spain."

Might you quote Don Carlos?

"Perhaps"— "Why not"— "Are you going to sleep?" "Asleep in this moonlight — moonlight — moonlight."

Somebody is asleep. They have all stopped chattering. I believe they are all asleep.

They certainly are.

Whether we sleep or wake, the eight mules forge on and the soft moon shines. And at last the morning. The "mist of dawning gray" begins to "dapple into day," and you know that the miracle of life is to be renewed. The road passes along by a strange battlemented wall, — yes, Charlemagne passed that same wall, and other princes near a thousand years before him. Marcus Porcius Cato, your old friend of the Latin Reader and of Viri Romæ, built it some two hundred years before the Christian era.

A few guards at the gate of the little city, to ask the proper questions about luggage, and then down the ladder we all climbed, with our wealth of hand-bags and of umbrellas and paint-boxes and drawing-blocks, and began to intercede with the Fonda people of Jaca for lodgings.

Perfectly civil were these people, but perfectly inflexible. Lodgings! The thing was out of

the question. Lodgings for four? Utterly out of the question it would be, were there but one in the party.

This was satisfactory for four tired and hungry people, three or four thousand miles from their base, and very sleepy, in the gray of a Sunday morning.

Was there perhaps any other Fonda?

"Another Fonda?" Clearly it was a miracle that there was one.

"But evidently," said this writer, in that indifferent dialect which has been before alluded to, "in a town as large as this there must be some comfortable lodgings for ladies who are tired. What matter if there be no other Fonda?"

"What matter, indeed?" A brisk little man in a blue blouse, whom I shall long remember, had, in an instant, my carpet-bag, umbrella, shawls, great-coat, and rug, and I dare not say how many painting-blocks and travellers' easels, in his arms, and said that, if we would only go with him a few steps, the matter would be perfectly easy.

So we went, in the dead still of the narrow streets, perhaps a quarter of a mile!

How grewsome it all seemed! Never a crowing cock was stirring.

When we arrived at the friend's whose house

he selected, with the greatest difficulty some one was waked. Blue-blouse disappears, we all standing in the narrow street. After five minutes blue-blouse returns, dejected. No lodgings!

But there is another house where they will certainly receive the señor and the señoras.

Here a second act, — same scenery and same drop-scene. Similar *dénouement.* But there was yet another house known to blue-blouse, and we should certainly succeed there.

While blue-blouse goes in a third time, and wakes and pleads, and while we wait, the stillness of the dawn is broken by a fife, and then by singing. In a moment more, five grave young men, dressed in white from head to foot, but with their clothes trimmed with black braid and other ornaments, came solemnly dancing, now backwards now forwards, swinging their castanets high above their heads, and keeping careful measure with the tune.

As we saw afterwards, this was a religious ceremony.

Blue-blouse reappears. He has wholly failed again. The excellent friends will not receive the travellers. At which this writer waxes indignant, and beats a retreat to the diligence, which, fortunately, has not gone.

"What, ho there! put these trunks on again.

If there is no room for travellers in Jaca, we will go on to Panticosa."

Now we did not want to go to Panticosa. Indeed, that was exactly what we had determined not to do. A vile, stuck-up watering-place, half French, half Spanish, for diseased people. This was our imagined picture of it. Was that what we had compassed sea and land to see, we who had no diseases? And we, who had so cleverly managed it that our diligence ride should be *only* eight hours, were we now to have six more rudely glued upon the end of the nine into which the eight were lengthened? It was sad to think of! But, on the other hand, we could not sit on the stones at Jaca as if we had all been Murillo's beggars.

Thus was it, that, in accents of fine rage, the chief said, "We will go to Panticosa."

At this moment another blue-blouse stepped forward. I remember him, and shall, as if he were the angel Uriel.

"They shall not go to Panticosa. They shall stay here, if they stay in my mother's house." This to the populace. Then to the porters, "Leave those trunks where they are." Then to me: "Señor, you will observe that every one is very much engaged. This must be so, for all the passengers ask for their chocolate, and they must have it, as you see. But immediately the

diligences will be away again, and the passengers. Do you and the ladies wait confidently. I assure you that some rooms shall be found for you, even if you stay at my own mother's."

Was not that hospitality? Of course we did as we were bidden. We joined the chocolate party. We even saw them take their places on the diligence complacently and retire. At once the forces of Jaca were directed to the accommodation of the four wayfarers; and before forty-eight hours were over, I think we had all voted Jaca to be the most hospitable place in the world.

Gradually that appeared to our crass hebetude of northern dulness, which every one had supposed that we knew before; viz., that this was the feast-day of Santa Osoria, and that half the province was already assembled in little Jaca, to assist in the grand ceremonies of the celebration. These young men whom we had seen dancing with castanets were to precede the silver casket which contains the relics of the saint. Jaca was crowded to its last corridor with friends and neighbors, visitors who had come to the festival. And upon that crowd we four innocents had sauntered in, and had asked for lodgings as if it were any common day.

So soon as we came to our bearings, all things seemed simple, cordial, and easy.

Curious it is, I have no recollection that blue-blouse No. 1 ever accosted me again, or that I ever heard of him again. In England certainly, and in America if he had been an Irishman, he would not have left me till he had secured a quarter-dollar for his good intentions. But though I should gladly have paid him in Jaca, I do not think that it occurred to him as a part of the transaction. Certainly blue-blouse No. 2, that brisk little man of affairs, never received any fee, and would not have permitted me to offer it. We were among self-respecting people, who, as we had come to Jaca, wanted us to think well of Jaca. Before I had done with Jaca, I surmised that its inhabitants did not think their home any less central than the inhabitants of the Hub of the Universe think theirs.

Long sweet naps, a nice *almuerzo*, and the courteous Gregorio Mur, keeper of the Fonda, gives us notice that the religious service at the church is nearly over, and that the procession will soon move. If we would like to see it, a place will be ready for us on a balcony, where we can see it well. Accordingly he leads us through the dense crowd to the very best place in the city, where the residents most kindly place our party, in the very best seats, at the best balcony to witness the whole pageant. Gre-

gorio Mur, be it observed, our kindly host and guide, reminds you in his aspect of Robert Collyer.

We are directly opposite the quaint old cathedral; the very oldest, I suppose, that we have seen. It was founded by Ramiro in 814, and is called by our dear Santa Osoria's name. The cathedral of three thousand people, capital of a province of perhaps thirty thousand, is not large. But this is very solemn, of grave, Romanesque architecture, and you walk through it with the satisfaction of feeling that it meets the wants and wishes to-day of the people who are here to-day.

Already the chiefs of villages, bearing the banners of their churches, were filing out from the church, and taking their places in the little square; for each church in the diocese is represented here, perhaps forty in all. Perhaps some priest is present. Perhaps they have sent down a silver ark, which contains some sacred relic. Certainly there are two or four or more stalwart men, chosen from among the better farmers, or men of most mark in each village, and honored with the charge of the standard of the church. This standard is a handsome banner of silk, red, white, green, orange, or blue, embroidered with gold, and borne on a tall stout staff, at least twelve feet high. It is no

sinecure, the bearing such a standard. The bearers wear a uniform, which, seeing it there, you call a white surplice. If you saw it in Faneuil Hall market, you would call it a butcher's frock. They are well aware of the dignity of their office, but stand talking and laughing while they wait for the bishop and other officials to appear. As I understood it, each banner was separately blessed within the cathedral, where, before this, a discourse had been pronounced commemorative of Santa Osoria. So they did not throng out tumultuously, but came out village by village. At last, all was over in the cathedral, and a large military band, with the garrison in full uniform, moved as the escort to the ecclesiastical procession. The banner-bearers took up the line of march, and the people thronged along by their sides.

June the 25th, time high noon, latitude about 43°. Readers in this neighborhood may imagine how nearly vertical was the sun, and how little shade the houses, not high, gave, when the streets ran nearly north or south. It was pretty, therefore, once and again, when a trunk of relics was borne along, supported by two stout staves on the shoulders of four stout men, to see how little children from the throng were permitted to walk in the sacred shade below. Indeed, there was, all along, a grateful recogni-

tion of the family relation, and wives and daughters joined the standard-bearers, and walked in the procession as well as they.

At last came the great centre of attraction. Reverently, and with dignity, our dancing friends of the morning appeared, with their own musicians. And as David danced before the ark, when it was brought up in triumph from Philistia, so these five young Aragonese danced in triumph before the ark of Santa Osoria. Generally they danced backward, by way of showing more honor to the saint. Their castanets beat time, and the brave fellows never seemed to flag in the hot hours of that long ceremonial. The ark itself was, I think, the largest and most elegant of all the arks. Eight men, I believe, bore it — four before, four behind — on two staves which ran through silver rings on the sides. It was of silver, of the shape of a very old-fashioned leather travelling-trunk.

Santa Osoria, R. V. Y. M., was a Christian lady, a nun, I think, who fell into the hands of the Moors, and was beheaded by them, I believe; but not until she had done many and great kindnesses to the poor people of these valleys, who still hold her memory sacred. R. V. Y. M., as you may have guessed, means *Real Virgen y Martir.*

Around the casket of the saint the crowd was

denser than ever. Whoever could come near enough threw a scarf or handkerchief upon the silver, for a blessing. We had seen this done when the other arks had passed; but this was the most sacred of all.

The bishop and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, in full costume, and the political governor with his military staff, in full uniform, made part of the gay and brilliant procession. At different places in it there were three large and good military bands.

So we saw it form and file off from the *plaza*, and when all had gone by, it was suggested that we should cross to another point and see it again on its return. Here we were again made welcome at the convenient rooms of the club. For Jaca, though a city of only three thousand people, maintains its club, which maintains its reading-room. Here again, as foreigners, we had the best place given us at the best window, and again saw the pretty procession, and what every one considered the most interesting feature, the solemn dance, as it passed by.

From the club we crossed to the open space, which on another occasion would be the ground for a bull-fight, and here again were made welcome in the best balcony at the best point of view for the close of the ceremony.

Directly in front of us, overlooking the great

square, was a lofty staging or platform, covered with a canopy or awning, and beautifully decorated. There were already assembled the bishop and a few of the principal clergy, still in their rich robes of ceremony. To the front of this open platform was brought the precious casket which contained the relics of Santa Osoria. The procession arranged itself in groups around the square, and the dancing troop repeated, for the last time, their sacred performance before the casket. The people still pressed up, eager to have their scarfs and handkerchiefs consecrated. The standard-bearers would drop the long poles of their banners and hold them low for a moment, so that the people might fix their handkerchiefs to them, and then they would lift up the staff so as to touch the casket, and, after the consecration, would restore the prizes to their owners. Meanwhile active priests, on the right and left hand of the casket, lowered little buckets with cords, and drew them up filled with handkerchiefs and scarfs, touched these to the caskets, and sent them down again.

But all this ceased for the moment, when, after all the groups were in place, the bishop advanced to the casket and opened it. An officiating priest lifted out one of the elegant covers which protected the relics, a beautifully embroidered cloth of velvet or satin. This was displayed,

and laid on one side. Then another and another were displayed, until thirty or forty of these beautiful coverings had been taken out and hung, one after another, upon the rail. Then came a moment of hushed silence; every one in the great assembly fell on his knees and crossed himself, and the relic of the saint was lifted up and exhibited. What it was I do not know; it was far too small to be discerned from the place where we were.

At once there was a new rush forward with articles to be consecrated. I saw an enterprising priest who touched to the relics two large bunches of printed sheets, which were, I suppose, lives of the saint, and were intended for circulation. When this was all done, a new silken covering was laid upon the relics, the others were placed in the casket again, and it was closed for another year. The procession took up its march on its return, and the solemnity was over.

It was most interesting that through the whole day there was not one sign of discontent, dissatisfaction, or faithlessness. No one laughed at the tossing of handkerchiefs, no one said an unkind word, or showed any impatience. These were a perfect two hours from the age of faith.

We retired to a lunch and a *siesta*. As the afternoon closed, we walked out again. In the

shady space on the side of the cathedral young men and women were waltzing, or dancing some sort of saraband, to the music of a modest little band. The streets and squares were alive with a spontaneous fair which had organized itself on the sidewalk. As the day passed away, we could see groups of peasants gathering, with the standard-poles fastened to their mules, and the women and children clustering together in their pretty costumes, to walk or to ride home. The holiday was over.

We all agreed to make an early start the next morning, that the artists might work while the shadows were long and the air cool. We went out from the quaint old archway, where the sentinels now knew us to be peaceful townspeople, and a pretty sight it was to see the people straggling off for their day's work. The harvest of wheat in the fields round the barn was nearly ready to be cut. The picturesqueness of the quaint old town, built for its three thousand people, walled in by a wall, almost circular, — oh, so exactly like Jericho or Ai on the old picture-map of Palestine, — is something hard to describe to an American who has not travelled. Outside the walls the green, fresh country comes up, as the ocean comes to the sides of a ship; and the town and the country mix as little as do the ship and the ocean. Close to the walls on the

outside is a promenade, and the walk round takes perhaps fifty minutes. Three or four gates give ingress and egress, and apparently at only one of these was the form of a sentry maintained. But perhaps when I passed he was hidden.

There is a fort and garrison just outside, where Spain maintains a small force, to watch this road to France.

In this quaint old city of Jaca we were already high in the Pyrenees. South of us, flanking the very road by which we had come, was the bold and beautiful mountain of Oruel, around which cluster all sorts of legends and ballads. Northward the range of the Pyrenees, with tempting gorges, piercing it here and there, makes a magnificent horizon. Around you is what appears to be a rich valley; certainly it is productive under this diligent Aragonese agriculture.

Jaca boasts the establishment of the first Parliament in the world. To make good this claim, you must of course say that a Roman Senate was not a Parliament, and that a Saxon Witenagemote was not one. These people boast that the oldest Spanish *fuero* was theirs. A *fuero* is a bill of rights; a sort of Magna Charta was this *fuero*. I think the original parchment was preserved until the French invasion of 1809. The

French destroyed it, as they did thousands of other monuments of Spanish pride and history.

This is hardly the place to enter into any statement of what these *fueros* were. For practical purposes it is enough to say that in the history of Aragon they played a part not dissimilar from that of the charters of the Dutch cities and provinces in the earlier history of Holland. So important were the *fueros* and similar constitutional provisions in different parts of Spain, that the Spanish monarchy before Charles V. must be regarded as a limited monarchy, in which the sovereigns were held in check by the provincial assemblies, generally called the *Cortes*. In Aragon there had grown out of this constitutional system one very curious result. There existed, quite independent of the king, another officer, called the *justicia*, whose business it was to determine whether the king did or did not overstep the barriers imposed on him by the *fueros*. It is to the authority of this *justicia* that allusion is made in that proud oath, taken by the old kings at Zaragoza, which I have quoted. So soon as the Inquisition was established it came into direct conflict with the *fueros*, and their abolition is directly due more to the bad offices of the Inquisition than to the personal efforts of Charles V. and his successors.

In the days of King Ramiro, or of somebody

who reigned before him, there was a palace here, of which some of the splendors still remain. How queer is the mix-up of this strange country everywhere. We went to an apothecary's shop, very much such a looking shop as I might find in the business street, say of Cranberry Centre. We asked the "gentlemanly proprietor" if we could see the celebrated fireplace of the palace. He was all courtesy and attention, led us into the back of his shop, where were stored the boxes and demijohns from which the retail trade was supplied, then through a storeroom for hay and oats, and then into the half sitting-room, half kitchen, where his wife sat knitting and a little girl was playing with a cat. A fine large room, with a rough stone floor. There is not in New England a floor in a dwelling-house so uncomfortable. There is not in America a fireplace as magnificent as the carved-oak fireplace which we had come to see, nor a ceiling as grand as the oaken ceiling above us. The room, in short, was one of the state apartments of some Gothic king who reigned here perhaps twelve hundred years ago. The proud Aragonese, who keeps the apothecary's shop, had been, he said, approached by agents from the Cluny Museum in Paris, who wanted to buy his treasure for that collection. But Aragon will not sell its wonders to France.

The room is shorn of part of its former size. Under a ceiling, just as magnificent, is now a storehouse for oats and straw.

As the cant of criticism sometimes teaches us that the Goths had nothing to do with Gothic architecture, the Gothic ornamentation of this remarkable fireplace is worth noting in passing. I did not measure it. But on the right and left, inside the space for the fire, eight or ten men would have sat easily. The whole structure occupied almost all of one side of a room thirty or forty feet square.

He is a bold man who advises any one else where to spend a holiday. One man's fish is another man's *poisson*, and what pleased you most is the very thing which will distress Richard or Fanny. There is therefore a risk in saying that a hotel is good or a prospect fine, if because you say so Richard goes there, and is put in a room you never saw at the hotel, and has to look out upon a pigpen. I will not therefore advise any one else to go to my dear Jaca, of which I feel as if I were the discoverer, or the re-discoverer, after Marcus Porcius Cato as aforesaid. But I will say that we were all sorry that, instead of two days there, we could not stay two weeks. I do not believe that these would exhaust the possible excursions and lines of historical study.

Does the reader perhaps remember that there was some doubt how we might leave Jaca? whether, indeed, we might not have to return rather than have the trunks slide off the mules' backs?

Let such doubts vanish, reader. At the *table d'hôte* we met four French officers who had come over from the French garrison, some twenty or thirty miles away. They had come to try the new road, and it was perfect. Perhaps they implied that the Spanish part was not as good as the French, but it was all as good as need be. Sure enough, some spirit of prophecy had goaded us hither. The National Road, begun under Napoleon I.'s order in 1808, and keeping along by slow manœuvres ever since, had been finished ten days before we came. A new carriage for travellers was waiting for us, and we were to be the first northward-bound tourists.

I have often travelled in America with friends who wanted to start at five o'clock in the morning. I cannot say that I ever wanted to. The result, unless indeed a railway were concerned, has been invariably the same. I have been on the spot, ready to start, at five. Sooner or later the other members of the party appeared. Last of all came the person who had proposed we should move early. Then the horses came to

the door. Then the early starter discovered that his trunk needed a key or his boot a lacing. All parties stopped till this difficulty could be remedied. And finally, about seven or later, we got under way, with the feeling, which had better never be expressed, that we might all have stayed happily in bed.

But in Spain five o'clock means five o'clock. Deeply ingrained into the habits of men's lives is the great truth that a *siesta* of three hours or more in the middle of the day will make good any loss of sleep in the morning. So, even in the land of postponement, men still rise early and promptly. And on the day of our farewell to Spain, breakfast was well finished, and the last hand-bag or *alforca* well in the little travelling-carriage, before half-past five, the hour fixed for departure in a caucus held for considering that subject the night before.

This travelling-carriage deserves a word. Simply, it was a little omnibus, big enough for four persons, to which you attached as many mules as occasion required. For our purposes we carried a driver and a postilion. The carriage was wholly new, built for this service. I think it had crossed the pass but once each way before. In a dim way, the good woman who owned it and the post-house at Jaca seemed to know that considerable travel would cross the

mountains by this new road. As it is, in fact, the only available road for wheel carriages from one end of the range of Pyrenees to the other, as Pau, with all its lazy tourist population, is just north of Jaca, and not sixty miles away as the bird flies, I cannot doubt that a large mass of travel will pour down over the new road, and will pass another tide flowing the other way. The road is as good as the roads across the Swiss passes. The Spanish part maintains the old-time fame of the Spanish engineers. The French part was well planned. When we passed, it was not in as good order as the Spanish; but the working parties were then engaged in the repairs, and the French administration is so good that no traveller need fear discomfort.

We rode out of dear little Jaca by the gate close by our *fonda*, with the good wishes of our good Gregorio Mur, and of the same crowd who had so cordially welcomed us on Sunday morning. Just outside is a complete little fort, built to defend the pass against invasion from France, — just such a fort as you read about as holding one of the Italian passes against Bonaparte's whole army. Even in peace it is garrisoned by a few companies, which we had seen in the procession of Sunday. We had been cordially welcomed there on a visit on Monday. A picturesque, pretty place it is, with wonderful pros-

pects from its bastions. Of all Jaca, indeed, if I have given any idea of the quaint old city, the reader will readily imagine the charm for the artists of our party. You are surrounded with mountains, you are walled in by crenellated walls, you are defended by a fort in Vauban's second or his last method, with *bona fide* drawbridge, moat, and portcullis, and every human being you meet could be put into the chorus of Don Giovanni in the opera, so picturesque is the costume. Throw in kind hosts and good enough fare, and what more can heart require?

As one ought to expect at the advance guard of Spain, the regular hours were more Spanish than ever in Jaca. *Almuerzo*, or breakfast, was at one in the afternoon, and dinner at nine at night. I survived Monday by sharing the nameless meals of the diligence companies at and soon after sunrise. I had then only to call *almuerzo* dinner, and to call dinner supper, and I adjusted things to a New England basis.

The road, like all such roads, clings to the side of a little mountain river, and with every half-hour or so we came to one of the little villages which we had seen represented in the pageant of Sunday. Always a picturesque church, sometimes a little narrow street of houses crowded closely together. All houses are of stone, timber being among the most precious

commodities. Why people should live here it is hard to tell. But so it is hard to tell why they live in Pelham or Prescott, why they live in the valley of Sawyer's River or in the Pinkham Notch. But any of us who have ever lived in these places are loud in declaring that there are good reasons for living there. I am sure that any of my friends who like as much as I do to spend a month at Greely's, at Waterville in New Hampshire, would join me in saying that the reasons for living in such places need not be explained to those who understand them already, and cannot be explained to those who do not.

The same wealth of wild-flowers appears in the pass as gives glory and beauty to the Swiss valleys. We made out many of the same flowers which we knew in Switzerland. Often one is tempted to go on foot, perhaps by the old smuggling mule-track, across the neck of a long zigzag around which the carriage is winding. From such a foray you always returned to your seat with a new bouquet of flowers. The southern slope of the Pyrenees is very steep, almost precipitous in places. Often you cannot guess where the road will pierce the range.

Four hours or less of rapid climbing in this most charming way brought us easily to Canfranc, the most northerly hamlet in Spain on

this route. "*Canes Franci*" these excellent people were called in old times, — "French dogs;" and hence their present name. "A nest of smugglers," says our friend Murray; and such, perhaps, they are. The rewards of free trade may be among the reasons for wintering in the valley. I do not know; and I will not bear doubtful witness about my neighbor. "See well to the provant," says the same authority. But for this I had been negligent, and never did people exert themselves more promptly than did the authorities of the little Fonda to provide for guests, wholly unexpected as we were. Prompt they were, and successful.

Forty houses, more or less, crowded together in one narrow street make the little town. A quaint, queer tower, as old as Philip the Second's time, the ruins of an older castle, a little church on one side of a little *plaza*, all cry aloud for the camera or sketch-book. But in our case the vistas of the river valley, as you look up or as you look down, with the precipices almost vertical beetling above them, claimed every moment that we could give to fine art.

After two hours spent in drawing and at breakfast we were again upon our way. The mules we take this time must carry us to Urdos, which is the town corresponding to Canfranc on the French side of the mountains. Up and up

by zigzags steeper than ever, and now beyond the scattered cedars and firs which had clung to the cliffs in places further down. The flowers are now fairly Alpine, and every vacant place on the seats of the carriage is heaped with them. Higher and higher! Some walking across by the pedestrians, as the zigzags grow steeper; and at last the good-natured driver, who is delighted at our enthusiasm, draws up a little unexpectedly, and cries, *Somport.* *Somport*, you see, means *summa porta*, the highest gate. We are at the top of the pass, and the place is called by the same name which Marcus Porcius Cato called it by when he came over, two thousand and seventy years ago.

A monument of stone a little demolished by frost, as if it were a monument in honor of Mr. Champernoun in some churchyard in Massachusetts, has a tablet which told the history of our debt to the two Napoleons. It seems that this road was ordered as an imperial road by a decree of the first Napoleon on the twenty-second of July, 1808. The inscription calls it the Imperial Road, number 134. It was continued by the third Napoleon. The same inscription says, "On the fourteenth of July, 1861 — finished —" and here a blank. I suppose that in 1808 Napoleon may have expected that his brother, the King of Spain, would build his half. But

things have not moved on exactly in that line, and it has been left for the young Alphonso to finish it in this year, 1882, for the special accommodation, as I have said, of our enterprising party.

Just above the monument was a growth of Alpen Rosen, the first that we had seen. It was nine years before, I think on the fourth of July, that I had gathered the first I ever saw in blossom at a place strangely like this on the pass of the Simplon.

Resting their mules by the monument were some Spanish muleteers, whose load was several bags of Spanish wine, from which they regaled our drivers, who were as thirsty as people of their profession are wont to be. The export of Spanish wines into France is larger with every year, and has been increased, I believe, since the ravages of the Phylloxera. The guide-books and other superficial critics say that if more care were taken, the rough Spanish *vin du pays* might be much better than it is. But for me, I take such criticisms with a good deal of caution. I think the people on the ground are apt to understand their own business better than travellers do. As I have already intimated, I think the Spanish farmer is as industrious a farmer as can be found. And I do not believe that a people who know how to make sherry need much

instruction from strangers as to the use of their grapes or their wine-presses. A few weeks after we passed Somport I saw that the London shops announced this Spanish country wine for sale at very low prices. It seems always to be called Val de Peñas. But it is not really the product of any one valley. It is the color of Burgundy, very rough, very sour, and very strong.

The Pyrenees are called Pyrenees now, and apparently have been so called ever since the creation of the world and the first making of maps. The Greeks and Romans so called them, with reasonable variations in the spelling. The Phœnicians apparently visited the Pyrenees as well as every other spot in Europe the name of which may be derived from the Hebrew. These roving voyagers, they say, seeing the country to be covered with forests, called the whole place Purani, after a word in their own language which meant *wood*. The Phœnicians were the Northmen of the Old World, and there are few places in Europe which do not bear the marks of their passion for nomenclature. The student of the Greek Reader fifty years ago will remember that Strabo, or whoever furnished the simple Greek geography for that volume, derived the name from the Greek word *pur*, which lingers in our *fire*, and referred it to the destructive fires which then, as now, often wasted the forests.

The whole passage is curious enough in the light of modern geography, as showing what Strabo did, and what he did not, know. Observe, loyal reader, that Strabo lived in the reign of Augustus, and was certainly writing as late as the eighteenth year of our era. He says: —

"The Pyrenean mountains excel all other mountains in their height and in their age. There are many forests upon them, and it is said that in old times the whole mountain region was entirely burnt over by some shepherds, who were careless of their fire, and it is said that by the fire raging continuously for many days all the surface of the soil was burnt off, and the mountains were called Pyrenees [from *pur*, the Greek word for fire], from that which had happened. And it is said that the surface of the region burned flowed with a great deal of silver, and that thus were produced many streams of pure silver. And it is said that because the natives were ignorant of the value of this silver the Phœnician traders, hearing of what had happened, bought the silver for very trifling returns of other merchandise. And thus these Phœnicians made great profits."

Diodorus Siculus says that when the Phœnicians had loaded their ships with silver, they made silver anchors and left the iron ones. But in our days the silver of Spain is found in the south.

If we are fond of home production, however, we may believe that there was once a lovely maid here whose name was Pyrene, or something sounding very like it, around whom enough romance clustered to make it perfectly reasonable and appropriate to name after her this great mountain chain; for the Pyrenees are a part of the great mountain chain which, extending from one end of Asia to the other end of Europe, forms a sort of axis for history to revolve upon.

This great mountain system runs into the Atlantic Ocean, and the Pyrenees are the most western branch. They are not among the highest mountains in the world. Their highest peaks are, I believe, somewhere about 11,000 feet above the sea level. At Somport my little pocket barometer read, I think, 9,300 feet. But they penetrate Spain and Southern France with their spurs, and they were as good as they could be in the Middle Ages, when they became very convenient resting-places for the robber-barons who infested that period of history. At present, however, the robber-barons are dead, and their descendants, if there be any, are kept well in hand, so that travelling is comparatively safe. The castles of these middle-aged worthies are, however, left in a state of preservation quite sufficient for the picturesque. Besides this, the

mountains are in themselves beautiful, and would be more so if the inhabitants had not a heathen fashion of cutting down the magnificent forests which once covered the mountains even more than they do at present. For the huntsman and the angler they are delightful, because unvisited. The forests and the mountains have much game, and the streams are filled with salmon and trout. With these, however, we did not meddle, save as they presented themselves at breakfast, dinner, and supper.

And now we are in France. And the contrast is as sharp as is between a salt-marsh and an oak-island upon it. Almost on the moment we are shaded by hemlocks and firs, and we dash like fury downhill over a road which makes one think he is in the White Mountains. I have never seen a mountain region where the evergreen growth was so high, yet I have been higher than Somport is, in Switzerland and in the Rocky Mountains. The Spanish side of the range is a series of bare precipitous cliffs; the French side is of comparatively gentle slopes, clothed almost to the top with this magnificent green forest. No one has explained this to me, and I can only guess at a reason.

My guess is this, that the south winds which have crossed Spain bring very little moisture,

because the country is arid and the sea far away. But any north or northwest winds would pass over France, which is not a dry country, or over the Bay of Biscay, which is not near a hundred miles from Samport as the bird flies. Passing south or north the winds would leave such moisture as they had upon the mountain ranges, and they would leave it on the north or south side, whichever they might strike first. I am disposed also to think that the extreme heat of a southern sun on the precipitous cliffs of the southern side of the Pyrenees would in itself arrest vegetation at the only season for vegetation. It certainly would prevent much condensation of vapor on that slope during at least half the year.

Now, vegetation depends on moisture as well as heat. The southern side of the range seemed to me burned dry, not by these fires of which Strabo speaks, but by the southern sun of summer. If at the same time there were moist winds and many clouds and much rain, here would be tropical luxury. Failing moisture, there is a burned look on the south side, and not a palm nor an agave.

I could not but compare this arid aspect of what I have called the southern slope, which is a slope so steep that it is almost a precipice, with the rich vegetation of Isola Bella in Lago

Maggiore, after one has crossed the Simplon. To be sure, you have many miles of distance there, between the beautiful island and the Alps. The moisture of the lake and the neighborhood of the seas supply in Italy just what is wanting in Spain for such luxurious vegetation.

I wish some one who knows about ranges of mountains running east and west in other countries, as in Hungary or in India, would tell me whether there is greater richness of forest vegetation on the northern slope than there is on the southern. It certainly is so on the Pyrenees.

The little French omnibus we took at Urdos differed not materially from the Spanish *coche* we had left, but we missed our friendly driver; the new one had no personal interest in us, and there were other passengers to share his attentions. It was hard to shake off our Spanish preferences and become French upon the spot.

But everything had turned into French: the language, the money, the manners of the people. The Alpine nature of the scenery gave place to thick midsummer verdure; there were no more Alpen Rosen; great spikes of foxglove and snapdragon showed themselves. The hedges were draped with clematis, and the roadside, in fact, looked like any New England one in July, heaped with dust, but thick with leaves and blossoms.

The road runs through the so-called *Vallée d'Aspe*, which is Basque, and means simply, low, shut-in country. It was in old times a little republic, respected by its suzerains, the princes of Béarn, who promised early to allow to the inhabitants their liberty of their own customs. Even after Béarn was joined to the crown of France, these liberties were respected.

Just after leaving Urdos we crossed a bridge, and then all our heads were stretched from the windows and door of our little omnibus, to see the oddly constructed *portalet* or fort of Urdos. In a narrow defile, upon a huge rock, two or three hundred feet high, rise walls which seem to be a part of the mountain. A bridge with one arch connects the road with the base of the rock, which is ascended by zigzag steps cut in it, to the fortress, placed on the very edge of the perpendicular precipice. The wall is pierced with casemates, and the effect is as if the natural rock had been scooped out to construct the interior. The bridge we crossed could be easily removed, and then the pass would be wholly impracticable, the guns of the fort controlling it. It was finished only in 1848, after ten years' work. Thus the French, while they have exerted themselves to overcome the natural barrier, the Pyrenees, between their country and Spain, by building good roads, have not failed to take

precautions to secure themselves in time of invasion.

Sometimes the walls of the valley shut in upon us; occasionally they opened to show glimpses of snow-capped mountain-tops, well called *pics*, as almost all of them are, for they are pointed, like inverted icicles.

At Bedous we stopped a while to change horses, which were mules, as usual; and to change our positions we alighted and went into the little wayside inn, no longer a *posada*, and found our *fonda* replaced by a *buffet*. It was a delightful, rambling old house. The large room on the left was a kitchen, with a huge fireplace on one side, where a few sticks only were smouldering in the sunny summer afternoon. A cat and her family of kittens were grouping themselves about the hearth; two were comfortably resting in a saucepan on the dresser.

The landlady invited us to walk in her garden, a large, rambling place, full of all manner of old-fashioned flowers, running wild, without much attention from the hand of the gardener. Her pretty maid, with head tied up in a kerchief we must no longer call a *panuela*, gathered great bunches of flowers for the ladies, among them a great *hypericum* with yellow blossoms an inch and a half across, otherwise just like our little St. Johnswort, so common in the fields,

"punctate with transparent dots." In spite, or perhaps on account, of the saucepan-full of kittens, the place seemed like a pleasant resting-place, and some of the party really dreamed of returning to stay a month. We went up to look at the bedrooms; they were low, but neat and attractive, opening upon a long piazza which overlooked the gay garden. The landlady was eloquent, in hopes we would come back. But, alas! none of us ever saw Bedous any more.

The way was almost level now, and the river, when we saw it, moved tranquilly along with no more brawling. Our spirits were falling, also, a little; for the day had been long and everybody was tired. We kept ourselves up by wondering what kind of place Oleron might be, and also how we were to connect with the rest of the world on leaving it; for our Spanish guide-books abandoned us at the frontier, and we were not yet armed with a Guide Joanne.

The sun had set, and lights began to shine as we rattled into town on pavements which alone showed us that we were approaching a large city. A youth sprang upon the step of an omnibus as we turned a corner into a wide street, and, thirsty for information, we ventured to ask him, "Is it true that there is a *chemin de fer* at Oleron?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied, and that there would be a train that evening for Pau.

It was not worth while lying awake about, especially as we were so tired; but we wondered then, and have often wondered since, what was the meaning of that French youth. There is no railroad from Oloron anywhere, nor was there any means of leaving it that night.

However, there was an excellent hotel, of the kind that ceases to be when railways begin; a courtyard which was the home of diligences; in the house friendly people and neat maids, who would talk either Spanish or French.

There will be a railroad some day from Pau to Oloron, a part of the route which will make communication between Paris and Madrid more direct than at present. The road on which we came, pushed further at each end, will leave only a short distance to be crossed by diligence. To this Oloron looks forward for its future greatness; at present it is a prosperous town of eight thousand inhabitants, whose chief industry is making the woollen sashes and caps everybody wears in that part of the world.

Oloron has the reputation of stanch Catholicism. When Jeanne d'Albret sent them a Protestant minister, the people rose with such fury that he and his companions "had enough to do to save themselves," says the chronicle.

The next morning, having assured ourselves, in all the languages we could command, that "the boy lied," and that there was no railroad, we found ourselves in our own open carriage, bag and baggage behind, rolling along a broad smooth road to Pau.

It was a drive of five hours, through pretty suburban country, the road lined with villas and chateaux, nearer and nearer together as the great watering-place is approached. The Pyrenees were receding from us; our favorite Pic du Midi d'Ossau, which had closed the vista behind us all the day before, showed himself less and less often; for Pau is miles away from the mountain chain, its claim to which is only through the distant view of it, very beautiful, to be seen from its broad terraces overhanging the river.

Let no one, therefore, visit Pau with the idea of penetrating the heart of the Pyrenees; for that he must go further on, to Pierrefitte or Luchon, where railways leave him; and to the wonderful amphitheatre of Gavarnie, with its lofty waterfall; or pause content at pretty little Luz, nestled down in its little three-cornered valley, bristling with poplars.

Pau is as far from the Pyrenees as Berne is from the range of the Jungfrau; but the view is as wide as the celebrated one from the terrace

at Berne, and in some respects it is similar. Across the wide valley the blue shapes of the mountains stretch like a line of smoke; the lower hills are covered with green, and the river Gave runs sparkling between them. It is the climate of Pau which attracts people. In winter it is crowded with invalids and strangers. When we were there it was *la saison morte;* the streets looked like Saratoga in October and Newport in March. All the villas were *à louer*, with closed blinds and neglected gravel-walks; there were plenty of rooms to be had at the hotels. The view, however, was there; and the gay winter world must miss something of the midsummer beauty which lay over the shining valley as we saw it.

The chateau of Henry IV. was also to be seen, to the deep interest of the young historian of our party, who viewed with emotion the tortoise-shell cradle in which her favorite monarch was rocked. It is the whole upper shell of a huge turtle. The castle is full of really interesting relics; there are the Gobelin tapestries of scenes in the life of Henry, as fresh in color as oil-paintings of to-day; the view from the windows which overhang the river is the same as that from the terrace of the panorama of the Pyrenees.

All these things we saw, but with somewhat

listless eyes, for we had not yet shaken off the impression of Spanish scenes. Henry IV. was not to us the hero who filled our imaginations, still employed with Boabdil and the *ultimo sospiro del Moro.* Our *ultimo sospiro*, up at Canfranc, where we crossed the frontier, was too recent for us to interest ourselves deeply in the cradle of the Bourbon kings.

And so, dear reader, it is time for us to bid each other good-by, with all thanks on my part for the loyalty with which you have held to us in good report and in evil. What banditti we have escaped we shall probably never know. Whether we might have gone by better routes, who can tell till he has tried them? Possibly, indeed, our whole theory of travel is wrong. *Quien sabe?* as we will say for the last time. This is certain, it is not wholly wrong. However it may be with the reader, I know four people who do not think the journey could be improved upon. They think that they never expended seven weeks of time, and the proportion of money belonging to it, to better purpose.

Before we fairly shake hands and say the last word, let us see if we can answer some of the questions with which we began. First, as to that doubtful matter of language. Believe me, we enjoyed more, learned more, and saw more, because we had no interpreter. At the end of two

or three weeks we found we were listening to preachers, to other public speakers, with a reasonable understanding of what they were aiming at, and, by the time our journey was over, I found I could join quite bravely in the conversation of a *table d'hôte*. This we owe to Mr. Prendergast and his "Mastery system." I do not say, after six months, that one does not forget the language as readily as he learned it ; but I think I should very soon come to my bearings again if I were in the West Indies or in Spain.

Second, as to that matter of climate. Must a person give up Spain because he cannot go there in winter?

This is certain, that the Spaniards themselves live there all the year round. They would be very much surprised to be told that their country was uninhabitable in June, July, or August. It is also certain that the railway trains run at all parts of the year. The people who carry on that business would be surprised if you told them that travel was impossible.

As the reader has seen, we did our best to fall in with the habits of the country. Among those habits, foremost, I might say, is the determination not to go abroad in summer in the four hot hours, between eleven and three. If possible, a Spaniard would extend those hours. In travelling, it is not always possible to keep up this

determination. And in Spain, as in all other countries, a railway carriage, between two and four in the afternoon, is about the hottest place you can find, unless you be in the business of rolling iron.

But it will generally be in your power to avoid travelling in the *siesta* hours. For instance, we crossed from Granada to Jaen before one, and at four, or thereabouts, resumed our journey. So we crossed from Zaragoza to Huesca before ten, and at six resumed our journey. The people of the country do not like to travel in the heat more than this estimable reader does, and they arrange for their convenience in preparing their schedules quite as much as they do for his. As I said in an early chapter, there is apt to be only more night travel than one likes offered to him. And one does not suffer from heat in travelling at night.

The reader, of course, will observe that the high sierras of the south and the Pyrenees on the north offer the same summer advantages to tourists, or people seeking rest, which mountain ranges always offer.

About summer travelling, one general remark is to be made to Americans. Our notions about it are not the same as those of the English travellers who make most of the European guide-books. President Felton said to me, some

twenty years ago, that he had always found summer the best time to travel, even in the south of Europe. He spoke particularly of Greece, where he was quite at home. Of course you must be careful, you must choose your time. But you have the great advantage of the long days. And when your business as well as your pleasure is to see things, it is certainly well to have daylight in which you can see, and to have as much of it as is possible. My verdict, after seven weeks of May and June, would be the same.

So, I think, would be that of most Americans, not unused to hot summers at home. We should not hesitate to take June, or even July or August, for a journey through the mountain parts of Virginia, or to go to the caves of Kentucky. We should expect to be careful at mid-day. But we should know that long and delightful mornings and afternoons would be our compensation.

And now comes the question which everybody puts to me, the political question: "Will they pull through?" I think we are all interested in the reply to this. We hate the Spaniard, in a certain sense, as Drake and Hawkins and Amyas Leigh hated him. But this only means that we hate Charles V. and Philip II., — that we hate lying and treachery, the Inquisition and its iniquities. We love Columbus. We are personally grateful to him,

every man, woman, and child in America, because we were born where we were born, which we owe to him. And, after travel in Spain, at best one comes to our Isabella the Good. Were we beginning to take an interest in Mexico, where dear old Judge Sewall thought the terrestrial paradise was, we cannot but see how much we owe to Spain. We see how every traveller is fascinated with the country. And so every one asks me, "Will they pull through?"

Well, I am no prophet. Sometimes I wish I were, and then again I am glad I am not. I observe that people never believe true prophets in their time; they generally stone them. On the other hand, there is the highest authority for turning a cold shoulder on false ones. Into the business of prediction I go not, though it is often my pleasure to do my best in other lines of prophecy. This is certain, that you cannot help hoping much from a people so industrious as the Spaniards, and so temperate. The master evil of drinking, which is the worst evil England has to meet, is not their evil in Spain. Charles V. laughed at them because they were drinking all the time. But they had the wit to drink sugared water.

On the other hand, you cannot hope much from a people who are well sick of their religion. And I am afraid the Spaniards are. Yet Buckle

and the rest say they are a superstitious people. If I judged from what I saw in our dear little Jaca, I should say that there was implicit and reverent faith; and I could sympathize with the Ultramontanists, who beg me to let it alone. But I must not judge from Jaca. I must judge from Madrid and Seville and Granada. And I am afraid that they are sadly in need of some sort of Wesley or Moody or George Fox to give them a sense of the real intimacy of God with man. In my notion, some layman will do this business for them better than can any man who has passed through the grinding oppression of the Catholic priesthood, and is so far disabled from speaking, man-fashion, to his fellow-men.

I have spoken rather lightly of their politics. But here, as I owned, I have little more than that superficial knowledge, very nearly worthless, which any man has who reads newspapers alone. I had no good chance to sit down and talk with any of their own men of affairs about the real state of the country. The foreign merchants, whom I did see a good deal, are, I think, in any country, the last men to give you a true idea of its affairs.

They are still in the era of talk. It is indeed a pity, to repeat a fine phrase, that "their language lends itself to oratory." The trouble with the Irish people is that their language lends

itself to oratory, and their leaders cannot lead them to any purpose, because they give up to blatherskite what was meant for mankind. Behind all this talk in Spain there is certainly much work done. The post-office is bad. Perhaps all travellers say that of all post-offices. But of other administration, the figures I have already cited tell a not unfavorable story. And, as I am constantly saying, industry and temperance in the rank and file must tell.

Do not let us be deceived by mere Madrid politics. That would be the same mistake which all Englishmen make about America. They suppose Washington is an American London. They suppose that we are as much excited about a change in the cabinet as they would be if Mr. Gladstone's cabinet changed. Now, we are not. Even the "twopenny shrieker," anxious to sell to-day's paper, cannot pretend to that interest. We are interested in home affairs. Just so with Spain. Remember, that is a federate kingdom still. All the centralization of four bad centuries has not broken up the love of home and home affairs. There is no such procession of magnates with their families to any "season" at the capital, as you see in England. There is no pretence that Madrid is Spain, as men say that Paris is France. I am apt to think that the creation of Madrid was a mistake from the

beginning. But whether that be so or not, the existence of Madrid does not destroy vigorous life in the provinces; and, by a very sensible system, much of their local administration is referred to local authorities.

A man might fancy at Madrid that all Spain was given up to office-hunting. So a man might say of America at Washington. But America is not given up to office-hunting, and I hope Spain will not prove to be.

I met men of energy and sense who were hard at work on the problems of education. A long and hard future is before them. But I would ask for no better future than those Spanish boys. Give them, what the church has not given them, teachers who want to have them think, who do not mean to do their thinking for them, and they will have a better chance than their fathers. And so will Spain have a better chance than she has had. You and I, dear reader, do not think the worse of her people because they call each other *caballero*, and because they can do a favor without expecting a fee. And certainly there is hope for a people of whose country even the grumbling English guide-books confess that a woman may travel alone in any part of Spain, and shall not anywhere be in any danger of insult.

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University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.

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